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Charles Willeke Verhaegen

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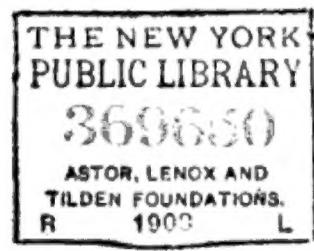
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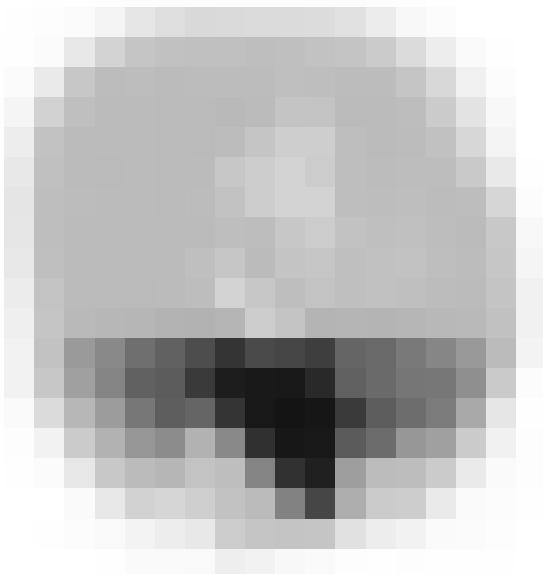
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THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. I.

NO. I.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

A GOOD subject does not always find expression in a sketch, for the manner of the sketch must have its value, still it is the figure, always the figure, that conveys the lasting interest. Among the younger poets of America, three at least of the most charming are editors, and, therefore, somewhat withdrawn from familiar inspection into that mist of reserve which is the protection of judicial personages. Aldrich, Gilder, Bunner,—Cloth of Gold, The New Day, The Way to Arcadie—there is a swarming hive of music-burdened associations set beside the editorial dens. Go in at the door, but hide your roll of manuscript.

Richard Watson Gilder, born at Bordentown, New Jersey, February 8, 1844, walked the royal American road to success, the broad highway of self-dependence and earnest labor. He began with a clerical engagement in the office of a railroad, pushed on into the sanctum of a country newspaper for which he was glad to be a reporter. Presently we find him in the editorial chair of the *Newark Morning Register*; but there was not enough work for him in editing one paper, he must needs find a monthly journal upon which to vent his surplus of literary and executive energy. A publication called *Hours at Home*, issued monthly in New York, offered him this extra work and a foot-hold in the great city upon which his eyes had been fixed from the first. A great deal of experience, with little money to show for it, finally led to the sale of *Hours at Home* to the Scribners just at the beginning of the new era in American art and letters which dates from the founding of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*. Mr. Gilder was chosen by Dr. Holland to assist him in conducting that powerful journal. A wise choice as time has shown. *Scribner's Magazine* soon ripened into the *Century* and Mr. Gilder succeeded Dr. Holland. Immediately the magazine forged forward remarkably, gathering quality, solidity of interest and individuality for itself. The men behind the journal were Roswell Smith and Richard Watson Gilder. It is a pleasant truth to say, however, that Mr. Gilder knew well how to select his helpers. Mr. Robert U. Johnson and Mr. C. C. Buel have seconded him with notable energy, taste and judgment.

In the time of this trudging on from the railroad office, by way of the reporter's beat and the country editor's den, to the beautiful sanctum of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Gilder was singing, as a true poet must, come what may, and his songs were a genuine product from the higher slopes of Helicon.

Mr. Gilder is married to the daughter of Commodore De Kay. His wife's grandfather was Joseph Rodman Drake, the poet, author of "The Culprit Fay." There are four children in the beautiful Gilder home, two sons, two daughters. Indeed it is as a poet that we must think most of him, and we must be glad of anything that makes him sing. Let us not go into the charming house and household to explain why his poetry is the soul of love, the essence of tender and exalted purity. An ideal American home is the next place to heaven.

The most natural thing in the world would be for a man like Gilder to lead, without trying to lead, those with whom he comes most in contact, and so we find him at the head of certain significant and interesting movements of the artistic and literary people of New York. He helped to found the Society of American Artists and the Authors Club and was one of the originators of the Copyright League. His genius must have the magnetic quality as well as the creative power. The art reform which the *Century* swiftly wrought in America is not a more notable evidence of his taste, insight and executive ability, than is his unsought personal prominence a proof of his fitness for a certain kind of quiet, gentle and always welcome leadership like that which has been put upon him by the Fellowcraft Club of New York, a brotherhood of journalists and artists. It is significant that such a club should have for its leader and president a poet pure and simple; it suggests, what is the truth, that the poet is no longer the man in the garret, the crust-gnawing and hypochondriacal sentimentalist. One of the greatest discoveries that time has vouchsafed to the nineteenth century is this close kinship of the poet's genius to the strongest and direst forces of our civilization. The man behind the *Century Magazine* has done a great deal for America. He can do a great deal more.

M. T

A THOUGHT.

ONCE, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun:
A land of broad, green meadows, through which
 poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea.—
Thus as I looked, I know not how nor whence,
Was borne into my expectant soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

THE MASTER-POETS.

He the great World-Musician at whose stroke
The stars of morning into music broke;
He from whose Being Infinite are caught
All harmonies of light, and sound, and thought,—
Once in each age, to keep the world in tune
He strikes a note sublime. Nor late, nor soon,
A god-like soul,—music and passion's birth,—
Vibrates across the discord of the earth
And sets the world aright.

O, these are they

Who on men's hearts with mightiest power can
 play.—
The master-poets of humanity,
Sent down from heaven to lift men to the sky.

THE SONNET.

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow
 falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

THE POET'S PROTEST.

O MAN with your rule and measure,
Your tests and analyses!
You may take your empty pleasure,
 May kill the pine, if you please;

You may count the rings and the seasons,
 May hold the sap to the sun,
You may guess at the ways and the reasons
 Till your little day is done.

But for me the golden crest

That shakes in the wind and launches
Its spear toward the reddening West!
For me the bough and the breeze,
The sap unseen, and the glint
 Of light on the dew-wet branches.—
The hiding shadows, the hint
 Of the soul of mysteries.

You may sound the sources of life,

And prate of its aim and scope;
You may search with your chilly knife
 Through the broken heart of hope.
But for me the love-sweet breath,
 And the warm, white bosom heaving,
And never a thought of death,
 And only the bliss of living.

THE SOWER.

I.

A SOWER went forth to sow,
His eyes were dark with woe;
He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,
That prayed for pity everywhere.
He came to a field that was harried
By iron, and to heaven laid bare:
He shook the seed that he carried
O'er that brown and bladeless place.
He shook it, as God shakes hail
Over a dooméd land,
When lightnings interlace
The sky and the earth, and his wand
Of love is a thunder-flail.
Thus did that Sower sow;
His seed was human blood,
And tears of women and men.
And I, who near him stood,
Said: When the crop comes, then
There will be sobbing and sighing,
Weeping and wailing and crying,
Flame, and ashes, and woe.

II.

It was an autumn day
When next I went that way.
And what, think you, did I see,—
What was it that I heard,—
What music was in the air?

The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
 Nay—but the songs of many,
 Thrilled through with praise and prayer.
 Of all those voices not any
 Were sad of memory:
 But a sea of sunlight flowed,
 And a golden harvest glowed!
 And I said: Thou only art wise—
 God of the earth and skies!
 And I thank thee, again and again,
 For the Sower whose name is Pain.

I MET A TRAVELLER ON THE ROAD.

I MET a traveller on the road
 Whose back was bent beneath a load;
 His face was worn with mortal care,
 His frame beneath its burden shook.
 Yet onward, restless, he did fare
 With mien unyielding, fixed, a look
 Set forward in the empty air
 As if he read an unseen book.
 What was it in his smile that stirred
 My soul to pity! When I drew
 More near it seemed as if I heard
 The broken echo of a tune
 Learned in some far and happy June.
 His lips were parted, but unmoved
 By words. He sang as dreamers do
 And not as if he heard and loved
 The song he sang: I hear it now!
 He stood beside the level brook,
 Nor quenched his thirst, nor bathed his brow,
 Nor from his back the burden shook.
 He stood, and yet he did not rest;
 His eyes climbed up in aimless quest,
 Then close did to that mirror bow—
 And, looking down, I saw in place
 Of his, my own familiar face.

"LOVE ME NOT, LOVE, FOR THAT I FIRST LOVED THEE."

Love me not, Love, for that I first loved thee,
 Nor love me, Love, for thy sweet pity's sake,
 In knowledge of the mortal pain and ache
 Which is the fruit of love's blood-veined tree.
 Let others for my love give love to me:
 From other souls oh, gladly will I take,
 This burning, heart-dry thirst of love to slake,
 What seas of human pity there may be!
 Nay, nay, I care no more how love may grow,
 So that I hear thee answer to my call!
 Love me because my piteous tears do flow,

Or that my love for thee did first befall.
 Love me or late or early, fast or slow:
 But love me, Love, for love is one and all!

"WHAT WOULD I SAVE THEE FROM?"

WHAT would I save thee from, dear heart, dear heart?
 Not from what heaven may send thee of its pain;
 Not from fierce sunshine or the scathing rain:
 The pang of pleasure; passion's wound and smart;
 Not from the scorn and sorrow of thine art;
 Nor loss of faithful friends, nor any gain
 Of growth by grief. I would not thee restrain
 From needful death. But O, thou other part
 Of me!—through whom the whole world I behold,
 As through the blue I see the stars above!
 In whom the world I find, bid fold on fold!
 Thee would I save from this—nay, do not move
 Fear not, it may not flash, the air is cold;
 Save thee from this—the lightning of my love.

WEAL AND WOE.

O HIGHEST, strongest, sweetest woman-soul!
 Thou holdest in the compass of thy grace
 All the strange fate and passion of thy race;
 Of the old, primal curse thou knowest the whole:
 Thine eyes, too wise, are heavy with the dole,
 The doubt, the dread of all this human maze;
 Thou in the virgin morning of thy days
 Hast felt the bitter waters o'er thee roll.
 Yet thou knowest, too, the terrible delight,
 The still content, and solemn ecstasy;
 Whatever sharp, sweet bliss thy kind may know.
 Thy spirit is deep for pleasure as for woe—
 Deep as the rich, dark-caverned, awful sea
 That the keen-winded, glimmering dawn makes white.

SONG.

NOT from the whole wide world I chose thee—
 Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
 The wide, wide world could not enclose thee,
 For thou art the whole wide world to me.

SONG.

YEARS have flown since I knew thee first,
 And I know thee as water is known of thirst:
 Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
 And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.

THE CELESTIAL PASSION.

O white and midnight sky, O starry bath,
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and
scath—
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps;
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps;
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour!
O glittering host, O high angelic choir,
Silence each tone that with thy music jars;
Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire
Till all I am is kindred to the stars!
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night,—
So shall my days be full of heavenly light!

"EACH MOMENT HOLY IS."

EACH moment holy is, for out from God
Each moment flashes forth a human soul.
Holy each moment is, for back to him
Some wandering soul each moment home
returns.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

I AM a woman — therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I quiver & quail;
Still as a stone —
All silent and cold.
If my heart riot —
Crush and defy it!
Should I grow bold —
Say one dear thing to him,
All my life fling to him,
Cling to him —
What to atone
Is enough for my sinning!
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning —
That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover
At last if he part from me,
Tearing my heart from me —
Hurt beyond cure.—
Calm and demure
Then must I hold me —
In myself fold me —

Lest he discover;
Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him
What he has been to me —
How my heart turns to him,
Follows him, yearns to him,
Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean to me,
Thou God above me!

REFORM.

I.

Oh, how shall I help to right the world that is
going wrong!
And what can I do to hurry the promised time of
peace!
The day of work is short and the night of sleep is
long;
And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing
a song,
To plow in my neighbor's field, or to seek the
golden fleece,
Or to sit with my hands in my lap, and wish that
ill would cease!

II.

I think, sometimes, it were best just to let the Lord
alone;
I am sure some people forget He was here before
they came;
Though they say it is all for His glory, 't is a good
deal more for their own,
That they peddle their petty schemes, and blate
and babble and groan.
I sometimes think it were best, and I were little to
blame,
Should I sit with my hands in my lap, in my face
a crimson shame.

WANTED, A THEME!

"GIVE me a theme," the little poet cried,
"And I will do my part."
"T is not a theme you need," the world replied;
"You need a heart."

AFTER-SONG.

THROUGH love to light! Oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to
thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!



The Sonnet.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That mornos of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel - round and curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song - ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This over the flame that shrank with frantic heat;
The solemn organ when Milton played,
And the clear place where Shakespeare's shafts fall.
A sea this is - Beware the ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

R.W. Heber.

VOICE.

Thou art the voice that silence uttereth,
And of all sound thou art the sense.
—“*My Songs are All of Thee.*”

GIFTS.

He alone is the perfect giver
Who swears that his gift is nought;
And he is the sure receiver
Who gains what he never sought.
—“*He Knows Not the Path of Duty.*”

CHRISTIANITY.

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives!

—*Easter.*

AUTUMN.

For autumn days
To me not melancholy are, but full
Of joy and hope, mysterious and high,
And with strange promise rise. Then it me seems
Not failing is the year, but gathering fire
Even as the cold increases.

—*An Autumn Meditation.*

GOLDEN ROD.

Grows a weed
More richly here beside our mellow seas
That is the Autumn's harbinger and pride.
When fades the cardinal-flower, whose heart-red
bloom
Glows like a living coal upon the green
Of the midsummer meadows, then how bright,
How deepening bright like mounting flame doth
burn
The golden rod upon a thousand hills!
This is the Autumn's flower, and to my soul
A token fresh of beauty and of life,
And life's supreme delight.

—*Ibid.*

MORNING.

I am the spirit of the morning sea;
I am the awakening and the glad surprise;
I fill the skies
With laughter and with light.
Not tears, but jollity
At birth of day brim the strong man-child's
eyes.
Behold the white
Wide three-fold beams that from the hidden sun

Rise swift and far,—
One where Orion keeps
His arméd watch, and one
That to the midmost starry heaven upleaps;
The third blots out the firm-fixed Northern Star.

—*Ode.*

SUNSET.

But then the sunset smiled,
Smiled once and turned toward dark,
Above the distant, wavering line of trees that
filed
Along the horizon's edge;
Like hooded monks that hark
Through evening air
The call to prayer;—
Smiled once, and faded slow, slow, slow away;
When, like a changing dream, the long cloud-
wedge,
Brown-gray,
Grew saffron underneath, and ere I knew,
The interspace, green-blue —
The whole, illimitable, western, skyey shore,
The tender, human, silent sunset smiled once
more.

—*Sunset from the Train.*

ART.

Following the sun, westward the march of power!
The Rose of Might blooms in our new-world
mart:
But see, just bursting forth from bud to flower,
A late, slow growth,—the fairer Rose of Art.

—*Impromptus.*

ORIGINALITY.

Now you who rhyme, and I who rhyme,
Have not we sworn it, many a time,
That we no more our verse would scrawl,
For Shakespeare he had said it all!
And yet whatever others see
The earth is fresh to you and me —
And birds that sing, and winds that blow,
And blooms that make the country glow,
And lusty swains, and maidens bright,
And clouds by day, and stars by night,
And all the pictures in the skies
That passed before Will Shakespeare's eyes;
Love, hate, and scorn,—frost, fire, and flower,—
On us as well as him have power.

—*The Modern Rhymers.*

FICKLENESSE.

I know a girl — she is a poet's daughter,
And many-mooded as a poet's day,
And changing as the Mediterranean water.

—*Port Fino.*

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

GEORGE W. W. HOUGHTON was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 12, 1850. He graduated from the High School of his native place in 1868, but did not attend college. His first publication was a "Christmas Booklet," in 1872, followed by "Songs from Over the Sea," 1874; "Album Leaves," 1877; "Drift from York Harbor, Maine," 1879; "The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk," 1880. Of the latter poem a second edition, revised, appeared in 1881. A year later a collection selected mainly from his previous publications was issued, entitled, "Niagara and Other Poems."

Since 1882 Mr. Houghton has given very little verse to the public, but it is hoped that he has not resigned a garden which he has cultivated with marked success. Mr. Houghton is a member of the Authors Club, and for a number of years has been the editor of *The Hub*, a commercial paper, the leading representative of its particular field.

C. W. M.

WYNHILDA.

I.

"Thou shalt not whimper, daughter mine!
No selfish season this for sighs!
There are kine to milk, and paths to be digged,
And the hind—hear how it grieves and cries!
Fresh snow on the roof-tree lieth thick,
Still heavy the drifts weigh down the skies;
This be a day to do and dare,—
Then up, Wynhilda,—dry thine eyes!"

II.

"It's not from the handwork I hold back,
It's not for frost I fret and weep;
My fingers are willing,—but faith grows faint,—
O prithee, mother, let me sleep!"

III.

"Weak words, thy words, Wynhilda mine!
These days, bear-fierce, must hearts be dead;
Though Edwald sleep face-down to-night,
And firebrand show his bosom red
With axe and war-bill, vain be tears!
This morn's no morn to hang the head;
Our clansman's woe is our common woe,—
And death were his proudest marriage-bed!"

IV.

"Nay, stay thy chiding, mother mine!
I've flown this night to the field, rock-girt;
I weep, but not for Edwald slain,—
A caitiff he skulked, alone unhurt!"

SCARRED.

FAR nobler the sword that is nicked and worn,
Far fairer the flag that is grimy and torn,
Than when, to the battle, fresh they were borne.

He was tried and found true; he stood the test;
'Neath whirlwinds of doubt, when all the rest
Crouched down and submitted, he fought best.

There are wounds on his breast that can never
be healed,

There are gashes that bleed, and may not be
sealed,
But wounded and gashed, he won the field.

And others may dream in their easy-chairs,
And point their white hands to the scars he bears,
But the palm and the laurel are his—not theirs!

THE GATEWAY.

A VACATION EPISODE.

We crossed the pasture-land together,
I knew that now my time drew near,
And hastened, longing for the moment,
Yet lingering, holding back in fear.

I wished the sunshine would not flicker
Across the river in my eyes;
Then hers she shaded with her bonnet—
How could I talk through that disguise?

I wished the catbird would not whistle,
I paused till he grew tired and still;
And then the frogs took up the music,
And lambs came bleating from the hill.

Now all was silent; in the stubble
The crickets even held their peace;
But yet I waited, wishing only
That all the crickets would not cease.

I saw the gateway as we neared it,
I shaped my mouth and formed the word,
When from her bonnet, bent demurely,
A little laugh I thought I heard.

A ploughboy passing, smiled and nodded,
I bit my lip and blushed for shame;
Then stooped to pick a blood-red berry,—
'Twas sour, and speechless I became.

I leaned upon the bars; she fluttered
A farewell signal back to me;
I turned, I staggered from the roadway,—
Gray fog came drifting from the sea.

COURAGE.

Darkness before, all joy behind!
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
He soonest reads the lesson right
Who reads with back against the light!

— *Album Leaves.*

FAITH.

Each heart to its own sincerity
Must turn to find the test,
For faith in the world is faith in self—
He trusts the most who does the best.

— *Ibid.*

AMBITION.

The palace with its splendid dome,
That nearest to the sky aspires,
Is first to challenge storms that roam
Above it, and call down their fires.

— *Ibid.*

FAITHFUL.

Upward he strove; oftentimes the way
Was hard, and twilight hid the day;
But still, face-forward to the skies,
The stars were reflected in his eyes.

— *Ibid.*

REGRET.

I've regretted most sincerely,
I've repented deeply, long,
But to those I've loved most dearly,
I've oftenest done wrong.

— *Ibid.*

PURITY.

Let your truth stand sure,
And the world is true;
Let your heart keep pure,—
And the world will too.

— *Ibid.*

CHARITY.

He erred no doubt; perhaps he sinned;
Shall I then dare to cast a stone?
Perhaps this blotch, on a garment white,
Counts less than the dingy robes I own.

— *Ibid.*

DAISY.

I gave my little girl back to the daisies,
From them it was that she took her name;
I gave my precious one back to the daisies,
From where they caught their color, she came;
And now, when I look in the face of a daisy,
My little girl's face I see, I see!
My tears, down dropping, with theirs commingle,
And they give my precious one back to me.

— *Ibid.*

NIAGARA.

Idol I found thee, unfeeling, challenging man but
to mock him,
Whispering to one that is weak of voids that are
vast and almighty,
Hinting of things heaven-high to one not winged
like an eagle,
Telling of changeless parts to a leaflet that reddens
to perish;
Ever, as nearer I fared, the mightier, less merciful
found thee,
Till, after listening long, I faltered, forlorn and
disheartened;
Weary of ceaseless strife, and yearned for some
peaceful seclusion,
Where to the chorusing throng both ear and eye
might be shuttered;
Hated the turmoil of life, where sounds that are
sweetest are strangled,
And into discord clash those martial measures,
that struggling,
Should through the din of the dismallest fight,
with quavering echoes,
Nerve the warrior anew, and fire his soul with
devotion.

— *Niagara.*

RESTLESSNESS.

Weary with waiting, we climb to the hill-tops near-
est to heaven,
Find only floating fogs, and air too meagre to
nourish;
Seeking the depths of the sea, we drop our plum-
mets and feel them,
Draw them in empty, or yellowed with clay, that
melts and tells nothing;
Forests we thread, wide prairies unfenced, and
drench'd morasses,
Strike, with the fervor of youth, to the heart of
the tenantless deserts,
Turn every boulder, still hoping to find beneath
them some prophet.—
Find only thistles unsunn'd, green sloth, and
passionless creatures.
Youth flitted by us, we faint, then sink in the ruts
of our fathers;
Shift as we may with the old beliefs, and beat on
our bosoms;
Seek less and hunger less keenly, still sorrow for
self and for others,
Striving, by travail and tears, life's deeper mean-
ing to strangle;
Drag from sunset to sunset, too fainting to fear
for the morrow,

Suffer, complain of our loads, but catch at their
withes as they leave us,
Letting the song-birds escape, perceiving not till
they've fluttered,—
Bitterly weeping then, as we watch them die in the
distance.
Struggling, we snatch at straws; call out, expect-
ing no answer;
Pray, but without any faith; grow laggard and
laugh at our anguish;
Sin, and with wine-cup deadened, scoff at the
dread of hereafter.—
And, because all seems lost, besiege Death's door-
way with gladness.
Better we had not been, for what is the goal of
such striving?
Bubbles that glitter perchance, to burst in thin air
as they glitter!
Comets that cleave the night, to leave the night but
the darker!
Smudge that bursts into flame, but only in smoke
to be smothered!
Out of the gifts of our spring, that only is beautiful
counted
Which with the day-dawn breaks bud, and dies ere
the dew-drops have left it;
Smiles there no healthfuler clime, where forms
that are fair never perish,
But in a life-giving ether grow fairer with ripening
seasons?
Iroquois god, I adore thee, because thou art lasting
and mighty,
Turn and gaze at thee, going, as on an all-marvel-
ous vision.
Dread thee, thou art so serene,—but hate thee
with hatred most bitter,
Taunter of all who dabble thy foam, and think to
discover.

—*Ibid.*

IMMORTALITY.

"That alone is august which is gazed upon by the
noble,
That alone is gladsome which eyes full of gladness
discover;
Night-time is but a name for the darkness man
nurtures within him,
Storm but a symbol of sin in a soul that is stained
and unshiven.
Act but thine own true part, as He who created
hath purposed,
Then are the waters thine, the winds, all forces
of nature;
Thine too the seasons, their fruits, which they
redder but to surrender,

Thine too the years, and thine all time,—everlast-
ing and fearless!"

—*Ibid.*

YORK-HARBOR.

Below this spire, a town,
Where, truant from the city dials, come
The lazy hours to lose themselves in dreams
And sweet forgetfulness of summer heat;
An idle sort of place, where all day long
It seems like evening with the day's work done,
Where men haste not, because there is no haste,
And toil but little, for they've little need;
A restful corner, where the August breeze,
From softly listening, finger on the lip,
At length from listlessness falls fast asleep,
Till there is no sound heard save, now and then,
Low thunder of a wagon on the bridge,
Some shrill cicada from his citadel
Beneath a thistle, challenging the noon,
The whet of scythe and heavy hoist of sail,
The dip of unseen oars, monotonous,
And softly breathing waves that doze below,
Too weak to move than turn themselves, complain,
And doze again.

—*Alongshore.*

REST.

I love this old, red house,
Where many a summer night I've lain at ease
Behind that upper window looking east,
And many a midnight willed to ward off sleep,
Preferring the sweet melody of the waves,
More restful.

—*Ibid.*

MIDDAY.

A tall, drest elm,
That guards the grindstone's place and helps to sift
The glare and fervor from the midday sun,
When from the meadow comes the glistening scythe
To cool its brilliance with a watery edge,
And tease the ear of the o'erheated day
With its keen rasp, far sounding.

—*Ibid.*

HOPE.

Hope too long put off
Will starve the soul.

—*The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.*

FORESIGHT.

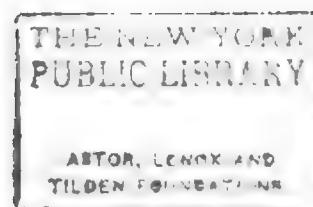
Foresight hath no worth unless its face
Doth front the future bravely.

—*Ibid.*

FAITH.

Love's faith that waits and watches, fearing naught,
Makes life its own great recompense, and death
Shall do the rest, sifting the right from wrong,
And joining those erst parted.

—*Ibid.*





Walt Whitman

WALT WHITMAN.

THE WHITMANS, originally English, have lived in America for three hundred years, and the Holland Dutch family of the poet's mother, the Van Velsors, about as long, both families farming their own land on Long Island, within a few miles of one another. Their private burial grounds, with their sunken mounds and numerous gray lichen-covered headstones, may still be seen, the one on its bare, wind-swept hillside, the other surrounded by trees, testifying to the length of residence of both families in this neighborhood. The Van Velsors lived at Cold Springs, the Whitmans at West Hills. At the latter village on the 31st of May, 1819, the poet was born. His parentage was of the best. From his father's family he inherited unusual strength, firmness and force of character; from his mother's, tenderness and sympathy. He himself always makes much of his parentage, and of his purely American origin. "Well begotten and raised by a perfect mother," he says; and again, "My tongue, every atom of my blood, formed from this soil, this air. Born here of parents born here, from parents the same, and their parents the same."

He grew up on Long Island, at West Hills and Brooklyn, went to the public school for a few years when old enough, then to a printing office and learned the trade. While still quite young (under twenty), he taught a country school for a time, then worked at his trade and edited newspapers, the *Eagle* and *Freeman* among others. In '48 he went to New Orleans, walking, driving and by steamboat, often stopping on the way. Worked there a year on the editorial staff of the *Crescent*. In June, 1849, he returned to New York. For five years he worked as a carpenter, building small frame houses in Brooklyn and selling them as completed. He had all along, besides his editorial writings in newspapers, written essays, stories, sketches and short poems for the magazines, and one tale called "Franklin Evans" (now lost) for separate publication in book form; but very early in the fifties (if not sooner), he began to contemplate his special undertaking, "Leaves of Grass," the first edition of which appeared in 1855, the second the following year, the third in Boston in 1860.

In 1862 he joined the Northern army as a volunteer nurse without pay, making his living as he went, by writing letters to various newspapers. He continued his ministrations to the sick and wounded soldiers until the close of the war. As a result of his onerous hospital work, his health broke down, and in 1873 he had an attack of paralysis which still remains. Between 1867 and 1882 he published five editions of "Leaves of Grass," and the ninth edition has just appeared with the final authentic text.

In 1865, upon the close of the Secession war, he was given a clerkship in the Attorney-General's office at Washington, which he retained until disabled by the attack of paralysis mentioned above. He then went to Camden, N. J., where he has since resided. For several years before and after 1880 his health was somewhat better. In the early years of his paralysis he was quite an invalid, and is so again now.

Within the last thirty-five years, Walt Whitman has published, besides the successive editions of "Leaves of Grass," and single poems, and small collections of poems, afterward incorporated into the "Leaves," two volumes of prose, one "Specimen Days and Collect," in 1882, the other, "November Bougues," in 1888. These volumes are autobiographical and critical, and are, as it were, by the way. The literary work of his life is "Leaves of Grass," upon which his fame will rest. "Leaves of Grass" both in matter and manner is unlike any previous book and cannot be judged by the current canons. It is not plain straightforward prose, neither is it poetry in the ordinary technical sense. In structure it is rhythmic prose; in force and meaning it is poetry of a high if not the highest order. Its subject, directly or indirectly, is always Walt Whitman himself treated as the typical man, not so much as being better than others, but as seeing more clearly the divinity that is in every human being. "I celebrate myself," he says, "and what I assume you should assume." The man himself, the whole man, body and soul including his relations to the material world about him and the practical and social life of his time, is faithfully mirrored in his book, the living man, Walt Whitman, being reproduced with such intense vividness, such actual vitality that we dare not deny the justice of his final dictum.

R. M. B.

BEGINNERS.

How they are provided for upon the earth (appearing at intervals),
 How dear and dreadful they are to the earth,
 How they inure to themselves as much as to any
 —what a paradox appears their age,
 How people respond to them, yet know them not,
 How there is something relentless in their fate all
 times,
 How all times mischoose the objects of their adula-
 tion and reward,
 And how the same inexorable price must still be
 paid for the same great purchase

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

COME my tan-faced children,
 Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,

Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

* * * * *
Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters glutinous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?

Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop disengaged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

TEARS.

TEARS! tears! tears!
In the night, in solitude, tears,
On the white shore dripping, dripping, suck'd in by the sand,
Tears, not a star shining, all dark and desolate,
Moist tears from the eyes of a muffled head;
O who is that ghost? that form in the dark, with tears?
What shapeless lump is that, bent, crouch'd there on the sand?
Streaming tears, sobbing tears, throes, choked with wild cries;
O storm, embodied, rising, careering with swift steps along the beach!
O wild and dismal night-storm, with wind—O belching and desperate!
O shade so sedate and decorous by day, with calm countenance and regulated pace,
But away at night as you fly, none looking—O then the unloosened ocean,
Of tears! tears! tears!

THE WORLD BELOW THE BRINE.

THE world below the brine,
Forests at the bottom of the sea, the branches and leaves,
Sea-lettuce, vast lichens, strange flowers and seeds,
the thick tangle, openings, and pink turf,
Different colors, pale gray and green, purple, white, and gold, the play of light through the water.
Dumb swimmers there among the rocks, coral, gluten, grass, rushes, and the aliment of the swimmers,

Sluggish existences grazing there suspended, or slowly crawling close to the bottom,
The sperm-whale at the surface blowing air and spray, or disporting with his flukes,
The leaden-eyed shark, the walrus, the turtle, the hairy sea-leopard, and the sting-ray,
Passions there, wars, pursuits, tribes, sight in those ocean-depths, breathing that thick-breathing air, as so many do,
The change thence to the sight here, and to the subtle air breathed by beings like us who walk this sphere,
The change onward from ours to that of beings who walk other spheres.

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLORS.

Who are you dusky woman, so ancient hardly human.
With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and bare bony feet?
Why rising by the roadside here, do you the colors greet?
('T is while our army lines Carolina's sands and pines,
Forth from thy hovel door thou Ethiopia com'st to me,
As under doughty Sherman I march toward the sea.)

*Me master years a hundred since from my parents sunder'd,
A little child, they caught me as the savage beast is caught,
Then hither me across the sea the cruel slaver brought.*

No further does she say, but lingering all the day,
Her high-borne turban'd head she wags, and rolls her darkling eye,
And courtesies to the regiments, the guidons moving by.

What is it fateful woman, so blear, hardly human?
Why wag your head with turban bound, yellow, red and green?
Are the things so strange and marvelous you see or have seen?

RECONCILIATION.

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,

That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soild world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead.
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

OLD IRELAND.

FAR hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient sorrowful mother,

Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd seated on the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round her shoulders,
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she too long silent, mourning her shrouded hope and heir,
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow because most full of love.
Yet a word ancient mother,
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground with forehead between your knees,
O you need not sit there veil'd in your old white hair so dishevel'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave.
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead,
The Lord is not dead, he is risen again young and strong in another country,
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp by the grave,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the grave,
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it,
And now with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

THE CITY DEAD-HOUSE.

By the city dead-house by the gate,
As idly sauntering wending my way from the clangor,
I curious pause, for lo, an outcast form, a poor dead prostitute brought,
Her corpse they deposit unclaim'd, it lies on the damp brick pavement,
The divine woman, her body, I see the body, I look on it alone,
That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I notice not,
Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor odors morbid impress me,
But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate fair house—that ruin!
That immortal house more than all the rows of dwellings ever built!
Or white-domed capitol with majestic figure surmounted, or all the old high-spired cathedrals,
That little house alone more than them all—poor, desperate house!
Fair, fearful wreck—tenement of a soul—itself a soul.

Unclaim'd, avoided house—take one breath from my tremulous lips,
Take one tear dropt aside as I go for thought of you,
Dead house of love—house of madness and sin, crumbled, crush'd,
House of life, erewhile talking and laughing—but ah, poor house, dead even then,
Months, years, an echoing, garnished house—but dead, dead, dead.

WHAT AM I AFTER ALL.

WHAT am I after all but a child, pleas'd with the sound of my own name? repeating it over and over;
I stand apart to hear—it never tires me.

To you your name also;
Did you think there was nothing but two or three pronunciations in the sound of your name?

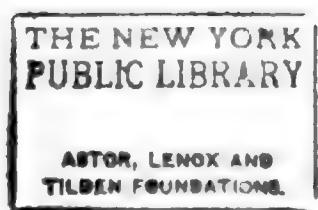
HAD I THE CHOICE.

HAD I the choice to tally greatest bards,
To limn their portraits, stately, beautiful, and emulate at will,
Homer with all his wars and warriors—Hector, Achilles, Ajax,
Or Shakespeare's woe-entangled Hamlet, Lear, Othello—Tennyson's fair ladies,
Metre or wit the best, or choice conceit to wield in perfect rhyme, delight of singers;
These, these, O sea, all these I'd gladly barter,
Would you the undulation of one wave, its trick to me transfer,
Or breathe one breath of yours upon my verse,
And leave its odor there.

RED JACKET (FROM ALOFT).

[Impromptu on Buffalo City's monument to, and re-burial of the old Iroquois orator, October 9, 1884.]

UPON this scene, this show,
Yielded to-day by fashion, learning, wealth,
(Nor in caprice alone—some grains of deepest meaning.)
Haply, aloft, (who knows?) from distant sky-clouds' blended shapes,
As some old tree, or rock or cliff, thrill'd with its soul,
Product of Nature's sun, stars, earth direct—a towering human form,
In hunting-shirt of film, arm'd with the rifle, a half-ironical smile curving its phantom lips,
Like one of Ossian's ghosts looks down.





REALITY.

How curious! how real!
Under foot the divine soil, overhead the sun.
— *Starting from Paumanok.*

EVANGEL-POEM.

I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love.
— *Ibid.*

RELIGION.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worship'd half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is,
and how certain the future is.
— *Ibid.*

DEATH.

And I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death.
— *Ibid.*

INDOLENCE.

I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.
— *Song of Myself.*

GRASS.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.
Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say Whose?
— *Ibid.*

FAILURE.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.
I beat and pound for the dead,
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.
Vivas to those who have fail'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!
— *Ibid.*

NIGHT.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night — press close magnetic nourishing night!

Night of south winds — night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night — mad naked summer night.
— *Ibid.*

EARTH.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset — earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth — rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
— *Ibid.*

FAITH.

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.
— *Ibid.*

ANIMALS.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.
— *Ibid.*

SYMPATHY.

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,

And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,

And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.

—*Ibid.*

INDIFFERENCE.

Who knew too well the sick, sick dread lest the one he lov'd might secretly be indifferent to him.

—*Recorders Ages Hence.*

OPEN ROAD.

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune.

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.

Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticism,

Strong and content I travel the open road.

—*Song of the Open Road.*

WISDOM.

Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,

Applies to all stages and objects and qualities and is content,

Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the excellence of things;

Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of the soul.

—*Ibid.*

LIFE.

The same old role, the role that is what we make it, as great as we like,

Or as small as we like, or both great and small.

—*Crossing Brooklyn Ferry.*

MAN.

A man is a summons and challenge.

—*Song of the Answerer.*

POETRY.

All this time and at all times wait the words of true poems,

The words of true poems do not merely please,

The true poets are not followers of beauty but the august masters of beauty;

The greatness of sons is the exuding of the greatness of mothers and fathers,

The words of true poems are the tuft and final applause of science.

—*Ibid.*

LABOR.

After all not to create only, or found only,
But to bring perhaps from afar what is already founded,

To give it our own identity, average, limitless, free,
To fill the gross the torpid bulk with vital religious fire,

Not to repel or destroy so much as accept, fuse, rehabilitate,

To obey as well as command, to follow more than to lead,

These also are the lessons of our New World;
While how little the New after all, how much the Old, Old World!

—*Song of the Exposition.*

DIVINITY.

We consider bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are not divine,

I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you still,

It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life,

Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the earth, than they are shed out of you.

—*A Song for Occupations.*

SELF.

Each man to himself and each woman to herself, is the word of the past and present, and the true word of immortality;

No one can acquire for another—not one.

No one can grow for another—not one.

The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him,

The teaching is to the teacher, and comes back most to him,

The murder is to the murderer, and comes back most to him,

The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him,

The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him,

The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him—it cannot fail,

The oration is to the orator, the acting is to the actor and actress not to the audience,

And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indication of his own.

—*A Song of the Rolling Earth.*

SHORE.

Where the fierce old mother endlessly cries for her castaways.

—*As I Ebb'd with the Ocean of Life.*

SIN.

O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul.
—*The Singer in the Prison.*

SIN.

You felons on trial in courts,
You convicts in prison-cells, you sentenced assassins
chain'd and handcuff'd with iron,
Who am I too that I am not on trial or in prison?
Me ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are
not chain'd with iron, or my ankles with iron?
—*You Felons on Trial in Courts.*

AMERICA.

Lo, where arise three peerless stars,
To be thy natal stars my country, Ensemble, Evolution,
Freedom,
Set in the sky of Law.
—*Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood.*

LOVE.

Blow again trumpeter! and for thy theme,
Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent
and the setting,
Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the
pang.
The heart of man and woman all for love,
No other theme but love—knitting, enclosing, all-
diffusing love.
O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!
I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and
know the flames that heat the world,
The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers,
So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark,
and nigh to death;
Love, that is all the earth to lovers—love, that
mocks time and space,
Love, that is day and night—love, that is sun and
moon and stars,
Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with
perfume.
No other words but words of love, no other
thought but love.
—*The Mystic Trumpeter.*

LIFE AND DEATH.

The two old, simple problems ever intertwined,
Close home, elusive, present, baffled, grappled.
By each successive age insoluble, pass'd on,
To ours to-day—and we pass on the same.

—*Sands at Seventy*

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.

TO covet distinction in a chosen field of labor and actually to achieve it in a wholly different direction has been the destiny of many artists. Fame, sought earnestly, but in vain, upon some highway of thought, has sprung laughing from a hidden bypath and beguiled the searcher into other walks. Too frequently, perhaps, such unexpected success has contented its winner, yet often the more solid architecture, built along these other paths, has failed to replace the old-time castles in Spain, and the reputation won in unchosen fields has never quenched the earlier ambition. Such is the truth concerning Anna Katherine Green, the subject of this sketch.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., under the very shadow of Plymouth Church, the literary instinct manifested itself in the girl at a tender age. After the removal of the family to Buffalo, N. Y., when she was a mere child, she would walk the streets alone and recite to herself stories and verses of her own contriving. These scattering essays of childhood soon developed into a definite ambition, and that ambition became the purpose of her life. She knew that she was a poet, and burned to convince the world of it. The girl wrote many verses, but published few, if any. Three years were passed at Ripley Female College, Poultney, Vt.

Some time after her matriculation at Ripley Miss Green published her first work. It was not a poem but a novel, the germ of which had been in her mind since her eleventh year. "The Leavenworth Case" won instant and widespread attention, and the youthful authoress suddenly found herself famed for a kind of work very different from that toward which she was drawn so strongly. The incessant demands upon her pen which followed this early success left little time for poetic leisure, and her thoughts were almost wholly excluded from the mental atmosphere in which poesy thrives. Except in a limited circle the young authoress became known only as a prose-writer. Yet, before she printed her first tale, Anna Katherine Green had justified her controlling ambition by writing all the verse which now forms the two small volumes of her published poetry. It waited till her work in prose had made her famous to seek the higher fame for which its author yearned.

The first volume of Miss Green's verse, "The Defense of the Bride, and other Poems," was published in 1882. The second, a drama entitled "Risifi's Daughter," appeared five years later. None who read these productions, or even the selections from them which accompany this notice will deny for a moment that her patient hope was justifiable.

The poetry of Anna Katherine Green combines strength, directness and dramatic interest, with

tender pathos, in a wholesome atmosphere of artistic truth. Never overburdened with imagery, her lines are graced by striking simile and delicate fancy. We are not annoyed by affected juggling with words, or by straining after strange effects in rhythm. Yet Miss Green is happy in her rhythmic changes, which always swing in unison with the motive of the moment. Miss Green's genius is objective rather than subjective. She especially delights in legendary themes of a bold and striking nature. Such pieces as "The Defense of the Bride," "The Tower of Bouverie," "A Tragedy of Sedan," "The Confession of the King's Musketeer," and "The Barricade" are examples of this, in which the author's dramatic art and skill in narration are at their best. The first two vie with each other in interest and power, and stand equally at the head of this part of the poet's work. The easily flowing measures of "The Defense of the Bride" are in striking contrast to the brief, bold lines of "Bouvierie"; but there is in both a spirit and vividness that place them high among productions of this sort. Few women deal with such themes in so masculine a way, yet few men can impart the delicate trace of womanliness that is not their least charm. On the other hand Miss Green vies with herself in the thoughtful, tender sentiment that breathes in every stanza of "Premonition," "Shadows," "At the Piano," and "Separated." In "Risifi's Daughter" the author has adapted her story-telling talents to the requirements of dramatic form in blank verse with remarkable success. The narrative itself is powerful, and Miss Green has succeeded admirably in making her characters develop it clearly by what they do and say. This without sacrificing the truly poetic movement of her lines. The richness of Miss Green's poetry for purposes of quotation is remarkable. Her stanzas breathe the breath of life; and, perhaps all the more surely because slowly, they will occupy a worthy place among the writings of American poets.

The first sojourn of Miss Green's family in Buffalo was only for a few years, the home for most of her life being Brooklyn, where all her literary work was done until she went to the former city to establish a home of her own. Miss Green was married on November 25, 1884, to Mr. Charles Rohlfs, a gentleman, who, beginning life on the stage under the old stock-company regime, and afterward acting as leading support to such eminent tragedians as Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, quit the stage, and the dramatic future which seemed to lie before him, to devote himself to the congenial home-life which the nomadic life of the profession at the present time almost precludes. At their pleasant home in Buffalo, brightened by two charming little ones, Mr. and Mrs. Rohlfs enjoy the warm friendships which two years of life in that city have formed.

A. G. B.

THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE.

He was coming from the altar when the tocsin
rang alarm,
With his fair young wife beside him, lovely in her
bridal charm;
But he was not one to palter with a duty, or to
slight
The trumpet-call of honor for his vantage or
delight.

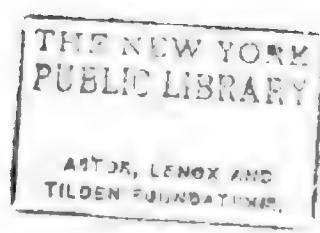
Turning from the bride beside him to his stern
and martial train,
From their midst he summoned to him the broth-
ers of Germain;
At the word they stepped before him, nine strong
warriors, brave and true,
From the youngest to the eldest, Enguerrand to
mighty Hugh.

"Sons of Germain, to your keeping do I yield my
bride to-day.
Guard her well as you do love me; guard her well
and holily.
Dearer than mine own soul to me, you will hold
her as your life,
'Gainst the guile of seeming friendship and the
force of open strife."

"We will guard her," cried they firmly; and with
just another glance
On the yearning and despairing in his young
wife's countenance,
Gallant Beaufort strode before them down the aisle
and through the door,
And a shadow came and lingered where the sun-
light stood before.

Eight long months the young wife waited, watch-
ing from her bridal room
For the coming of her husband up the valley for-
est's gloom.
Eight long months the sons of Germain paced the
ramparts and the wall,
With their hands upon their halberds, ready for
the battle-call.

Then there came the sound of trumpets pealing up
the vale below,
And a dozen floating banners lit the forest with
their glow,
And the bride arose like morning, when it feels the
sunlight nigh,
And her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a
misty sky.





But the eldest son of Germain lifting voice from off
the wall,
Cried aloud, "It is a stranger's and not Sir Beau-
fort's call;
Have you ne'er a slighted lover or a kinsman with
a heart
Base enough to seek his vengeance at the sharp
end of the dart?"

"There is Sassard of the Mountains," answered
she withouten guile,
"While I wedded at the chancel, he stood mocking
in the aisle;
And my maidens say he swore there that for all
my plighted vow,
They would see me in his castle yet upon Moren-
cy's brow."

"It is Sassard and no other, then," her noble
guardian cried;
"There is craft in yonder summons," and he rung
his sword beside.
"To the walls, ye sons of Germain! and as each
would hold his life
From the bitter shame of falsehood, let us hold our
master's wife."

"Can you hold her, can you shield her from the
breezes that await?"
Cried the stinging voice of Sassard from his stand
beside the gate.
"If you have the power to shield her from the sun-
light and the wind,
You may shield her from stern Sassard when his
falchion is untwined."

"We can hold her, we can shield her," leaped like
fire from off the wall,
And young Enguerrand the valiant, sprang out
before them all.
"And if breezes bring dishonor, we will guard her
from their breath,
Though we yield her to the keeping of the sacred
arms of Death."

And with force that never faltered did they guard
her all that day,
Though the strength of triple armies seemed to
battle in the fray,
The old castle's rugged ramparts holding firm
against the foe,
As a goodly dike resisteth the whelming billow's
flow.

But next morning as the sunlight rose in splendor
over all,
Hugh the mighty, sank heart-wounded in his sta-
tion on the wall;
At the noon the valiant Raoul of the merry eye
and heart,
Gave his beauty and his jestings to the foeman's
jealous dart.

Gallant Maurice next sank faltering with a death
wound 'neath his hair,
But still fighting on till Sassard pressed across him
up the stair.
Generous Clement followed after, crying as his
spirit passed,
"Sons of Germain to the rescue, and be loyal to
the last!"

Gentle Jasper, lordly Clarence, Sessamine the
doughty brand,
Even Henri who had yielded ne'er before to mortal
hand;
One by one they fall and perish, while the vaunt-
ing foemen pour
Through the breach and up the courtway to the
very turret's door.

Enguerrand and Stephen only now were left of all
that nine,
To protect the single stairway from the traitor's
fell design;
But with might as 'twere of thirty, did they wield
the axe and brand,
Striving in their desperation the fierce onslaught to
withstand.

But what man of power so godlike he can stay the
billow's wrack,
Or with single-handed weapon hold an hundred
foemen back?
As the sun turned sadly westward, with a wild
despairing cry,
Stephen bowed his noble forehead and sank down
on earth to die.

"Ah ha!" then cried cruel Sassard, with his foot
upon the stair,
"Have I come to thee, my boaster?" and he
whirled his sword in air,
"Thou who protest of thy power to protect her to
the death,
What think'st thou now of Sassard and the wind's
aspiring breath?"

"What I think let this same show you," answered tierly Enguerrand,
And he poised his lofty battle-axe with sure and steady hand;
"Now as heaven loveth justice, may this deathly weapon fall
On the murderer of my brothers and th' undoer of us all!"

With one mighty whirl he sent it; flashing from his hand it came,
Like the lightning from the heavens in a swirl of awful flame,
And betwixt the brows of Sassard and his two false eyeballs passed,
And the murderer sank before it like a tree before the blast.

"Now ye minions of a traitor if you look for vengeance, come!"
And his voice was like a trumpet when it clangs a victor home.
But a cry from far below him rose like thunder upward. "Nay!
Let them turn and meet the *Husband* if they hunger for the fray!"

Oh, the yell that sprang to heaven as that voice swept up the stair,
And the slaughter dire that followed in another moment there!
From the least unto the greatest, from the henchman to the lord,
Not a man on all that stairway lived to sheath again his sword.

At the top that flame-bound forehead, at the base that blade of fire—
'Twas the meeting of two tempests in their potency and ire.
Ere the moon could falter inward with its pity and its woe,
Baufort saw the path before him unencumbered of the foe.

Saw his pathway unencumbered and strode up and o'er the floor,
Even to the very threshold of his lovely lady's door,
And already in his fancy did he see the golden beam
Of her locks upon his shoulder and her sweet eyes' happy gleam.

When behold a form upstarting from the shadow at his side,
That with naked sword uplifted barred the passage to his bride!
It was Enguerrand the dauntless, but with staring eyes and hair
Blowing wild about a forehead pale as snow in moonlight glare.

"Ah, my master, we have held her, we have guarded her," he said;
"Not a shadow of dishonor has so much as touched her head.
Twenty wretches lie below there with the brothers of Germain,
Twenty foemen of her honor that I, Enguerrand, have slain.

"But one other foe remaineth, one remaineth yet," he cried,
"Which it fits this hand to punish ere you cross unto your bride.
It is I, Enguerrand!" shrieked he; "and as I have slain the rest,
So I smite this foeman also!"—and his sword plunged through his breast.

Oh, the horror of that moment! "Art thou mad my Enguerrand?"
Cried his master, striving wildly to withdraw the fatal brand.
But the stern youth smiling sadly, started back from his embrace,
While a flash like summer lightning, flickered direful on his face.

"Yes, a traitor worse than Sassard;" and he pointed down the stair,
"For my heart has dared to love her whom my hand defended there.
While the others fought for honor, I by passion was made strong;
Set your heel upon my bosom for my soul has done you wrong."

"But," and here he swayed and faltered till his knee sank on the floor,
Yet in falling turned his forehead ever toward that silent door;
"But your warrior hand, my master, may take mine without a stain,
For my hand has e'er been loyal, and your enemy is slain."

PREMONITION.

The sweetest hour in all love's wondrous story,
When Hope first whispers of the coming glory.

A SUDDEN strange unfolding
In the cheerful noon tide glare;
A sudden passionate heaving
In the bosom of the air.

The sense of something coming,
Mysterious and dread,
The lightning for its crowning,
The thunder for its tread.

A whisper in the breezes
One has not heard before;
A longing in the billow,
A yearning in the shore.

A bubbling up of life
From every wayside thing;
A meaning in the dip
Of even a swallow's wing.

A fear as if the morrow
Would ope some hidden portal;
A joy as if the feet
Stood at the gate immortal.

An angel in the pathway
To every common goal,
A widening of the outlook
That opens on the soul.

A sound of song at midnight,
A mist of dreams at noon;
A tear upon the eyelash,
The lips' smile might impugn.

A coming back of childhood
When morning suns are bright,
To find yourself a woman
Upon your knees at night.

AT THE PIANO.

PLAY ON! Play on! As softly glides
The low refrain, I seem, I seem
To float, to float on golden tides,
By sunlit isles, where life and dream
Are one, are one; and hope and bliss
Move hand in hand, and thrilling, kiss
'Neath bowery blooms,
In twilight glooms,
And love is life, and life is love.

Play on! Play on! As higher rise
The lifted strains, I seem, I seem
To mount, to mount through roseate skies,
Through drifted cloud and golden gleam,
To realms, to realms of thought and fire,
Where angels walk and souls aspire,
And sorrow comes but as the night
That brings a star for our delight.

Play on! Play on! The spirit fails,
The star grows dim, the glory pales,
The depths are roused—the depths, and oh!
The heart that wakes, the hopes that glow!
The depths are roused: their billows call
The soul from heights to slip and fall;
To slip and fall and faint and be
Made part of their immensity;
To slip from Heaven; to fall and find
In love the only perfect mind;
To slip and fall and faint and be
Lost, drowned within this melody,
As life is lost and thought in thee.

Ah, sweet, art thou the star, the star
That draws my soul afar, afar?
Thy voice the silvery tide on which
I float to islands rare and rich?
Thy love the ocean, deep and strong,
In which my hopes and being long
To sink and faint and fail away?
I cannot know. I cannot say.

But play, play on.

VIRTUE.

Virtue, Prince,
Doth need no pedigree to make it lovely.
Risifi's Daughter, p. 11.

LIFE.

Life is no plain, however vast or varied,
But rising ground, where every forward step
Shifts the horizon.

—*Ibid.*, p. 14.

GREATNESS.

To be great,
Fits not to be happy.

—*Ibid.*, p. 39.

AMBITION.

Shall the ship pause
Because the breath of orange-groves comes sweet
From some near siren isle?

—*Ibid.*, p. 39.

HOPE.

" In man's short span
He runs on many a hope. To-day 't is love
That seems his only good; to-morrow, knowledge.

A five year hence, pow'r and the chance to wield it;
A decade later all his thought is profit;
Then comes old age, and with it joys of ease,
And life again in his posterity."

—*Ibid.*, p. 39.

LIFE.

Ah, what is life!
'T is but a passing touch upon the world;
A print upon the beaches of the earth
Next flowing wave will wash away; a mark
That something passed; a shadow on a wall,
While looking for the substance, shade departs;
A drop from the vast spirit-cloud of God
That rounds upon a stock, a stone, a leaf,
A moment, then exhales again to God.

—*Ibid.*, p. 40.

CONTENTMENT.

The hungry sea
Hath need of all the stars to make it bright,—
A stream's content with one.

—*Ibid.*, p. 41.

BOLDNESS.

We pluck at roses and encounter thorns;
Clutch at life's thorns, and fill our hands with roses.

—*Ibid.*, p. 74.

MOTHER.

Those who have lost their mothers unbetimes,
Oft show these sad lines in their faces, seignior;
'T is nature's mark that life's most precious boon
Hath somehow missed them.

—*Ibid.*, p. 75.

COURTSHIP.

Not the wind
But the soft sunshine best constrains the bud
To ope its delicate leaves. Of all the words
Of gentle courtesy and deep regard
With which I come full laden to your side,
I will but proffer one. Accept this, dear.
The choicest of my store, the rose of speech,
The sweet, *I love you*, which has been the gem
Of every language since the first fond hour
That woman's smile became a good man's heaven.

—*Ibid.*, p. 76.

REFLECTION.

Dost see yon orb of light that girt with power
Rides the still spaces of the firmament,
Queen-like within her golden chariot?
One might in honor worship such a star
Shining supreme upon the front of night,
Nor bate him much from that high majesty
Of self-respect that makes a man a man.
But what of its reflection in the stream,
That puny brilliance which with borrowed gleam
Stares upward from the hollow of the wave

Soulless and unsubstantial? Lives there one
On all this round of earth could stoop so low
As to do homage there? Yet, gentle seignior,
The ideal you have loved is such a star,
I but the weak reflection.

—*Ibid.*, p. 83.

LOVE.

They who see her call her fair;
Say her smile pleases; that her voice is soft;
Her cheek the home of blushes, light, and joy;
Her glance a shifting glory; and her brow
The throne of beauty and the seat of truth.
But as for me, I can see naught of this.
I do not know if she be fair or not.
A blind man just restored to light, I ween,
Would scarcely stop in looking at a rose
To say that it was beautiful. I only know
Her glance is revelation, and her smile
A torturing delight. Her slightest move
Wakes rapture in me. When I look at her
I feel in that one instant all the reach
The human soul can scale in depth and height,
In ecstasy and pain; so much I love her.

—*Ibid.*, p. 87.

RESOLVE.

Sooner far
The sun shall turn its back upon the east
And trample out its own resurgent steps
Than I yield up my purpose.

—*Ibid.*, p. 98.

WAVES.

Waves which vainly seek
To utter all the story of the sea
And die in music with the tale untold.

—*Paul Isham.*

TOIL.

O the toils of life!
How small they seem when love's resistless tide
Sweeps brightly o'er them! Like the scattered
stones
Within a mountain streamlet, they but serve
To strike the hidden music from its flow
And make its sparkle visible.

—*Ibid.*

LONGING.

A yearning like the yearning of a wave
That sees the shore stretch beautiful beyond it.

—*Ibid.*

GRACE.

He found her pacing o'er the sunlit lawn,
Lost in a dream that brought the fitful blood
In tremor to her cheek, and lent withal
To her high bearing such a tender grace—
No moonbeam sleeping in a chancel's dusk,

Amid the splendor of emblazoned gules,
Could be more fair, or sweetlier blend in one
The light of heaven and the glow of earth.

—*Ibid.*

SYMPATHY.

He who steps on stones is glad to feel
The smallest spray of moss beneath his feet.

—*Ibid.*

MELANCHOLY.

For beauty such as hers is like a breath
Of distant music stealing through the hush
Of fragrant gardens, and like music draws
Its rarest charm from gentle melancholy.
But even a pearl will flush with sudden lights
If but the sun fall on it.

—*Ibid.*

HOPE.

Full many a vessel threads the gates of morn,
With spreading sails and gold upon its prow,
That ere the eve will bend beneath the storm.
And we—how know we if our moments run
To break on joy or sorrow? We can hope,
But hope itself is born of doubt, my friend,
Always in bud, but never quite a flower.

—*Ibid.*

LOSS.

It was a deadly blow! A blow like that
Which swooping unawares from out the night
Dashes a man from some high starlit peak
Into a void of cold and hurrying waves.
'Twas not the loss alone. In that wild hour
Of first resistance, anguish, and despair,
He felt he could have borne her simple loss
So God had taken her. But loss of love!
Loss of belief in all the radiant past,
Of hope in years to come—ah, who but those
Whose lives have felt the shock of utter wreck,
Can rightly speak of what that hour of doom
Was to this man of sorrow!

—*Ibid.*

WOMANHOOD.

Youth has needs, I know,
And headlong yearnings like the mountain streams
That rush adown the nearest path they find
To meet the sounding river; but, oh child,
In womanhood the heart is like the sea,
Deep, deep, and self-contained, but yearning still
Through all its mighty billows for a shore
To break in strength upon.

—*Ibid.*

DUTY.

Hath the Spirit of all beauty
Kissed you in the path of duty.
—*On the Threshold.*

SOLITUDE.

Have you listened to the singing
Of the meadow-grasses springing?
Heard the shadows, whispering, tell
How they woo the asphodel?

—*Ibid.*

OCEAN.

The free
Mighty, music-haunted sea.

—*Ibid.*

SECRECY.

She held a secret in her inmost thought;
A secret which in shyly hiding, she
Revealed to all around unconsciously;
As timid violets lade the ambient air
With their hearts' richest fragrance, unaware
The fragrance whispers that the flower is there.

—*Isabel Maynor.*

STARS.

The very stars
Tremble above, as though the voice divine
Reverberated through the dread expanse.

—*Sunrise from the Mountains.*

UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

She wore so grand a look, you see,
Unconsciously;
A lily musing in a beam
Of starlight, were as apt as she
To turn aside and fondly dream
Of its own shadow in the stream.

—*The Barricade.*

MAIDENHOOD.

You see she was a maiden, sir,
That till that time had never known
What 'twas to have another stir
The current of life's undertone.
The falling shadows in the woods'
Deep solitudes,
My mother glance, the sudden flow
Of waters in the mountain floods,
Had moved her, but such passion, no;
'Twas sunlight falling upon snow.

—*Ibid.*

AUTUMN.

To live, to love and then to die
While life and love are pure and sweet
As April's mingled smile and sigh
In which all hopeful fancies meet,
Is not so sad; more sad to me,
It were to see
The falling leaves, the clouding sky,
To look around and miss the free
Glad singing of the birds, and sigh
In vain for hopes and days gone by.

—*Ibid.*

CARMEN SYLVA.

ELIZABETH, Princess of Wied, now known as Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania, was born December 29, 1843, in the ancestral castle of her family at Neuwied, on the banks of the Rhine. Her childhood was passed amid influences that made her a woman long before the first bloom of youth was past. Her life was solitary. She had no other companionship than that of her invalid little brother; she did not play with boys and girls — she talked with the friends of her parents, with artists, poets and philosophers. She had duties and tasks that would have made her life a drudge, if she had not possessed imagination. This was her solace. It was her delight to dream, to let her fancy play, especially when she was at Monrepos, the family summer home, and could wander through the Westerwald and listen to the singing of the birds and the sighing of the trees. She began to write poetry when a mere child. At nine years of age she read poetry, learned it, and wrote it, all with great ardor. At fourteen she wrote tragedies. She was chafing under her restraints. She said: "I cannot be gentle; I must rage." A drama of horrors was the result.

When the princess was eighteen, a series of sorrows befell her. First her invalid brother died, then her dearest friend, then her father. For several years, now, she studied, travelled and taught. She always had a strong inclination to become a teacher. When she was twenty-four years old she had about made up her mind to prepare for the examination with this end in view. Her friends wanted her to marry and said she was fit for a throne. She laughingly said to them one day that the only throne that could lure her would be the Rumanian, for in Rumania there would be a chance to accomplish some good. There was no king of Rumania at that time. But in 1866 an acquaintance of Elizabeth's was put at the head of the Rumania state, with the title of Prince Charles I, of Rumania. Her romantic acquaintance with this Hohenzollern prince is well known,—how, when a girl visiting in Berlin, she fell down a palace stair and was caught by him at the landing. Her marriage with him was less romantic. It was arranged by her mother in the German fashion. A day's courting and a month's engagement and the Princess of Wied became the Princess of Rumania. That was in November, 1869.

Elizabeth began at once to devote herself to the needs of her people. She established hospitals, schools, asylums, poor-unions, etc. It was not long before she came to be called the "Mother of her people." In 1874 she met with the greatest sorrow of her life. She lost her only child. The loss has proved the world's gain, for but for it we should never have heard of Carmen Sylva. I have

said that Elizabeth wrote poetry in childhood. She kept on writing after she had passed from girlhood into womanhood. But she kept the secret of her composition to herself. After the death of her little girl she turned to literature in earnest as the only comfort of her life beside caring for her people. She no longer concealed her gifts and aspirations for authorship. She translated poems, tales and novels to learn the writer's art, of which she admitted she knew nothing. She was hard at original compositions when the Turk-Russian war broke out. She and her husband did noble work in the war — the Prince in the field and the Princess in the hospital. In acknowledgment of his services, Rumania was recognized as an independent kingdom in 1881, and Charles and Elizabeth became King and Queen of Rumania.

Since the end of the war Elizabeth has been untiring in her literary activity. In 1880 the first book was published with "Carmen Sylva" on the title page. It was a volume of poems, translated from Rumanian into German. The next year she published her first book of original poems, entitled "Stürme." I cannot here even enumerate all the books that I have described in the introduction to "Songs of Toil." The mere enumeration would indicate the Queen's remarkable productivity. In 1882 appeared "Die Hexe" (poems), and "Jehovah" (poem); in 1883 "Meine Ruh" (poems); in 1884 "Mein Rhein" (poems). Other poems are "Mein Buch" (poem), and a collection of poems upon Egypt, and the "Handwerkerlieder," the second part of which has been published only in "Songs of Toil." The Queen's prose writings are numerous, consisting of some fourteen publications, being of novels, stories and tales. Such is the work that this gifted woman has accomplished in less than a decade. It is amazing that one woman could have done as much, and that woman a queen upon a throne.

J. E. B.

THE SCISSORS-GRINDER'S SONG.

FETCH on your scissors, your slender blade —
To make them brilliant and sharp's my trade;
To every door-step my grindstone comes,
And on and ever it strolls and hums.

I and my grindstone, we wander by,
And no one asks me from whence come I;
How poor I am, no one cares to know,
None care to hear of my spirit's woe.

I'm ground by sorrow both day and night,
And yet I never am polished bright;
I'm ground by hunger, and though it pales
The face, to sharpen the wit it fails.

I'm ground by grief, but the work is ill,
For notched and rusty my heart is, still.
The wheel is whirling, the stone has grit—
Fetch on your steel—shall I sharpen it?

THE CARPENTER'S SONG.

My lot grew lighter day by day;
The children grew apace;
I built a little house last May—
No palace like that place.
And—"Father," said she, "sure you know
That once we ate dry bread?
Into our own house now we go!"—
The mother, she is dead!

Her house the undertaker made,
And not the carpenter;
My grace unsaid, the pastor prayed
In loud tones over her.
The day that's spent with merriment,
'Mid blossoms blue and red,
No music lent—my heart was rent!—
The mother, she is dead.

We pulled together many a year;
Like old bird-mates were we;
But who e'er thinks of dying here
While both together be?
Fast barred is every window-blind—
I care not what is said;
Yes, sell the house! I do not mind—
The mother, she is dead!

FODDER-TIME.

How sweet the manger smells! The cows all listen
With outstretched necks, and with impatient
lowing;
They greet the clover, their content now
showing—
And how they lick their noses till they glisten!

The velvet-coated beauties do not languish
Beneath the morning's golden light that's
breaking,
The unexhausted spring of life awaking,
Their golden eyes of velvet full of anguish.

They patiently endure their pains. Bestowing
Their sympathy, the other cows are ruing
Their unproductive udders and renewing
At milking-time their labor and their lowing.

And now I must deceive the darling bossy—
With hand in milk must make it suck my finger.
Its tender lips cling close like joys that linger,
And feel so warm with dripping white and flossy.

This very hand my people with devotion
Do kiss, which paints and plays and writes
moreover—
I would it had done naught but pile the clover
To feed the kine that know no base emotion!

THE SOWER.

BENEATH the mild sun vanish the vapor's last wet
traces,
And for the autumn sowing the mellow soil lies
steeping;
The stubble fires have faded and ended is the
reaping;
The piercing plow has leveled the rough resisting
places.

The solitary sower along the brown field paces—
Two steps and then a handful, a rhythmic motion
keeping;
The eager sparrows follow, now pecking and now
peeping.
He sows; but all the increase accomplished by
God's grace is.

And whether frost be fatal or drought be devastating,
The blades rise green and slender for spring-time
winds to flutter,
As time of golden harvest the coming fall awaiting.
None see the silent yearnings the sower's lips
half utter,
The carping care he suffers, distressing thoughts
creating.
With steady hand he paces afield without a mutter.

MOSAIC.

THE island city sleeps. The twilight rideth
Gold-shod above San Marco's treasure-plunder;
As if it would enjoy this golden wonder,
A sunbeam stealeth in and softly glideth

Along Christ's head and trembleth there and strideth
To earth where columns cut the light asunder;
It gildeth, sent of God, the choir, where, under
The dome, the glory of the ages bideth.

High in an attic room this decoration
 In splendor wakens, where a man, deft-handed,
 Sets tiny bits of bright illumination —
 To shield his fading sight, his white locks banded
 With a green shade.— What profits lamentation?
 The work's eternal — God hath so commanded!

THE CHARWOMAN.

If only 'twere not Christmas Eve,
 Nor bright other places,
 Nor loaded the boards I perceive,
 Nor happy the faces,

 And not so wretched at home.
 And none of this whining
 And begging for bread when I come
 By little cheeks pining

 To-day for hunger again,
 To deeply depress me!
 If they, who forget now my pain,
 Could see it distress me!

 Too listlessly come I and go;
 All dirty I never
 Must faint in the twilight glow
 But toil on forever.

 Six children I have to relieve —
 How blanched are their faces!
 If only 'twere not Christmas Eve,
 Nor bright other places!

THE STONE-CUTTER.

We hammer, hammer, hammer on and on,
 Day-out, day-in, throughout the year,
 In blazing heat and tempests drear;
 God's house we slowly heavenward rear —
 We'll never see it done!

We hammer, hammer, hammer, might and main.
 The sun torments, the rain drops prick,
 Our eyes grow blind with dust so thick;
 Our name in dust, too, fadeth quick —
 No glory and no gain!

We hammer, hammer, hammer ever on.
 O blessed God on Heaven's throne,
 Dost thou take care of every stone
 And leave the toiling poor alone,
 Whom no one looks upon?

HARRIET M. CONVERSE.

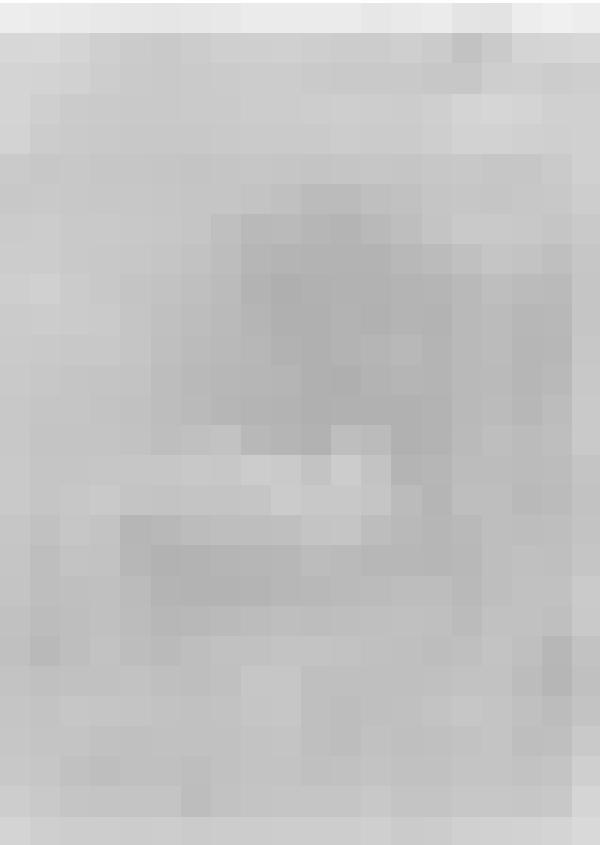
SCOTCH by ancestry, American by birth—an Indian by adoption! So her poems in Scotch dialect are born of an inherited tenderness for all things Scotch, from a bit of Scottish bloom, to the sublimity of Scotland's stern devotion to freedom and the wild, untamable spirit that plunged into numberless contests in defense of Scotch homes—highland and lowland. In a different key is that verse which expresses the heart, thought, and experiences of the American woman, alive to modern, intellectual activity and to the inner life hidden from ordinary apprehension. While her poems of Indian legend and belief come warm from her love of, sympathy with, and relationship to the red race so swiftly disappearing.

The history of the Maxwells, lineal descendants of the Earls of Nithsdale, is full of romance and adventure, extending to the private lives of the later representatives of the family. The grandfather of Mrs. Converse was born on the shores of County Down, Ireland, his father and mother being cast there by shipwreck, having embarked for America in 1770. After the babe was some months old they finally reached these shores, and settled in Berkley, Virginia, in 1772. In 1792 the baby Guy Maxwell was a young man, and removed to the spot now Elmira, N. Y. Of the children of Guy who became especially prominent, the father of Mrs. Converse, Thomas Maxwell, was remarkable. A man of great natural ability, he was an influential factor in a region of country where, it is yet said, "The word of a Maxwell was law." He served his locality as a Member of Congress, and occupied various important positions. He was a graceful writer, and a valued contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. From him his daughter Harriet inherited her most prominent characteristics.

Harriet Maxwell Converse was born in Elmira, N. Y., of Thomas Maxwell and Maria Purdy his wife. Left motherless at a tender age, she was sent to Milan, Ohio, and there put to school under the eye of an aunt who there resided. Early married, she became a widow while her former companions were yet girls, and in the year 1861 she married, for her second husband, Frank B. Converse, a playmate of her childhood days. For five years after her last marriage she travelled in the United States and Europe, writing occasionally prose and verse under a pseudonym. Not until 1881 did she begin to make use of her own name in print. She then set herself seriously to her work and in 1883 published her first volume, "Sheaves," which has passed through several editions. Of this book Whittier wrote to its author, "It is a sheaf in which there are no tares." The last edition contains several poems added at Mr. Whittier's suggestion.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



In 1884, Mrs. Converse was formally adopted by the Seneca Indians, as had been her father and grandfather before her. It was on the occasion of the re-interment, by the Buffalo Historical Society, of the remains of the famous Red Jacket. Her adoption made her the great-grand-daughter of Red Jacket with all the rights and honors pertaining to the relation.

The poetical work of Mrs. Converse has won high praise. Lord Alfred Tennyson and Dom Pedro emperor of Brazil, each sent to the author graceful letters of commendation on the publication of "Sheaves." Mrs. Maxwell is also an industrious writer of prose, and has two volumes nearly ready for the press, one to be entitled "The Religious Festivals of the Iroquois Indians," the other "Mythology and Folk Lore of the North American Indians." In the prime of life, she has doubtless her best work before her.

Mrs. Converse resides in New York City. Personally she is attractive, genial and generous. Her friendships are warm, enthusiastic and abiding, while her heart is sympathetic and her hand open to the needs of her kind. In her presence you forget that she is literary, which is perhaps the most satisfactory social trait any literary woman can exhibit.

MRS. G. A.

TO THE NIGHT.

THE west is barred with hurrying clouds,
Within whose deep vermilion shrouds,
While soft winds whisper mournful sighs,
In fickle lights the dear Day lies;
With dreams of distance in her grace,
She met her Morn with glowing face;
Deserted glory in her glance,
She swoons to death, in languid trance
And thy uncertain light—

Thou hastening Night!

If o'er thy broad and darkling land
Day's ghost go wandering, hand in hand
With some sad secret of Life's years,
Keeping her vigils through her tears,
With uncreated Morrow's day
(Thy inward light), make fond delay,
And kiss, with lingering, fragrant breath,
Sweet Sleep — the image of this death —
To dreams of worlds more bright,
Thou friendly Night!

If from the solitudes of pain —
Through veiling mists of sorrow's rain —
To thy lone shrine, where tapers burn,
In quest of peace, some hope return
(Her future lost — through loss of trust —

And weary of her laurelled dust),
Oh! give her faith that shall endure,
And make her waning strength more sure!
Haste then the Morn with swifter flight,
Thou tardy Night!

If in some hour unknown before,
Within the threshold of thy door,
With face so fair, yet unrevealed,
Whose silent lips are yet unsealed,
Love's messenger, with patience waits,
Conduct him to thy Morning's gates
In crimsoned garments; like the rose
Adorned with dews, that blushing glows
With warmth and trusting tendance wooed,
With Life's dear light through dawn renewed,
And bring Love's day — Love's promised light,
Thou welcome Night!

LIFE.

I.

LIFE's whirl and din!
The sands run in;
Work, busy brain;
Toil, care, and pain
Encompass thee;
Mortality
Thy destiny,
Humanity
Thine equity,
Divinity
Thy God!

DEATH.

II.

DEATH solves the doubt!
The sands run out;
Rest, weary brain,
From care and pain,
Anxiety,
And agony,
In harmony,
Tranquility,
Eternity,
Of God!

UNFOLDED HOPES.

MANY a bud enfolds a hue that never sees the sun;
Unfriendly thoughts have blasted hopes that love
has just begun;

Many a rose unwatched hath grown where summer sunbeams lie,
That left its thorns unbared and brown to face the winter sky.

Many a stream has babbled love to neighboring flowers in dell,
That running seaward lost itself in moan and surging swell;
Many a tree disdains to bend that falls before the storm,
While flexible reeds submissively to frigid blasts conform.

Many a life with pride is launched that bears a golden name,
And drifts through waste of watery woe a wreck of bitter shame;
While adverse winds have tempests blown o'er craft of humbler sail,
That, tossed through spray of lashing waves, out-rode the angry gale.

Many a growth of flaunting ease betrays a sterile soil,
While generous impulse shackled dies in ruin of despoil;
Many a heart its glory wins e'en through a chast'ning rod,
And yields its sorrows, tears, and sighs to will of gracious God.

THY EASTER MORN.

In the dark Gethsemane and sackcloth of thy soul,
Beneath the shadowed olive tree, thy face toward the goal,
Didst thou seek release in vain and, humbly trusting, pray?
Press to thy lips the cup of pain that would not pass away?

Waiting in thy Judgment-Hall thy life reviewed,
arraigned,
While the wormwood and the gall its piteous pangs sustained,
Didst thou in thy Sorrows yearn for Morning's eastern skies,
Fondly to thy Christ Star turn thy mournful, tear-stained eyes?

Watching on thy Calvary, adoring at His feet,
What sacrifice hath come to thee to make thy life complete?
Receiving of its holy dust, within its saintly ground,
The triumphs of thy lowly trust, was martyrdom so crowned?

In the sighs of mortal breath enshrouded in thy woe,

Hath thy heart some mortal death that Death alone can know?

Watch not in thy Life's array its sepulchre of gloom,
Thy Lord will roll the stone away from off its darkened tomb!

Doth His Easter radiance glow within thy life's full years

And with unturning hallowed flow, bring gladness to thy fears?

Hope that sought thee in thy pain with flowers thy brow adorns!

To-day the roses bloom again where yesterday were thorns!

MAY PEACE WITH THEE ABIDE.

MAY peace with thee abide!
Though dreary seems the way,
No staff, no scrip, no guide,
And all thy heart astray.

May peace with thee abide!
And when thy burdens grow,
Fear not, faint not; beside
The rock the waters flow!

May peace with thee abide!
With care and toil oppressed,
Submit; He will provide
For thee His grace and rest.

May peace with thee abide!
On thee may God's light glow!
His peace is not denied,
Although thou falter so.

IN MEDITATION.

WITHIN her fair white hands the Good Book lies:

As reverently slow she turns its leaves,
The violet shadows veil her wistful eyes,
And as the nightfall sure and slowly weaves,
I hear her dear voice clear and strong —

"Set me as a seal upon thy heart,
As a seal upon thy arm,
For love is strong as death!"

And as she reads the Israel song
Her lips are like a roseleaf curled apart
In spicy sweetness warm
With incense of its breath.

On, on she reads; hushed on her snowy breast,
Lulled in its peace as of a holy shrine,
Each tender sigh doth rock itself to rest;
Her face, love lit, doth glow with fire divine,
Her trembling voice doth linger long—

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave,
The coals thereof are coals of fire
With most vehement flame;"
Yet as she reads the singer's song
She seems to grow more brave
In harmony of Israel's lyre
Attuned to love's dear name!

Dear, fair white hands wherein the Good Book lies,
Dear, tender sighs that hush upon her breast,
Dear, blue-veined lids that veil her violet eyes,
Unto my life thou art sweet peace and rest!
Love, set me as a seal upon her heart,
Thou, love, art strong—as strong as death thou art!

SACRIFICE.

To inflictions' painful bondage deliverance doth come,
And through some sad sacrificing are all conquests won;
The sun that, in its ardent fervor, burns the lily's leaf,
In the splendor of its glowing crowns the harvest sheaf!
—*The Laurel or the Crown.*

LIFE.

The watch of Nativity—Life!

—*Vigils.*

MAN.

The watch of Maturity—Man!

—*Ibid.*

AGE.

The watch of Identity—Age!

The audit of Time to assuage.

—*Ibid.*

DEATH.

The watch of Eternity—Death!

Transition of Soul by a breath.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

Love makes his law the undertune
And fragrance of the discrowned noon.
His clasping tendrils wreath and bind
All blooms the questing south winds find.

—*Love's Gifts.*

LOVE.

We love, my sweetheart! tell it o'er and o'er!
I love! thou lov'st! we love forevermore!

Clasping with velvet touches, hand in hand,
Love sings to love this song through all the land
Where marriage bells, with silver iterance, call,
Love loveth love, and love is all-in-all!

—*Sweetheart.*

DAISY.

Undergrowth of Nature's heart, and bloom that robes the sod.

—*To a Field Daisy.*

OCTOBER.

The fields are sere, the garners filled, the reapers' harvest hymns
Are echoed through the dells, where nests hang empty on the limbs;
The streams are haunted with the sighs of muffled summer songs,
While on their lonely ripples float the willow leaves in throngs.

—*Regal October.*

SPRING.

The sun evokes from shadows, in the genial rite
Of consecrated wedlock, the day from winter's night.

—*Waiting.*

RETROSPECT.

Trace thou the blooming vine of passion-flowers—
The tender symbols of a sacrifice—
Where'er the hungry dust of grief may lie,
To feed the thirsty sorrow with their dews!

—*Retrospect.*

VIOLETS.

And round the sovereign bloom (quite near the rose)
The modest sisterhood—the little nuns
Who veil their sweets in shade—the violets,
Amid the gorgeous blushes of the court,
Would grace perfume with blue-eyed beauty's peace,
The wild-wood loveliness of nature's heart,
That lends, in truthfulness, to quiet lives,
The rest that even blossoms crave in shade!

—*Ibid.*

PEACE.

Even so, past noon, the love-lorn day pursues
The sun, entranced in brightness of its face,
And radiant grows, within, of pure delight!
Yet Peace, in quiet hushfulness, subdues
Her joy and glowing, in the star-lit space
And shadowed glory of the holy night!

—*Peace.*

FAITH.

God's holy benediction—His hushfulness—His calm!

—*Through Faith.*

WILLIAM WILSEY MARTIN.

WILLIAM WILSEY MARTIN was born at Reading, in Berkshire, England, on the 11th of October, 1833. He was destined for the legal profession, but while serving with a solicitor, was offered an appointment in Her Majesty's Civil Service which he accepted, and in 1854 commenced an official career which has proved a successful one.

He has found time amid his exacting duties to indulge his natural love of literature and to make many a contribution in prose and verse to journals and magazines. In addition to the collection of poems under the title "By Solent and Danube" he has written many verses of a humorous character, and is the author of several plays.

He is known to a large circle as an elocutionist of great power and brilliancy: perhaps, as an oral interpreter of Tennyson he has never been surpassed.

A. N. J.

RED BERRIES OF BRIONY.

RICH was the harvest he vow'd to reap,
When he planted his germ below;
"Love will give sheaves of red gold to keep,
And its fruit will be sweet, I know."
But his golden sheaves
Are the wrinkled leaves
By the gusty autumn borne;
And his fruit, the red berries of briony
That cling round a wither'd thorn.

"Roses will throw me their blooms," she said,
"When winter is white on the tree;
Love will bring clusters when leaves are dead—
The vine's purple clusters to me."
But her rose-tree stands
With roseless hands,
In the cold bleak air forlorn;
And her clusters are berries of briony
That cling round a wither'd thorn.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promise-glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring!

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them—a delight!
In the spring!

Have you walk'd beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird is calling.
In the spring!

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring?
In the spring?
In an English apple-county in the spring?
When the bride and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair,
Apple blossoms everywhere
In the spring!

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring.
In the spring!
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring!

SYMPATHY.

How shall I breathe to thee
From my worn heart,
Words of sweet sympathy,
Thoughts that shall solace thee
In thy hard part?
How shall I preach to thee
The sacred strain;
Tell thee, thy loss is gain;
Tell thee, thy grief is joy;
Tell thee, thou'lt meet thy boy
In Heaven again?
This part is not for me,
Mine, silently shall be,
To weep with thee.
When slips away
The dreary day
Behind the rounded hills, and solemn night,
Enthroned amid her stars of argent light,
Rules the still world—the mourner's cherish'd hour,
Sacred to grief, and that mysterious power
Which we call memory—
Then, my part shall be
To weep with thee.

When thou, bereft of sleep,
Shalt prayerful vigil keep,
And, peering in the gloom
Of thy encurtain'd room,
Shalt see, in vision-wise, his little cot,
Shalt hear his evening prayer,
And kiss his forehead fair,
Stroke his yellow hair,
Then listen for thy darling's sleeping breath,
Now hush'd in death;
And when Reality, with stony eyes,
Sits on thy couch, and thou dost realize
The dread decree—
"Thou shalt go to him, but he
Shall not, shall not return to thee;"
When the fountains of thy woe
Thine eyelids overflow,
Drenching thy pillow in a bitter sea,
Then will I think of thee,
Then my part shall be
To weep with thee.

Weep, 'twill ease thy pain;
Tears are the kindly rain
By Heaven sent
To moisten our hard hearts beneath its sky,
Lest they should shrink, and shrivel, and be dry;
Lest the white blooms of Charity should die,
Faded and spent.
Oh! there is joy in sadness,
There is bliss in tears—
Amid the summer showers,
The arch'd bow appears—
A promise gleaming through the mists of years,
In characters that burn and glow—
Sorrow shall cease—tears shall not always flow.

THE HUMAN CRY.

I.

THE human lifts a wailing to be heard,
And clinging hands to clutch the dim Unknown
That draws forever back behind His throne
Who gives good gifts; but speaketh not a word.

II.

The world grows old : still lifts the bitter breath :
Why? Tell us—Why? behind our prison bars!
O Children! are we wise? Hope crown'd with stars
Is ours—and Love that dieth not—and Death!

INNERMOST.

I.

CAN aught into the Innermost intrude?
The cryptic chamber of the heart of man,

Whereof his closest knoweth not the plan.—
Can aught dwell there save self and solitude?

II.

No other self walks with me o'er its floors;
The nearest, dearest, truest of my friends
Knows but the vestibule; nor ever wends
Beyond the silence of its guarded doors.

III.

The reflex of a smile is sometime thrown,
A Mother's smile, upon its inner way,
Sweet lips and eyes of tenderness, to stay
Awhile with Love; but not to keep the throne.

IV.

The crypt is void, although a dear dead face,
With faint aureola of angel's hair,
Brings down at times a light that lingers there,
That sheds its gold, yet cannot fill the place.

V.

O small white hand now clasping nothingness!
O voice of song! could she in life have fill'd
The inner chamber and its aching still'd?
Nay—God alone must fill it—nothing less!

THE PEARL OF PEACE.

A BIVALVE feeding in the warm salt sea
Draws inward, with the wave, a sandy grain,
Which, not returning with the wave again,
Remains henceforth its secret grief to be.
Day after day, so sea-wise folk agree,
The creature hides it in a dew-like rain
Of ceaseless tears, till, harden'd out of pain,
A precious pearl is fashion'd perfectly.

From outer seas of passion, seas of strife,
There drifts at times upon the human heart
A secret rankling grief that day by day
We cover with the bitter tears of Ifei,
Till, wrought of pain from out our nobler part,
The pearl of Peace remains with us alway.

QUATRAINS.

AMBITION.

The royal eagle hawketh not for flies,
Nor mates the soaring skylark with the wren;
So, scorning narrow aims of lesser men,
Move to their goal, the minds of high emprise.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

Some Friendships are like leaves; when skies are
fair
Their green flags flutter, making glad the day;

But when the chill winds blow, they fall away
And leave the quiv'ring branches cold and bare.

II.

Break not an ancient friendship; keep it hale;
Stir round its roots, that it be green of heart;
Let not the spirit of its growth depart:
It is a power to brave the strongest gale.

LOVE.

Love must be first and last, the part, the whole;
Must fill the human void as ocean fills
Its broadest channels, ancient as the hills,
And slightest shell o'er which its waters roll.

FEAR NONE—FEAR ONE.

Of all mankind, there is but one
Whom thou shouldst fear beneath the sun—
In love or hate, for pride or pelf—
One—only one; that one—thyself!

HOPE.

When Hope's glad sun shines full upon our track,
We feel not much the burthen of our load;
The light is in our face along the road,
And all the shadows lie behind our back.

GRIEF.

Grief comes, a giantess, with strength to bind;
She grips our hand and glares into our eyes;
If we but kiss her mouth, she daily dies,
Fades into air, and leaves a flower behind.

MIRTH.

Mirth comes, a reveller beneath the moon.
Bring music! wine! Fling garlands on the floor!
The guest withal is looking at the door—
The flow'rs he brings are cut, and wither soon.

LABOR.

I am not sure that life, to any one,
A fuller measure of contentment brings,
With all its gifts, than in the draught which springs,
From honest work, well plann'd, and bravely done.

ONE FRIEND.

Who hath one friend, of straight and loyal mind,
But one, of all the million swarms of men,
Is strong, beyond the energy of ten,
Is rich, beyond the level of mankind.

SLIPPING.

The foot may sooner slip on marble way
Of royal palace, or in rich man's hall,
Than on the rough road where the sunbeams fall,
Or cottage paving of the common clay

LIFE.

A stream roars downward to a hidden sea
That slumbers moonless, starless, without bound,
Whence comes nor voice, nor form, nor any sound:
The stream is Life, the sea—Eternity.

DAFFODILS.

A smile of last year's sun stray'd down the hills,
And lost its way within yon windy wood;
Lost through the months of snow, but not for good;
March found it in a clump of daffodils.

UNREST.

We leave the Good beside us, and uplift
Wild hands to clutch the Better as our right,
But somehow miss it in the low dim light.
The Good returns not as a second gift.

ENVY.

He stabs behind, and in the dark or dusk;
His swords are *Ifs* and *Buts*. To cloak his guile
He'll sometimes faintly praise, and with a smile
Disguise his asafætida in musk.

NATURE.

I.

The heart of Nature soothes the heart of man,
If with his heart he looks into her eyes.
A place of leaves, wide air, and sunny skies,
Will soothe him more than even woman can.

II.

We cry, and Nature answers us in time;
With both hands gives us what we ask and prize;
A lily pure and pale to glad our eyes,
A spotted toad from out the ooze and slime.

GOD'S WINE.

Symbol of Youth and Life! clear bubbling spring,
That pour'st perennially God's crystal wine
That all may quaff—I worship at thy shrine,
The whole wide world holds not a purer thing!

TROUBLES.

Our troubles are the rocks in narrow'd stream,
Whereat we fret and chafe, and strive and weep;
But Heaven sends rain, our stream grows wide
and deep,
The rocks lie hid, forgotten as a dream.

OLD TRUTHS.

The golden coinage of a long past reign,
Reminted oft, may circulate to-day;
And old-world-truths, pure gold from ages gray,
Pass current, as new thoughts, from brain to brain.

INTERPRETATION.

Nature's fair rind, the Poet doth ignite
With his soul's flame; subjectively he sees
Form, force, and law, and deep analogies—
And all her beauty blazes in his light.

SWEET-WOODRUFF.

A Poet true to Art and God, not read
In his life-space; but who when gone receives
Full meed, is like sweet-woodruff, in whose leaves
Men find small perfume until they be dead.

SIMPLICITY.

O wild flowers of my motherland!
Gems of the woodland wide,
Companions in our burden'd ways,
Meek watchers by our side;
What tender thoughts, from birth to age,
Within your petals hide.
The human heart is wayward, strange,
Uncertain flow its springs,
But ever bound by simplest ties,
And link'd to simplest things;
A song—a lock of hair—a flower,
Will touch its tenderest strings.

— *A Golden Day.*

REST.

The sense that I have nought to do
Steals sweetly over me;
Nothing to do for one green month,
Nothing to do—but be—
To lie full length on grassy slope
In sight of summer sea.
To weary worker forced to seek
The feathers for his nest;
To toiling, moiling, busy ones,
How good a thing is rest!
The Peace that falls from Angels' wings
On eyelids of the blest.

— *Ibid.*

LABOR.

Labor makes a king of man,
And crowns him every day.

— *Ibid.*

DESOLATION.

By the weed-strown, brown, desolate reaches,
Lonely, and half broken-hearted,
We met, and we parted,
By the weed-strown, brown, desolate reaches.
— *Still Looking.*

ANEMONE.

Blow, wild March wind! In hollows of the lea,
In copses low, thy bride awaiteth thee—
The timid, saint-like, white anemone.

She will not show her face, though woo'd by kings,
Till o'er her beat the pulsings of thy wings.

— *Blow, Wild March Wind.*

ROSES.

But a cry, as of pain, arose in Eden—
A sharp cry, from the lips of Eve, embower'd
'Mid her roses, she, plucking milky blossoms,
Felt thorns twain, on a sudden, smite her finger;
Sharp thorns, sharper than spears, the first in Eden;
For the roses were thornless, smooth as willow,
Ere her sinfulness. Blood-drops stain'd the petals,
Erst as white as the hellebore in winter;
And she, musing, beheld a wondrous marvel—
Where the beads of her blood the leaves ensanguin'd,
Lo! red roses were born, as joys in sorrow,
A rose, red as the nut-tree bloom in spring-days.

— *The Birth of the Red-Rose.*

MEMORY.

Upon the mirror-surface of the mind
The Beautiful imprints itself, in shades
And colors of its own, and thenceforth lives,
Through passing days and all the weighted years,
A precious picture of the memory.

— *Memory Pictures.*

WILD FLOWERS.

I love to hold you by your slender stems,
And learn the golden lore within your eyes;
Or, when ye swing your censers as ye pray
At eventide, upon my spirit's ear
To catch the voicings of your trembling choirs;
Inhale your incense as it soars to God,
And feel I have a part with you. 'Tis good
To trace His impress on your veinèd leaves,
To track the filmy foldings of a rose,
Or gaze in silence on a daisy's fringe.

— *Wild Flowers.*

BEAUTY.

O eyes! where dwelt the witchery of power,
Dark eyes and deep that beam'd from out a bower
Of lashes curl'd like stamens of a flower.
O hair of night! not flowing light and free
As wintry tresses of the birchen tree,
But serpent-wound and braided royally.
O form! the beauty of the Greek inbred,
Such gracious curves of brow, and lip, and chin,
And stately throat, and fair full breasts wherein
The Love-god's self might rest his drowsy head.

— *A Memory.*

SILENCE.

The wheel is silent, for the stream is dry,
The dead leaves drift, the green leaf turns to brown,
And on her grave the quiet stars look down.

— *A Memory.*

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

THE sweet and plaintive lyric which preserves the name of Gilfillan takes its place among our standard songs as one of the best, if not the best of its kind. Its author was born in Dunfermline, in 1798, in very humble circumstances.

After learning the trade of a cooper in Leith, he became a clerk in a wine-merchant's office, and in 1837, was appointed collector of poor-rates for the burgh of Leith. He held this appointment till his death, which took place in 1850. Two editions of his poems have been published; but though some others of them are well written, none comes up to the standard of "Why Left I My Hame." J. R.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Tune—“My Ain Country.”

OH, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain country!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain country!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain country!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain country!

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions among us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks an' brewed our
ain yell,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on
the hill;
Oh, the thochet o' theae days gars my auld heart
aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy an' free,
Proud lords on the land, an' kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were
kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted an' sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to
shine;
Oh, where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain—
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting an' glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk ee;
An' the auld, 'mang the happy, their eild seemed
to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, an' the morn it was
mine;
Oh, the days o' langsyne!—Oh, the days o' lang-
syne!

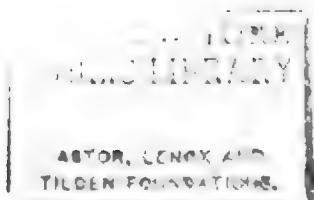
FAREWELL.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
Calm and serene may be the morrow;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright
Without some mingling drops of sorrow!
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
But, oh, let not our parting grieve thee.

—*Fare Thee Well.*

YOUTH.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
For the blythe happy days that never can return;
When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the
tongue,
An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.
—*The Happy Days o' Youth.*





I am very truly yours
John Rylands

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, on June 28, 1844. After serving an early apprenticeship to journalism on the *Drogheda Argus*, he removed, at the age of seventeen, to England, where he continued his journalistic work. When only eighteen years old he enlisted as a trooper in the Tenth Hussars, otherwise known as the "Prince of Wales' Own." While there he became an apostle of revolutionary doctrines, was arrested for high treason, and in June, 1866, was sentenced to death. The sentence was afterward commuted to twenty years' penal servitude. He was confined, in various English prisons until October, 1867, when he, with several other political convicts, was transported to finish his sentence in the penal colonies of West Australia. After enduring prison life there for about a year, he made his escape in an open boat, was picked up at sea by the American whaling bark "Gazelle," and finally reached Philadelphia, in November, 1869. In July, 1870, he became editor of the *Boston Pilot*, of which he is at present editor and co-proprietor.

Mr. O'Reilly's literary career dates from his arrival in America. He first attracted attention by his original and powerful ballads of Australian life. The "Amber Whale," "Dukite Snake," "Dog Guard," "Monster Diamond," "King of the Vasse," and others, following in quick succession, showed to the world of readers that a new and virile singer had come to be heard. It is worth remembering that it was not then as it is now in the literary life of Boston. It is less than twenty years since, but long enough for a wholly different school of poetry to have arisen. Then, it may be safely said, it required a voice of more than common strength and melody to reach the ear of the world. Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, were all doing work worthy of their prime. Bret Harte, with his fresh strong lyrics, and Joaquin Miller, crowned with the praise of London critics, seemed to have preempted whatever field there might be for new singers. There was no room for another bard, except where room always is, at the top. The unknown youth, with no credentials but his talents, came with an unfashionable Irish name into a community which did not then discriminate too kindly in favor of a political convict whose politics were of the Fenian persuasion. Yet he took almost at once the place that was his by right of genius, in a literary circle which is always jealous, but never narrow, in defining its boundaries.

Mr. O'Reilly's work is known to all readers. He prefers to be known by it and through it. Otherwise one might be tempted to write indefinitely of his personal character, his unbounded popularity with all classes, his catholic sympathy with the oppressed and suffering of every class, creed and

color his healthy, robustness, mental and physical. But all these are patent in his writings, which reflect the man as in a mirror. In the scant leisure of an active journalist's busy life, supplemented by unceasing and earnest labors in the cause of Irish nationality, he has found time to write half a dozen or more books, including his "Songs of the Southern Seas," published in 1873; "Songs, Legends and Ballads," in 1878; "Moondyne," a novel, in 1879; "Statues in the Block, and Other Poems," in 1881; "In Bohemia," in 1886; "The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," "Stories and Sketches," in 1888; and one or two volumes as yet unpublished.

J. J. R.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

An incident of the flood in Massachusetts, on May 16, 1873.

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nations' throe at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay — his life!

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard:
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it, that passed like an ominous breath—
Like a shiver of fear, or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on top of the hill.
It was not a sound — nor thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That thrills the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill:
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love.
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.
Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse —
Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say —
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way!

God ! what was that, like a human shriek
From the winding valley ? Will nobody speak ?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by ?

Whence come they ? Listen ! And now they
hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near ;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet ;
And this the cry he flings to the wind :
" To the hills for your lives ! The flood is behind ! "
He cries and is gone ; but they know the worst —
The breast of the Williamsburg dam has burst !
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon — It comes ! it comes !

A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the homes they shatter — white-maned and
hoarse,
The merciless Terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With Death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God ! the brave man's life is spared !
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind ;
" They must be warned !" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider : send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old ;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

JACQUEMINOTS.

I MAY not speak in words, dear, but let my words
be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant
fire,

They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields
for showers,
And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite
desire.

O, let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of soft
confession,
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope
they prove,
And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink
their deeper passion,
For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whis-
per of my love !

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and
the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting
for its bliss ;
And tell her, tell her, roses, that my lips and eyes
are dying
For the melting of her love-look and the rapture
of her kiss.

A LOST FRIEND.

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest;
With childlike faith he oped to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief;
The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare,
And ah, the shadow only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love; but, deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,
Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,
Refused the gold, to take the dross for test !
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

At last it came — the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late ! too late ! Oh, could he then have known,
When his love died, that mine had perfect grown;

That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn — a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

IN BOHEMIA.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first, with his book — a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord —
And the player is king when the door is past.
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last!
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another
land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn :
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the
grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other
land.

A TRAGEDY.

A SOFT-BREASTED bird from the sea
Fell in love with the light-house flame;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a lovelorn thing;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar,—

Afar with the ships at sea;

It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives;
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass where at last it dashed its breast.

The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

A WHITE ROSE.

THE red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

AUSTRALIA.

NATION of sun and sin,
Thy flowers and crimes are red,
And thy heart is sore within
While the glory crowns thy head.
Land of the songless birds,
What was thine ancient crime,
Burning through lapse of time
Like a prophet's cursing words?

Aloes and myrrh and tears
Mix in thy bitter wine:
Drink, while the cup is thine,
Drink, for the draught is sign
Of thy reign in the coming years.

REMORSE.

I REMEMBER when I was a boy
That a grown girl wanted to kiss me;
And I struggled, was angry, and shy,
And ran off when she tried to caress me.

And I've thought of that day through the years;
 (What a moral, my friend, lies in this!)
 Under every sweet leaf that appears
 Lurks a pain for the loss of that kiss.

AT BEST.

THE faithful helm commands the keel,
 From port to port fair breezes blow;
 But the ship must sail the convex sea,
 Nor may she straighter go.
 So, man to man; in fair accord,
 On thought and will, the winds may wait;
 But the world will bend the passing word,
 Though its shortest course be straight.
 From soul to soul the shortest line
 At best will bended be:
 The ship that holds the straightest course
 Still sails the convex sea.

A DEAD MAN.

THE Trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;
 In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
 "His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
 "A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word,
 So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best—
 How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
 And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
 A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

JOYS have three stages, Hoping, Having, and Had:
 The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of
 Having is sad;
 For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the
 joy we Had is its ghost.
 Now, which is the better—the joy unknown or the
 joy we have clasped and lost?

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

HER hair was a waving bronze, and her eyes
 Deep wells that might cover a brooding soul;
 And who, till he weighed it, could ever surmise
 That her heart was a cinder instead of a coal?

DISTANCE.

THE world is large, when its weary leagues two
 loving hearts divide;
 But the world is small, when your enemy is loose
 on the other side.

ERIN.

Strong heart in affliction! that draweth thy foes
 Till they love thee more dear than thine own
 generation:
 Thy strength is increased as thy life-current
 flows.—
 What were death to another is Ireland's salvation!
 God scatters her sons like the seed on the lea,
 And they root where they fall, be it mountain or
 furrow;
 They come to remain and remember; and she
 In their growth will rejoice in a blissful to-
 morrow!

—*The Feast of the Gael.*

TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATION waits for all, and ills will come;
 But some go out and ask the devil home.

—*Wheat Grains.*

LIFE.

Like a sawyer's work is life:
 The present makes the flaw,
 And the only field for strife
 Is the inch before the saw.

—*To-Day.*

POVERTY.

I can feel no pride, but pity
 For the burdens the rich endure;
 There is nothing sweet in the city
 But the patient lives of the poor.
 Oh, the little hands too skillful,
 And the child-mind choked with weeds!
 The daughter's heart grown willful,
 And the father's heart that bleeds!

—*The Cry of the Dreamer.*

WOMAN.

A man will trust another man, and show
 His secret thought and act, as if he must;
 A woman—does she tell her sins? Ah, no!
 She never knew a woman she could trust.

FATE.

Soldier, why do you shrink from the hiss of the
 hungry lead?
 The bullet that whizzed is past: the approaching
 ball is dumb.
 Stand straight! you cannot shrink from Fate: let
 it come!
 A comrade in front may hear it whizz—when you
 are dead.

CONSTANCY.

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
 Then why do you make me knock?"
 "O, that was yesterday, Saints above!
 And last night—I changed the lock!"

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave
one has gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their
wealth of affliction attest.
From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol
they daily saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than
Human Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice
was a prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the
world were arrayed for the Lie.

—Wendell Phillips.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Ever the same—from boyhood up to death:
His race was crushed—his people were defamed;
He found the spark, and fanned it with his breath,
And fed the fire, till all the nation flamed!
He roused the farms—he made the serf a yeoman;
He drilled his millions and he faced the foe;
But not with lead or steel he struck the foeman:
Reason the sword—and human right the blow.

—*A Nation's Test.*

REST.

There is peace in power: the men who speak
With the loudest tongues do least;
And the surest sign of a mind that is weak
Is its want of the power to rest.
It is only the lighter water that flies
From the sea on a windy day;
And the deep blue ocean never replies
To the sibilant voice of the spray.

—*The Amber Wave.*

SINS.

A sculptor once a granite statue made,
One-sided only, just to fit its place:
The unseen side was monstrous; so men shade
Their evil acts behind a smiling face.
O blind! O foolish! thus our sins to hide,
And force our pleading hearts the gall to sip;
O cowards! who must eat the myrrh, that Pride
May smile like Virtue with a lying lip.

—*Hidden Sins.*

EXILE.

"Hither—from home!" sobs the torn flower on
the river,
Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean;
Moans the iron in the furnace at the premonition
of melting;
Cries the scattered grain in Spring at the passage
of the harrow;

In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile
from the fields;
The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of
cloud;
And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their
daughter-love for the sea.
Exile is God's alchemy! Nations He forms like
metals—
Mixing their strength and their tenderness;
Tempering pride with shame and victory with
affliction:
Meting their courage, their faith and their fortitude—
Timing their genesis to the world's needs!

—*The Exile of the Gael.*

LIFE.

The world was made when a man was born;
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned
things;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the
truth
Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.
And so he goes on, till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has
grown cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth, and the ring leaves
his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to
quaff;
He grows formal with men, and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his
sight;
Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his
head,
And loves for his pleasure,—and 't is time he was
dead!

—*A Passage.*

OPPORTUNITY.

O, the rare spring flowers! take them as they come:
Do not wait for summer buds—they may never
bloom.
Every sweet to-day sends we are wise to save;
Roses bloom for pulling: the path is to the grave.

BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence befits the wisest mind;
But he who has not studied to be kind,
Who grants for asking, gives without a rule,
Hurts whom he helps, and proves himself a fool.

—*Wheat Grain.*

O. C. AURINGER.

O BADIAH CYRUS AURINGER was born at Glens Falls, New York, on the fourth of June, 1849. He is of both German and French stocks. His propensity for verse showed itself before he knew the alphabet. His school education was acquired in his native town, but by far the most important part of his education he has won by solitary study of a wide range of subjects. Like most boys of imagination he chafed under the narrow restraint of country life, and he left the farm to which his family had removed, to engage in various employments on railroads and in cities, the people at home, I dare say, regarding him as one who was "unsteady" and who could not "settle down." In 1871 his wandering spirit carried him into the navy. This was his university. On the flag ship "Worcester" he encountered men of every nationality both among his shipmates and in the various West Indian countries visited during his four years and two months of service. Nothing could have been better for an undeveloped poet born in northern New York than this experience of the sea, this knowledge of men, of various life-pictures, this acquaintance with the luxuriance of Nature in the tropics. During his period of naval service Mr. Auringer was at New Orleans for a considerable time. While there his verse-making tendency broke out in a series of anonymous poems contributed to the *Picayune* and *Times* of that city, verses criticising certain actions of the naval authorities. In 1875 he quitted the sea and came back to the beautiful if provincial country in which he was born. His wander-year was over; he had done with the pleasures of roving. He married Miss Eva Hendryx, an old acquaintance, and settled quietly down to a farmer's life, cultivating strawberries, writing poetry and reading with an omnivorous book-hunger. He published a volume of sea poems in 1877 entitled "The Voice of a Shell." The work was immature but promising. Meantime he modestly sent verses to the village paper, some of which certainly deserved a better vehicle. One of these poems, on the death of George Eliot, impressed me deeply. In 1882 his muse almost suddenly seemed to take a loftier range, and he began to seek a larger public. He published poems in the *Springfield Republican*, the *Century Magazine*, the *Manhattan Outing*, the *Christian Union*, the *Independent*, the *Critic* and other well-known periodicals. In March, 1887, was published a volume of his poetry under the title "Scythe and Sword," which has made a very favorable impression.

In his private life Mr. Auringer is much esteemed; he is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a superintendent of the Sunday-school and fond of theological study. He is a rather handsome man,

slight, of medium height, flowing auburn side-whiskers, and of modest and pleasing address. He is much liked by his neighbors and for myself those are red letter Sundays when he comes and sits by my library fire, or if the weather is fine strolls over the woods with me and talks of books. He is, I believe, engaged now on two or three extended poems, one of them devoted to the Jane McCrea incident which has taken so strong a hold on the local imagination in this part of the country for more than a century.

E. E.

A WIND SONG.

Blow, freely blow,
Over the snow, O wind!
As merrily blow o'er the hills of snow
As if never a man had sinned,
As if never a woman had wept,
Or a delicate child grown pale,
Or a maiden's warm tears crept
To hallow a faithless tale!

Blow, stoutly blow,
Strong in thy heathen joy!
Sorrow thou surely canst not know,
For thine is the heart of a boy!
For thine is the freedom and strength
Of a rover careless and gay,
Over the fair land's length
Joyfully wandering away!

Blow, bravely blow,
Out of the fields of air!
Till we see thy garments' airy flow,
And the gleam of thy flying hair;
Till the light of thy broad bright wing
And thy glad eyes set us free,
And we feel in our hearts the spring
Of a joy that was wont to be!

GLEN LAKE AT TWILIGHT.

How still she lies!
A bride in all her wedding splendor dressed,
After the day's sweet tumult and surprise
Laid in soft rest.

Ere yet the hour
Has come that brings the bridegroom to her arms,
In that mysterious pause 'twixt bud and flower
Of royal charms.

With dearest eyes
Closed over dreams of glorious substance wrought,
Placid as peace, in all content she lies,
And still as thought.

The tender flush
Of twilight lingering warm on brow and cheek,
Upturned in perfect slumber 'mid the bough,
Serene and meek.

Scarcely a gem
Is shaken 'midst the clusters on her breast,
Nor trembles there the red rose on its stem,
So deep her rest.

No faintest stir
Of zephyrs playing unseen round her bed,
Disturbs the folds of the bright robe round her
In wealth outspread.

'Twixt low hills peaked
Hangs the repainted couch on which she lies,
Pillooned with mist and curtained by the streaked,
Delightful skies.

All life around
Gives worship in a silence delicate,
Soothed by the vision and the charm profound
Of peace so great.

In white undress,
The moon, with two shy children at her side,
Looks down on her in matron tenderness,
Regret, and pride.

Tranquil and fair,
Untroubled by a thought of all the earth
She sleeps, secure in kindly nature's care
As at her birth.

From thee, still lake,
Passes the shadow of a peace unguessed
By all the dreamless world, substance to take
In this sure breast.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

I.

Dost thou not know God's country, where it lies?
That land long dreamed of, more desired than
gold,
Which noble souls, by dauntless hope made bold,
Have searched the future for with longing eyes!
Hast thou not seen in heaven its hills arise?
Hast thou not viewed its glories manifold,
'Midst sky-wide scenery splendidly unrolled,
Ripe for hearts' trust and godlike enterprise?
Yes, thou hast known it in familiar guise,
Its soil thy feet are keeping with fast hold;
And thou dost love its songs, its flowers dost prize;

Thy corn-land and thy wine-land is its mould:
'T is here,—t is here God's land lies, the divine,
America, thy heart's true home and mine!

II.

All lands are God's lands; yet is this indeed
The home express of His divinity;
His visible hand redeemed it from the sea,
And sowed its fields with freedom's deathless seed.
He succored it most swiftly in its need;
In field and council men with awe did see
His arm made manifest almighty,
Scarce veiled in instruments of mortal breed
He laid a way here for the feet that bleed,
A space for souls ayearn for liberty
To grow immortal in,—no more to plead
With nature for their portion which should be.
'T is here, O friend! the land lies that shall grow
The vine of sacred brotherhood below.

EMERSON—CARLYLE.

ONE stood upon the morning hills and saw
The heavens revealed in symbol and in sign;
He read their mystic meanings, line by line,
And taught in light the reign of rhythmic law.
One in the twilight valleys, pierced with awe,
Beheld wan Hope amid great darkness shine,—
Saw gloom and glory blent without design,
And cried against a world of blot and flaw.
Sunrise and sunset poised the perfect day;
One was the prince of morning fair and free,
And one the lord of darkness was, and they
Made day and night one round of harmony,
For they were kings and brothers, and their sway
One law,—one new divine philosophy.

NATURE.

Some few large hearts remain,
Which heed the noble music nature makes.
Which rest and listen, rise and toil again,
Strong in the joy its melody awakes.

— *The Old Balsam.*

SERENELNESS.

A soul serene, that hath its dreams apart;
A mind unmoved by blind Ambition's call;
A noble, calm capacity of heart;
A faithful vision glorifying all.

— *Ibid.*

PHEBE.

Last eve I heard thy fairy note
Along the orchard arches blown;
Faint,—faint it seemed, and far remote,
And yet I knew it for thine own.

Though wild the robin sang above,
And bluebird caroled blithe and clear,
Thy low voice, like the word of love,
Found instant pathway to mine ear.
— *The First Phebe.*

PRESAGE.

Brightly, brightly out of the blue
The eloquent planets shine;
Lightly, lightly as ever it flew,
The wind's wing fans the brine;
But low in the south, at the harbor's mouth,
The kenned storm-dogs whine.
Slowly, slowly fades the shore,
Pale in the moonlight sleeping.
Lowly, lowly out before
The jeweled sea is sweeping;
But far away in the outer bay
The white foam-steeds are leaping.

— *Presage.***DARWIN.**

He bowed, and wrought, and listened hard, then
rose,—
Stood up and calmly spoke the truth he knew,
And standing thus in eminent repose
Was changed, and passed serenely out of view.
Of all the simple and sublime of soul
That Heaven has sent in wisdom's ministry,
To lead Thought's footsteps onward toward her
goal,
Was one more simple and sublime than he?
— *Charles Darwin.*

POETRY.

All riches, honor, fame's divine estate,
Are due the gentle poet and his song.
The earth is first for him; to him belong
Life's every part and glorious aggregate.
To him the sweet birds carol soon and late,
To him the streams run, and the fairy throng
Of flowers live for his praises, and the strong
Sun and sea roll tribute to his gate!
— *The Poet's Heritage.*

EMERSON.

Too fairy-light of keel, and swift of sail
To bide the winds and currents of the world,
At last good-by to fickle wave and gale!
Thy bark steers free, with all her wings unfurled,
Into the happy deeps, through foam-wreaths curled!
Thought, like a seraph, radiant at the peak,
Leans seaward through the shower of diamond
spray
Tossed in light scorn from off the shallop's beak,
And at the helm Instinct, the pilot gray.
Guiding to golden islands of the day.
— *The Parting of Emerson.*

JEAN INGELOW.

HAVING greatly admired Jean Ingelow's poetry with its beautiful kinship with nature and its warm, human sympathy, it was a pleasure to meet her in her bwn home during a year or more spent in London. She is in middle life, with a fine, womanly face, friendly manner, open, frank heart, and cultivated mind. She is familiar with our literature, and our national questions, and is able to talk about them as an educated woman should be. Her first work in life seemed to be the making of home happy for her two brothers, (one of whom has since died). She generally spends her forenoons in writing. As she is never in perfect health, she gives little time to society, passing her winters usually in Southern France or Italy. She lives in Kensington, a suburb of London, in a two-story-and-a-half stone house, cream-colored, with tasteful lawn in front, and a great garden in the rear, bordered with flowers and rich in conservatories. The house seems a bower fit for a poet, so filled is it with azalias, primroses, forget-me-nots, and other blossoms in their season.

Jean Ingelow was born in the quaint old city of Boston, England, in 1830; the child of a well-to-do banker, and a cultivated mother of Scotch descent, and reared in the midst of clever brothers and sisters. She writes to a friend concerning her childhood: "I was uncommonly like other children I remember seeing a star, and that my mother told me of God who lived up there and made the star. This was on a summer evening. It was my first hearing of God, and made a great impression on my mind. I remember better than anything that certain ecstatic sensations of joy used to get hold of me, and that I used to creep into corners to think out my thoughts by myself. I have suffered much from a feeling of shyness and reserve all my life, and I have not been able to do things by trying to do them. What comes to me comes of its own accord, and almost in spite of me; and I have hardly any power when verses are once written to make them any better."

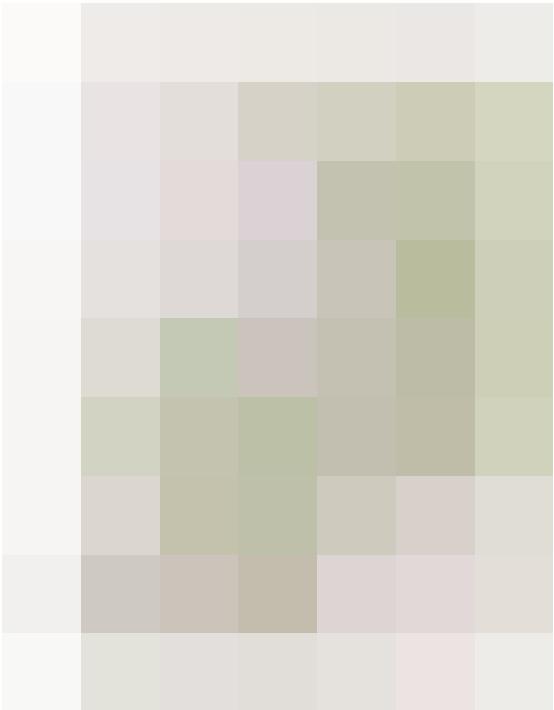
Miss Ingelow's first book, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings," was published in 1850, when she was twenty, and a novel, "Allerton and Dreux" in 1851; nine years later, her "Tales of Orris." But her fame came at thirty-three, when her first full book of "Poems" was published in 1863. In this she had a message to the world of earnest purpose, of hope, of cheerfulness, of love;

"Still humanity grows dearer,
Being learned the more."

She could say, with George Eliot, "Human nature is lovable, and the way I have learned something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries, has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar, of whom you would

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perhaps hear nothing very surprising if you were to enquire about them in the neighborhoods where they dwelt."

The London press said of Miss Ingelow's book: "The new volume exhibits abundant evidence that time, study, and devotion to her vocation have both elevated and welcomed the powers of the most gifted poetess we possess, now that Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Adelaide Proctor sing no more on earth. Lincolnshire has claims to be considered the Arcadia of England at present, having given birth to Mr. Tennyson and our present Lady Laureate." Our most eminent American critic said: "The songs of Miss Ingelow sprang up suddenly and tunefully as skylarks from the daisy-spangled, hawthorn-bordered meadows of old England, with a blitheness long unknown, and in their idyllic underflights moved with the tenderest currents of human life. She may be termed an idyllic lyrst, her lyrical pieces having always much idyllic beauty. "High Tide," "Winstanley," "Songs of Seven," and the "Long White Seam" are lyrical treasures, and the author especially may be said to evince that sincerity which is poetry's most enduring warrant."

The "Songs of Seven" though not an especial favorite with Jean Ingelow herself, will always be a favorite with the world, as long as love exists. "Divided" is a poem of great beauty and strength, — a poem which sings itself — imaginative, delicate, yet rich in feeling. "Sailing beyond Seas," which has been set to music, is a piece of music in study. "Winstanley" is full of pathos and action. In 1864, a year after the "Poems" were published, "Studies for Stories" appeared, — five stories told in simple and clear language. "Stories told to a Child" was published in 1865; "A Story of Doom, and other Poems" in 1868; "Mopsa the Fairy," an exquisite story, in 1869, and since that time "A Sister's Byehours," "Off the Skelligs" in 1872, "Fated to be Free" in 1875, "Sarah de Berenger" in 1879, "Don John" in 1881, and "Poems of the Old Days and the New." Her books have had a large sale both here and in Europe. It is stated that one hundred thousand of her poems have been sold in this country, and half that number of her prose works.

S. K. B.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stol'en tyde —

The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,

My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.

"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,

Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,

"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,

Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago.

When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow.

Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong:
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,

And not a shadowe mote be seene,

Save where full fyve good miles away

The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their gedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky.
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!"

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleyes warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and mai,
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
" Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

" The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
" God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
" Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

" Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way.
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, " Ho Enderby!"
They rang " The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drove.
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and
high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang " Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofoe to roofoe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
" O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass.
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
" Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
" Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,

Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick growtheth,
 When the water winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.
 I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling.
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose:
 To see my bright ones disappear,
 Drawn up like morning dews—
 To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose.
 This have I done when God drew near
 Among his own to choose.
 To hear, to heed, to wed,
 And with thy lord depart
 In tears that he, as soon as shed,
 Will let no longer smart.—
 To hear, to heed, to wed,
 This while thou didst I smiled,
 For now it was not God who said:
 "Mother, give ME thy child."
 O fond, O fool, and blind,
 To God I gave with tears;
 But when a man like grace would find,
 My soul put by her fears—
 O fond, O fool, and blind,
 God guards in happier spheres;
 That man will guard where he did bind
 Is hope for unknown years.
 To hear, to heed, to wed,
 Fair lot that maidens choose.

Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
 Thy face no more she views;
 Thy mother's lot, my dear,
 She doth in nought accuse;
 Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To love—and then to lose.

APPRENTICED.

"COME out and hear the waters shoot, the owlet hoot, the owlet hoot;
 You crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim behind the tree, O!
 The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweetest lass, and sweetest lass;
 Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with me, O!"

"My granny nods before her wheel, and drops her reel, and drops her reel;
 My father with his crony talks as gay as gay can be, O!
 But all the milk is yet to skim, ere light wax dim, ere light wax dim;
 How can I step adown the croft, my 'prentice lad, with thee, O?"

"And must ye bide, yet waiting's long, and love is strong, and love is strong;
 And O! had I but served the time, that takes so long to flee, O!
 And thou, my lass, my morning's light wast all in white, wast all in white,
 And parson stood within the rails, a-marrying me and thee, O."

REMONSTRANCE.

DAUGHTERS of Eve! your mother did not well:
 She laid the apple in your father's hand,
 And we have read, O wonder! what befell—
 The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand;
 He chose to lose, for love of her, his throne,—
 With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low,
 Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell;
 For something better, than as gods to know,
 That husband in that home left off to dwell;
 For this, till love be reconed, less than lore,
 Shall man be first and best forevermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake
 The world's first hero died an uncrown'd king,
 But God's great pity touched the grand mistake,

And made his married love a sacred thing;
For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,
Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

REGRET.

O THAT word REGRET!
There have been nights and morns when we have
sighed,
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep.
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.
We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they MIGHT forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.

I.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it,— but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

II.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this, I mourn,— but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forgot.

FANCY.

O FANCY, if thou flyest, come back anon,
Thy fluttering wings are soft as love's first word,
And fragrant as the feathers of that bird,
Which feeds upon the budded cinnamon.

I ask thee not to work, or sigh — play on,
From nought that was not, was, or is, deterred;
The flax that Old Fate spun thy flights have
stirred,

And waved memorial grass of Marathon.
Play, but be gentle, not as on that day
I saw thee running down the rims of doom
With stars thou hadst been stealing — while they
lay
Smothered in light and blue — clasped to thy
breast;
Bring rather to me in the firelit room
A netted haleyon bird to sing of rest.

LOSS AND WASTE.

Up to far Osteroe and Suderoe
The deep sea-floor lies strewn with Spanish
wrecks,
O'er minted gold the fair-haired fishers go,
O'er sunken bravery of high carvèd decks.

In earlier days great Carthage suffered bale
(All her waste works choke under sandy shoals);
And reckless hands tore down the temple veil :
And Omar burned the Alexandrian rolls.

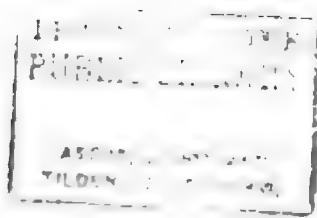
The Old World arts men suffered not to last,
Flung down they trampled lie and sunk from
view,
He-lets wild forest for these ages past
Grow over the lost cities of the New.

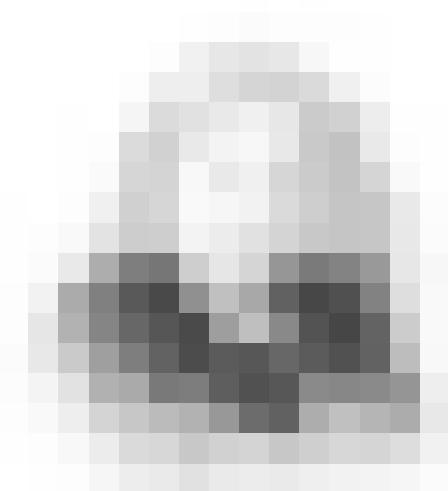
O for a life that shall not be refused
To see the lost things found, and waste things
used.

WISHING.

WHEN I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won
Of joy, or good, how little known, or been:
I long for other life more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run—
Yet reason mocks me — nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice would dare to change with none;
No,— not to feel, as Blondel when his lay
Pierced the strong tower, and Richard answered
it—

No, not to do, as Eustace on the day
He left fair Calais to her weeping fit—
No, not to be,— Columbus, waked from sleep
When his new world rose from the charmèd deep.





ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1824. The founder of the family in America, Dr. Comfort Starr of Ashford, County Kent, England, came to Cambridge, Mass., in 1634. His son, the Rev. Comfort Starr, D. D., was graduated from Harvard University in 1647 and was one of the five Fellows named in the College Charter dated May 10th, 1650. On the maternal side Miss Starr is descended from the "Aliens of the Bars"—originally of Chelmsford, Essex—distinguished in the colonial history of Deerfield from the time of King Philip's war. The domestic atmosphere Miss Starr breathed from childhood was of that rarer sort in which heart and mind alike develop vigorously, stimulated by the tenderest family affection, union of intellectual interests and a noble ideal of social obligations; while the love of, and familiarity with nature, so noticeable in her poems, and her highly cultivated artistic sense, found their first discipline in the woods and vales, the picturesque surroundings and traditions of her New England birthplace. While still in early womanhood she passed from the scholarly influences of the home circle to enjoy all that was best in Boston culture, and to profit also by the intellectual resources of Philadelphia, where her cousin, George Allen, LL.D., was Professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Pennsylvania. In the latter city Miss Starr was privileged to number among her most intimate friends the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick, most widely known, perhaps, through his translation of the Holy Scriptures. With his encouragement several of her earlier poems found their way into print, and the influence of the same learned prelate introduced her to those deeper studies which eventually led her into the Catholic Church. When some years later the family settled in the West, Miss Starr, while continuing always her purely literary pursuits, began the special art work with which her name is inseparably associated—a work in scope, form and execution entirely unique. This work is not confined to the very original articles upon art and artists from her pen with which readers of various periodicals are familiar, nor to the training of pupils in drawing and painting, but has its chief development in the inimitable lectures given in her studio, and, sometimes, at the houses of friends in Chicago and elsewhere.

In 1867 Miss Starr published a volume of poems which was most favorably received, and, later, two delightful books entitled "Patron Saints." A sharer in the terrible experiences of the great Chicago fire of 1871, our author, as soon as circumstances permitted, resumed her labors and was enabled in 1875 to visit Europe. After a prolonged stay abroad "Pilgrims and Shrines" was given to the public, a

most original and altogether charming contribution to art literature. The "Songs of a Lifetime" is her latest publication.

Miss Starr's quaintly beautiful home is a treasure-house of the "Ideas," which, as she strongly expresses it, "must make the first furnishing of a home"—a centre of art and education, of benevolent enterprises and social influence, the highest charm of which is the remarkable personality of its venerated mistress.

E. W. C.

THE FIRST SNOWFLAKE.

I WELL remember how, a girl,
I watched the first fair snowflake whirl
From cold November's evening sky,
With pensive mind and thoughtful eye,
And, almost hour by hour, would peer
Through the gray, snowy atmosphere,
For Leyden hills of distant blue,
For Hoosac hills and pastures too,
And the pale gleam of tombstone's chill
Upon the lonely burying hill;
For many a homestead's chimney dear
In village far, or village near,
And catch the first fair candle's light
That glimmered through the coming night.

And now, though I no longer dwell
Among those scenes I loved so well,
The first snowflake I never see
Fall, softly, through the air to me,
But once, once more I nestle down
A child among the homesteads brown,
And by the same broad windows lean
To watch the twilight's pensive scene.
How many a mossy roof I fain
Would stand beneath but once again!
How many a fireside's mirth would share,
Its last affliction or its care;
Its changes sad, or changes gay,
Its marriage feast and holiday;
Its children, I have never seen,
But whom I still should know, I ween;
And in a kindly gossip spend
A pleasant evening with a friend.

And often do I close my eyes
Upon the world's old vanities;
The sigh for wealth, the pride of place,
Not fear of sin but sin's disgrace;
And, leaving living foe or friend,
Above those grass-grown hillocks bend,
Where slumbers on the darling dust
In which affection put its trust;
The fair, fresh face of joyous youth.

The heart which kept its guileless truth;
The placid face of patient age,
The matron mild, the hoary sage;
And wet again with faithful tears,
The graves I have not seen for years.

IN THE TIMBER.

THE woods so strangely solemn and majestic,
The awful noontide twilight 'neath grand trees,
The hush like that of holy haunts monastic,
While mighty branches, lifting with the breeze,
Give glimpses of high heaven's cerulean sheen
The autumn-tinted leaves and boughs between—

Thus stands the picture. From the homestead door,
Close in the timber's edge, I strayed one day
To yonder knoll, where—as to some calm shore
A well-worn bark might drift in its decay—
A great man lies in pulseless, dreamless sleep,
O'er which two oaks untiring sentry keep.

A few fresh flowers, with reverent hand, I placed
Upon the grave—he loved fair nature's lore—
And with a quickened memory retraced
Our dear old village history once more;
Made up of all the close familiar ties
Of common country, lot, and families.

Then, from the knoll, a greensward path I took
Between the sunny cornfields and the wood,
With southern aspect and a fair off-look;
Till suddenly, with pulse hushed, I stood
Beneath a fretted vault, where branches high
Wove their bright tufts of crimson with blue sky.

The sombre twilight with a breathless awe
Fell on my heart; the last year's rotting leaves
Strewed thickly the soft turf, on which I saw
Shy stalks of dark-stemmed maiden-hair in
threes;
While round me rose huge oaks, whose giant forms
Had wrestled with a century's winds and storms.

For life was there, strong life and struggle; scars
Seamed the firm bark closed over many a wound
Borne 'neath the tranquil eye of heaven's far stars;
For in their woe the oaks stood, never swooned:
The great trunks writhed and twisted, groaned,
then rose
To nobler height and loftier repose.

Faint heart, weak faith! How oft in weary pain,
In lifelong strife with hell's deceitful power,
I turn me to the brave old woods again,
Whose leafy coronals exultant tower,

And all their gold and crimson banners toss
On the wild wind, like some victorious host.

REQUIESCAT.

"POPPIES," she said and sighed;
Sighed, too, as if she needed rest,
This woman in life's beauty and life's pride,
Whom all the world called, blest.

Swiftly the summer sped.
Yet ere the August days had passed
Friends whispered to each other, "She is dead;
The high tide could not last."

Love strewed her couch with bloom;
Laid rose and pansy on her breast,
Who took so gently to that silent room
White poppies? Dear one, rest!

VIOLETS.

So fair the life, so calm the heavenly sense
Of holy hearts, dear hearts of innocence,
Within whose artless thoughts, like odorous bells,
Such placid hopes, such mild contentment dwells;
Their joys, unsought, in steadfast peace abide,
The rarest blooms of love untouched by pride.

—*A Bed of Wild Violets.*

MEMORY.

The sodded graves on many a hillside fair
'Neath monumental marbles set with care,
The sunny prairie's gayly flowering swell,
The silent copse or melancholy dell,
And thy dread deeps, O surging, wintry sea,
Give up their dead to spend this hour with me.

—*The Parlor Andrians.*

PATIENCE.

The noonday sunshine, calm and warm,
Is pausing on the stair,—
My heart with all its memories
Is also pausing there,
Recalling one whose weary tread
Came less from years than care;
But a world of patient love was in
That slow step on the stair.

—*Six Stone Steps.*

PASCHAL FLOWER.

From a crown of pale leaves like the thorny,
Dry crown of the passion,
Springs a fresh, tender, purple corolla,
In grace and fair fashion
Like the crocus, save as in wild roses
Are clustered its anthers.

—*The Paschal Flower.*

HOPE.

Too subtle for complaint, subdued for tears,
The grief which makes that chastened face so pale,
And thins the air those patient lips inhale;
Yet that meek grief some holy solace hears,
A far-off hope the enduring spirit cheer,
For "Heaven has promised peace, though all the world should fail."

—Sonnet.

LOSS.

Blessed in receiving; O, how blessed in using!
Yet, God may see, more blessed still in losing.

—Loss.

GIFTS.

They have no value in a worldly mart;
The mint which coins them is a loving heart;
They have no price in silver or in gold,
Because too precious to be bought or sold.

—Cousin Mary's Gifts.

OCTOBER.

The swiftly changing splendors of the leaf
We watch with tender sighs of pitying grief;
With sighs — perchance with tears,
And close pursuing fears;
For with each leaf that flushes on the tree,
Some life, as dear as thine, O friend, to me,
Gleams with strange beauty; shivers with strange dread;
Then falls, another trophy, with the dead;
Some heart, too, in its prayer.
Sighs. Teach me how this precious life to spare!

—October.

WILD COLUMBINE.

Five ruddy nectaries, golden-mouthed; five wings
Ruddy as seraphs basking in God's smile,
With golden anthers clustered on one style;
All in a pendent flower
That swings,
Swings by the hour,
Just at my window-sill;
For even when the very air is still,
Some breath, or mere pulsation, rings
Those five bells, golden-mouthed with wings.

—The Wild Columbine.

BROTHER.

Life's dropping sands
Turn backward as I take your merry spoils;
And we, forgetting years and cares and toils,
Again are children for a little while
With hearts which rustic pleasures can beguile:
For with them comes what time and sorrow foils,
The hedge-row's sunshine in a Brother's smile.

—To My Brother.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS, well known as poet and critic, is a native of Philadelphia. Although he had previously contributed occasional verse to periodicals, his literary career may be said to have begun with the publication, in 1880, of his dramatic poem "The Princess Elizabeth," which was at once recognized as occupying a high place in the department of historic drama and as showing a mastery of the standard forms of English verse. The book received from the leading English critical reviews, as well as from the press of this country, high encomiums. It was followed by "Theodora: a Christmas Pastoral," a work of imaginative character, written on lines entirely different from the author's previous efforts and containing several songs which showed felicity in handling purely lyric measures. Mr. Williams' exacting duties as book reviewer of a leading Philadelphia daily did not prevent him from publishing two satirical plays in prose, namely, "The Higher Education," touching upon an advanced curriculum for women, and "A Reformer in Ruffles," dealing with the question of woman's suffrage. These comedies were successful, but the author regarded verse as his natural medium and continued to produce numerous poems, notably a considerable body of sonnets some of which have already appeared in the magazines, and several longer poems in narrative form as well as a number of purely lyrical pieces. His "Cradle Song" is a marvel of grace and melody. His attention being again drawn to the drama by his acceptance of the post of dramatic critic on a well known weekly journal, he wrote and published a melodramatic play, called "Master and Man," and the libretto for an opera on classical lines, not yet placed upon the stage. Mr. Williams is identified with the literary and artistic interests of Philadelphia and is prominent in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the Penn. Club, and other organizations of like character. His critical papers, especially his essays on the English Poets, have received general commendation for their accuracy and judicial fairness of statement. He is now devoting himself almost exclusively to poetry.

Mr. Williams' home is in Germantown; a tasteful cottage in which some of the most distinguished men and women of the land have been welcome guests. His thorough refinement of feeling, courtesy of demeanor and conversational gifts attract to him the best elements of the community he adorns. Walt Whitman, Louisa M. Alcott, George W. Cable, George Riddle, Alexander Harrison, the artist, and scores of other literary and artistic celebrities have lingered on summer evenings under the trees in the garden, and gathered on winter nights about the host and his graciously sympathetic

wife in the cozy library. Like Fitz-Greene Halleck and Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. Williams is a notable proof that business pursuits are not incompatible with the attainment of a high order of scholarship and success in imaginative composition.

M. H.

CRADLE SONG.

In the Drama "Marie Del Carmen"

SLEEP, my pretty one,
Sleep, my little one,
Rose in the garden is blooming so red;
Over the flowers the fleet-footed hours
Dance into dreamland to melody wed;
To the voice of the stream — to a song in a
dream,
Sung low by the brook to its stone-covered bed,
Sung soft as it goes,
And the heart of the rose
Gives a tremulous leap
As the melody flows.
Ah, little one, sleep,
Sleep.

Peace, my little one,
Peace, my pretty one,
Lilies bend low to the breath of the breeze;
Lithe as a willow, the boat on the billow
High tosses the spray for the sunlight to tease,
With a kiss and a tear — with a rainbow, a fear
For the light is the sun's and the spray is the sea's
And the wind o'er the lea
Breaks to melody free,
As the waves that release
The low laugh of the sea.
My pretty one, peace,
Peace.

Joy, my pretty one,
Joy, my little one,
Fairies of night from their bright jeweled cars
Fling a faint sheen and shimmer on ripple where
glimmer
The up-gazing eyes of the down-gazing stars;
And the boat, while it glides, sings the song of
the tides
As they kiss into languor the sand of the bars.
Oh, river, flow fleet,
Ere the melody meet
The sea's breath to destroy
What the echoes repeat:
My little one, joy,
Joy!

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

WHO builds on Reason builds upon the sand
A fabric mortal as the human brain,
A fetich-temple crumbling 'neath the strain
Of Love's first touch, and razed at her demand.
Mind is a function, by Omniscience planned,
Dull as digestion, Earthly-bred as pain;
Thought's final triumph is to prove Thought vain,
And Logic's life is quenched by Logic's hand.

The Spirit's intuition, strong and pure,
Alone soars fetterless to realms above,
Leaping in scorn past Reason's bounds, secure
Where sentient knowledge dies, true life to
prove.
Emotion, Feeling, these alone endure;
Thank God! God is not Intellect, but Love.

A RONDEAU BY A BOOKMAN.

IN fallow fields I long to lie —
A bookman lost in Arcady;
Or, steeped in grasses to the knees.
To follow fast where fancy flees,
Though musty lore and legend die,
I'd give my conquered world to sigh
An answer to the lullaby
Hot-hummed by honey-loaden bees
In fallow fields.

A-dream 'neath circumambient sky,
To list the crow's remoter cry
The while the love-begetting breeze
Flutters the leafy hearts of trees
And turns the heads of foolish rye
In fallow fields.

KISS.

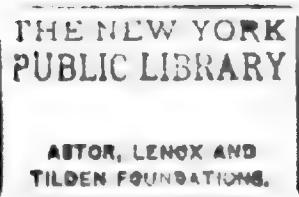
O! little mouth, half rounded to a song,—
Swift shuddering with an indrawn lisp of love,
My soul has lost itself to compass thee
And rues no whit the barter.

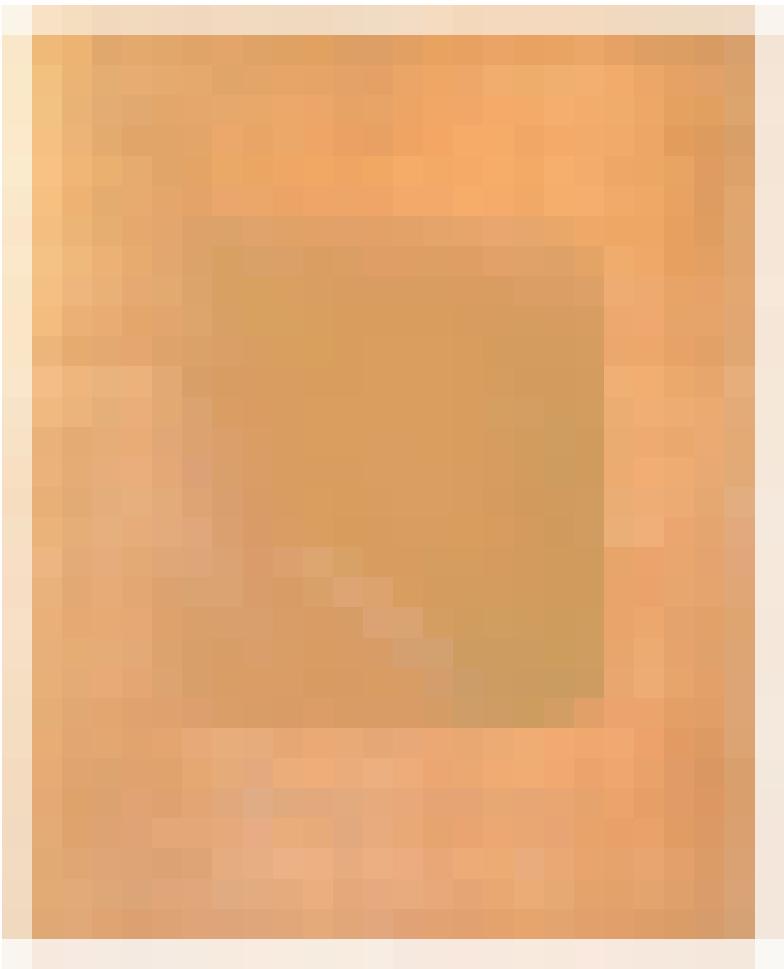
—Riccio—*A Fragment.*

SUMMER.

The blossom and flower
Of Summer, whose power
All other surpasses,
In love ever firmer
Tho' fleet in his flight;—
The Summer that whispers
"Delight!" to the roses.—
The roses that murmur
To Summer: "Delight!"

—Theodora.





MOTHERHOOD.

Ah, how bright

The years were then,—five golden years that drew
Our hearts into a union closer yet,
And gave an added holiness to life,—
The jewel of motherhood that God had set
Within my royal diadem of wife!

—*Ibid.*

DEATH.

Till one day, as in quest of Paradise,
The sun rolled down the west, all gold and red,
An angel put the light out in her eyes,
And I was sitting silent with my dead.

—*Ibid.*

ACCOMPLISHMENT.

I see no harm; if done, 'twere well done so;
And if the end failed in accomplishment,
'Twere well done still.

—*The Princess Elizabeth.*

EYES.

The tongue's lies, rascal though they be,
Come as right honest villains, claiming nought
Beyond such force as may perchance find home
And lodgment in deception. But the eyes!
All earth and heaven may be so deftly brought
Within their compass that the truth turns churl
And honesty is perjured.

—*Ibid.*

WORDS.

How like a very poet you shape
The angled words into those beauteous curves
Wherein perfection sits. Such dulcet tones
Linger like honey in a maiden's ear,
And drown her senses in a flood as dense
As vapors of red wine.

—*Ibid.*

FAILURE.

When the devil failed
To tempt Saint Barnabas, he whispered "Fail!"
And lo! the Saint turned villain. Speak no word
Which gives a failure breath of life; 'tis fraught
With half its own fruition.

—*Ibid.*

MUSIC.

The sweetest tunes are pregnant with a want,
And writ in minors ever. 'Tis soon past;
The cradle song is but a prelude, sung
To usher in the requiem for the dead;
The requiem's murmurs do but tone the soul
In unison with those who chant the vast,
Exultant strains of ever-living joy.

—*Ibid.*

JEST.

One must jest sometimes, or one wears too soon
The wrinkles of the wise.

—*Ibid.*

HENRY ABBEY.

A LADDIN selling the dishes of the genii's banquet while the wonderful lamp rested unused in his closet, may stand as a prophetic image of a poet put to business. Imagination, however, does not disqualify a man for practical work, and the subject of this study, Mr. Henry Abbey, has probably been as successful in business as if the gods had not made him poetical. He is at present a flour and grain dealer at Rondout, New York, is vice-president of a bank at Kingston, and a member of the Produce Exchange, of New York City.

Mr. Abbey was born at Rondout, New York, July 11, 1842. He is the eldest son of Stephen Abbey and Caroline Vail. Mr. Abbey's grandmother was Lucy Knox, for whom is claimed a lineal descent from John Knox the great Scotch Reformer. Mr. Abbey's grandfather came when a boy into New York state from Connecticut. Caroline Vail was a descendant of one of three brother Vails who came over in the Mayflower and whose names are engraved in the monument at Plymouth. It is said that one of the brothers married a daughter of Massasoit and a genealogical tree shows that Caroline Vail was a descendant of this marriage.

Mr. Abbey received his education at several institutes in Kingston and the neighborhood. While preparing for college the panic of 1857 brought financial embarrassment to his father and he was compelled to forego his studies. Probably his training was more an affair of libraries than of schools, his determination towards letters being strong enough to survive the deprivation of college. His first book of verse was published in 1862. This and other early work he regards merely as evidence of an intuitive groping for expression. Soon after the publication of his first work, Mr. Abbey became assistant editor of the *Rondout Courier*. He did not serve many months in that capacity, however, as he left Rondout and went to New York. Here he wrote verses for the *New York Leader* and enjoyed the acquaintance of Henry Clapp, Jr., George Arnold, Fitzhugh Ludlow and other literary people of the time. From New York he went to Orange, New Jersey, and started the *Orange Spectator*, which paper, however, was soon discontinued. In 1864 Mr. Abbey returned to Rondout. He was married in 1865 to Mary Louise du Bois daughter of Mr. Elijah du Bois a member of the Holland Society.

In 1872 was published Mr. Abbey's "Ballads of Good Deeds." Most of the poems in this collection had previously appeared in various periodicals—*Harper's Magazine*, *Appleton's Journal*, *The Galaxy*, *Chambers' Journal*, and others. This volume, under the same name, but somewhat enlarged, was published in London in 1876 and attracted some

attention in England. Mr. Abbey's last book was issued about three years ago and received generous attention. Mr. Abbey has of late become his own publisher.

In person Mr. Abbey is tall and well built, with hair considerably touched with gray. His manner is charmingly cordial and easy. It is doubtful if he would know how to make an enemy. He is a member of the Authors Club, of New York, and has a large literary acquaintance.

C. L. M.

FACIEBAT.

As thoughts possess the fashion of the mood
That gave them birth, so every deed we do
Partakes of our inborn disquietude
That spurns the old and reaches toward the new.
The noblest works of human art and pride
Show that their makers were not satisfied.

For, looking down the ladder of our deeds,
The rounds seem slender: all our work appears
Unto the doer faulty; the heart bleeds
And pale Regret comes weltering in tears,
To think how poor our best has been, how vain,
Beside the excellence we would attain.

THE AGE OF GOOD.

I HAD a vision of mankind to be:
I saw no grated windows, heard no roar
From iron mouths of war on land and sea;
Ambition broke the sway of peace no more.
Out of the chaos of ill-will had come
Cosmos, the Age of Good, Millennium!

The lowly hero had of praise his meed,
And loving-kindnesses joined roof to roof.
The poor were few, and to their daily need
Abundance ministered: men bore reproof;
On crags of self-denial sought to cull
Rare flowers to deck their doors hospitable.

The very bells rang out the Golden Rule,
For hearts were loath to give their fellows pain.
The man was chosen chief who, brave and cool,
Was king in act and thought: wise power is
plain

And likes not pomp and show; he seemed to be
The least in all that true democracy.

O Thou, the Christ, the Sower of the seed,
Pluck out the narrowness, the greed for self:
Pluck out all tares; the time let come, and speed,

When each will love his neighbor as himself!
The hopes of man, our dreams of higher good,
Are based on Thee; we are Thy brotherhood.

THE DRAWBRIDGE KEEPER.

DRECKER, a drawbridge keeper, opened wide
The dangerous gate to let the vessel through;
His little son was standing by his side,
Above Passaic River deep and blue,
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back,
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw!

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling,
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate—
Which should he do? Were you as he was tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mild skies—
Yet, side by side with duty stern and grim,
Even his child became as naught to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,
Held to his work and did not aid his boy,
Who, in the deep, dark water, sank from view.
Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
But, as he fell back pallid from his pain,
Across the bridge in safety shot the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward!
Nobility is not of rank, but mind,
And is inborn and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted: to be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be.
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And, rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

STORM.

THE pale day died in the rain to-night,
And its hurrying ghost, the wind, goes by:
The mountains loom in their silent might,
And darkly frown at the sea and sky.

The petrel wings close to his surging home,
And stabs with a shriek the shuddering night:
The mad wave beckons with hands of foam
Dipped in the blood of the sea-tower's light.

So, in my heart, is a storm to-night,
Storm and tumult that will not cease;
And my soul, in bitterness, longs for the light,
For the waking bird and the dawn of peace.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

IN Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance, and
smiled
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul.
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;
So as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held as by limb the nest
He covered his kind face, and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce where the singer stood was filled,
And many paused, and, listening, paused again,
To hear the voice that through and through them
thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there,
Before a church, and, overhead, the spire,
A slim, perpetual finger in the air
Held toward heaven, land of the heart's desire,
As if an angel, pointing up, had said,
"Yonder a crown awaits this singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help: 't was noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was
wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him: naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

FAITH'S VISTA.

WHEN from the vaulted wonder of the sky
The curtain of the light is drawn aside,
And I behold the stars in all their wide
Significance and glorious mystery,
Assured that those more distant orbs are suns
Round which innumerable worlds revolve,
My faith grows strong, my day-born doubts dis-
solve,
And death, that dread annulment which life shuns,
Or fain would shun, becomes to life the way,
The thoroughfare to greater worlds on high,
The bridge from star to star. Seek how we may,
There is no other road across the sky;
And, looking up, I hear star-voices say:
" You could not reach us if you did not die."

POETRY.

And once I knew a meditative rose
That never raised its head from bowing down,
Yet drew its inspiration from the stars.
It bloomed and faded here beside the road,
And, being a poet, wrote on empty air
With fragrance all the beauty of its soul.

— *A Morning Pastoral.*

ART.

The artist labors while he may,
But finds at best too brief the day;
And, tho' his works outlast the time
And nation that they make sublime,
He feels and sees that Nature knows
Nothing of time in what she does,
But has a leisure infinite
Wherein to do her work aright.

— *Along the Nile.*

ARBUTUS.

As faint as the fond remembrance
Of joy that was only dreamed,
And like a divine suggestion
The scent of the flower seemed.

— *Trailing Arbutus.*

CORAL.

By sad waves tossed,
She was a spray of coral fair to see,

Found on the shore where death's impatient deep
Hems in the narrow continent of life.

— Karagwe.

LOVE.

Her love welled up like water in a spring,
From which the more she gave the more was left,
And purer for the gift.

— Ibid.

BORROW.

Sorrow, drunken on the wine of tears,
Sobbed, desperate, and, sighing, drank again.

— Ralph.

HABIT.

Most men are prisoners at best,
Who some strong habit ever drag about
Like chain and ball.

— *The Galley Slave*.

STORM.

Last night you heard the tempest, love — the wind-
entangled pines,
The spraying waves, the sobbing sky that lowered
in gloomy lines;
The storm was like a hopeless soul, that stood be-
side the sea,
And wept in dismal rain and moaned for what
could never be.

— *Autumn Ballad*.

NIGHT.

The night pervaded space, and had no bounds.

— Irak.

VALUE.

On desert sands a crust is more than gold,
In peril arms, and on the sea a plank;
The moment gives the value to a thing.

— *The Giant Spider*.

HUMILITY.

Humility is the excess of love
We have for others.

— *The Host's Humility*.

ENVY.

Envy is the coward side of Hate.
And all her ways are bleak and desolate.

— Ibid.

GRANT.

When black the sky and dire with war,
When every heart was wrung with fear,
He rose serene, and took his place,
The great occasion's mighty peer.
He smote armed opposition down,
And bade the storm and darkness cease,
Till o'er the long-distracted land
Shone out the smiling sun of peace.

— *Verses in Memory of General Grant*.

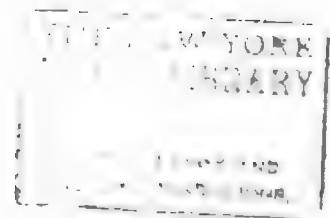
ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY is a native of Natchez, Mississippi. Her original name was Griffith, but at the age of nine months her mother died, leaving her to the care of her maternal aunt, whose child she became by adoption, and whose name she received with a mother's love and nurture. Mr. Griffith, the father of Mrs. Jeffrey, was a gentleman of cultivated literary tastes and a practiced and graceful writer in both prose and verse. He died in 1853, just as the sure gifts of his daughter were winning recognition.

Rosa Vertner's early childhood was passed at Burlington, a beautiful country-seat near Port Gibson, Mississippi, and the home of her adopted parents. When she was ten years of age her parents removed to Kentucky for the purpose of superintending her education, which was obtained principally at a seminary in Lexington. At the age of seventeen she married Mr. Claude M. Johnson, and has since resided mostly in Lexington. Being blessed far beyond most women with both beauty of face and mind, and having an ample fortune at her command, her position in the social world has been a continued triumph, not only in her own immediate circle but in Washington and other cities she has been recognized as a leader. Mrs. Ellet considered her one of the "Queens of American Society." Mrs. Johnson was left a widow just as the war broke out, and about two years after was married to Alexander Jeffrey. She lived in Rochester, N. Y., during the war, and there wrote her first novel entitled "Woodburn." She has since written several dramas, and published another novel.

As a poet Mrs. Jeffrey was the first Southern woman (after Amelia Welby) whose writings attracted attention or approval throughout the United States. She commenced composing before she could write. At the early age of seven her mother copied the lines for her. At fifteen she wrote "The Legend of the Opal." Mrs. Jeffrey's first literary friend was George D. Prentiss, who encouraged her in many ways. Other friends were George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Washington Irving, Edward Everett, John G. Saxe and George Bancroft. Upon the publication of her poems in 1857, Northern and Southern critics alike awarded her such high praise that her position among the leading poets of this country was seemingly established, but the Civil War came and with it that prejudice against all things Southern which time has only recently effaced. The reputation was indeed won, but new writers and a new school have taken their place in the literature of the day, and like Rip Van Winkle a one time popular author finds herself almost forgotten. How unjust this verdict has been the accompanying study will show.

N. L. M.



ANGEL WATCHERS.

ANGEL faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight shining pinions round me sweep;
Floating downward on the starlight two bright infant forms I see,—
They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from Heaven to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those little ones above Were the first to stir the fountain of a mother's deathless love,
And, as now they watch my slumber, while their soft eyes on me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning still to call his angels mine.

Earthly children fondly call me, but no mortal voice can seem Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!" 'mid the glories of my dream:
Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease perchance to lisp my name,
But my angel babies' accents shall be evermore the same.

And the bright band now around me from their home perchance will rove,
In their strength no more depending on my constant care and love;
But my first-born still shall wander from the sky, in dreams to rest
Their soft cheeks and shining tresses on an earthly mother's breast.

Time may steal away the freshness, or some overwhelming grief destroy All the hopes that erst had blossomed in my summer-time of joy;
Earthly children may forsake me, earthly friends perhaps betray,
Every tie that now unites me to this life may pass away,—

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from their blest immortal home, Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my darkened dreams shall come,
And I cannot feel forsaken, for, though 'rest of earthly love,
Angel children call me "Mother!" and my soul will look above.

MORNING.

I SAW the young Morn in her beauty unfolding Her radiant wings by the portals of Night, And from the dark threshold her vesture upholding, Her silver gray vesture, all dripping with light.

Dim shades of the darkness still hovered around her, As pensive thoughts cling round a heart full of joy; Yet the exquisite girdle of shadows that bound her But softened the splendor it could not destroy.

As a wild Moorish lover in fondness adorning, With one matchless gem, some fair, golden-haired girl,

I saw Night clasp on the rich zone of the Morning The star of the east like an orient pearl.

Far along the horizon, her footsteps were breaking The clouds, as she passed, with a pathway of beams, And a drowsy perfume from those black poppies shaking,

That grow round the mystical palace of dreams.

When, quick she flung open its wide jetty portals, And forth came those visions fantastic and light, Whose fragrant wings, fanning the slumber of mortals,

Dissolve the enchantments and spells of the night.

And then, half reluctant, the Night seemed re-treating,

Half mournfully, too, as if spurned from her side, And pale grew his cheek, as, with warm kisses greeting,

The Sultan of day called the Morning his bride.

For lo! the rich gift of her darker-browed lover, That fair pearly star, at his feet she cast down, And, like a proud woman coquetting, bent over And blushed, as she knelt for the Sun's golden crown.

Then from nature's great choir an anthem came swelling,

And flowery censers the earthly breeze swung, While moments of sunshine the young Morn was telling,
As rich, perfumed beads in her rosary strung.

To the courts of his azure-roofed temples ascending, Like a high-priest of heaven, I saw the Sun greet The earth with his blessing; a devotee bending, The beautiful earth seemed to kneel at his feet.

BABY POWER.

Six little feet to cover,
Six little hands to fill,
Tumbling out in the clover,
Stumbling over the sill;
Six little stockings ripping,
Six little shoes half worn,
Spite of that promised whipping,
Skirts, shirts, and aprons torn!

Bugs and bumble-bees catching,
Headless of bites and stings.
Walls and furniture scratching,
Twisting off buttons and strings.
Into the sugar and flour,
Into the salt and meal,
Their royal baby power,
All through the house we feel!

Behind the big stove creeping,
To steal the kindling-wood;
Into the cupboard peeping,
To hunt for "somesin dood."
The dogs they tease to snarling,
The chickens know no rest,
Yet the old nurse calls them "darling,"
And loves each one "the best."

Smearing each other's faces
With smut or blacking-brush,
To forbidden things and places
Always making a rush.
Over a chair or table
They'll fight, and kiss again
When told of slaughtered Abel,
Or cruel, wicked Cain.

All sorts of mischief trying,
On sunny days in-doors,
And then perversely crying
To rush out when it pours.
A raid on Grandma making,
In spite her nice new cap,
Its strings for bridles taking,
While riding on her lap.

Three rose-bud mouths beguiling,
Prattling the livelong day,
Six sweet eyes on me smiling.
Hazel, and blue, and gray.—
Hazel with heart-light sparkling,
Too happy, we trust, to fade—
Blue 'neath long lashes darkling,
Like violets in the shade.

Gray full of earnest meaning,
A dawning light so fair
Of woman's life beginning
We dread the noon-tide glare
Of earthly strife and passion,
May spoil its tender glow,
Change its celestial fashion,
As earth-stains change the snow!

Six little clasped hands lifted,
Three white brows upward turned,
One prayer thrice heavenward drifted
To Him who never spurned
The lisp of lips, where laughter
Fading away in prayer,
Leaves holy twilight after
A noon of gladness there.

Three little heads, all sunny,
To pillow and bless at night,
Riotous Alick and Dunnie,
Jinnie, so bonnie and bright!
Three souls immortal slumber,
Crowned by that golden hair.
When Christ his flock shall number,
Will all my lambs be there?

Now with the stillness round me,
I bow my head and pray,
"Since this faint heart has found thee,
Suffer them not to stray."
Up to the shining portals,
Over life's stormy tide,
Treasures I bring — immortal;
Saviour, be thou my guide.

CHILDHOOD.

The rustling of a wild-bird's wings,
A star, a flower, a gush of rain,
The sight of sad or joyous things,
Oft make me seem a child again:
With voiceless eloquence they come,
Bright phantoms of my childhood's home.
—*My Childhood's Home.*

HOPE.

For hope will cull a withered flower
And tune a harp with broken string;
And hope will shed a glimmering ray
Of light on pleasure's ruined shrine,
For moulderling columns still look gay
When summer sunbeams o'er them shine.
—*Hopes and Fears.*

NIGHT WIND.

The night-wind is a minstrel, who for centuries
has sung,
And darkness is the temple where his mighty harp
is hung;
'T is strung with rays of starlight, and I love to
hear him sweep
Those mystic chords, till Nature chants an anthem
in her sleep.

—*I Love to Hear the Wind Blow.*

DESPAIR.

I've sometimes prayed that we might meet
Upon this earth no more;
But ere it reached the mercy-seat
My saddened soul would pour
Another and a wilder prayer,
In bitterness and pain,
Beseeching still, with deep despair,
To meet thee once again.

—*The Remembered Name.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Yet, like the Resurrection-flower,
Which, rescued from the Egyptian's tomb,
When moistened by a gentle shower,
In wondrous beauty still will bloom,
We sometimes find a heart t' prize,
Which, changeless still through grief and
years,
Will, like that buried flower, arise,
And brighten in the midst of tears.

—*The Withered Bud.*

WOMAN.

To one it was nothing, only a waltz;
To the other it meant no wrong;
Men may be cruel—who are not false—
And women remember too long.

—*A Memory.*

JEALOUSY.

I have marked the crowns of pleasure
By your silly vot'ries worn,
And have grafted at my leisure
Upon every rose a thorn.
Human hearts must sweep between us,
Bearing off their passion-scars.
Love's bright heritage from Venus
Brings the curse of strife from Mars!
—*Love and Jealousy.*

CHILDHOOD.

The earth was green, the sky was fair,
And life to them was then and there;
Their future in "to-morrow" lay,
Their past was lost in "yesterday."
—*Two Streams.*

MARY MORGAN.

MISS MORGAN is a native of Scotland, but removed, with her family, in very early life to Canada, so that her whole literary work belongs to the New World. Most of her life has been spent in Milton Cottage on the banks of the St. Lawrence a few miles below Montreal. She has therefore been long known in the educated society of that city as one who can always be relied upon to take an active interest in every scheme for the promotion of a higher culture; and Milton Cottage is a favorite resort for people of literary sympathies, especially in the long afternoons of summer, when its garden is brilliantly attractive. It is but twelve or thirteen years ago since Miss Morgan began to publish any of her literary work. Since then her name has become familiar to the readers of various periodicals in the United States as well as in Canada. Her best work is in the lyrical vein; and the moods of the soul, for which she seems to find expression by preference in her lyrics, are not the more boisterous passions by which the average human heart is most commonly stormed, but rather those delicate, calm emotions that are naturally awakened by the rarer reflections of a cultured mind. About a year ago Miss Morgan collected a few of her most appreciated productions in a dainty little volume published at Montreal under the title of "Poems and Translations." An edition of this collection for the United States is now being brought out with the more attractive title of "Woodnotes in the Gloaming." Much of her work has been done over the signature of Gowan Lea.

J. C. M.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! is 't thy step, New Year?
With sure but stealthy pace thou aye dost come;
And in thy train are gladdening gifts for some;
O haste thee, glad New Year!

Too swift thy step, New Year!
The past had gathered friends from many lands,
And thou dost come to part their clasped hands;
Alas, so soon, New Year!

"O haste!" "Delay!" New Year;—
Two prayers together rising up to heaven:
The answer trust; for is it not God-given?
Meet bravely the New Year!

Bid welcome the New Year!
O clear-voiced Truth, lead in the coming morn;
And gentle Charity, our lives adorn;
Hope lives in the New Year!

HYMN.

(For Music.)

Be strong, O soul! The morning breaketh fair;
All blue the sky—no cloudlet anywhere;
Yet think,—thy path is infinite and there
Thou walkest all alone: O soul, be strong!

Be strong, O soul! It is the full noon-day;
But thorns and briars have sprung up on thy way;
Take heed unto thy steps, that so thou may
Not faint nor fall: do thou beware, O soul!

Be strong, O soul! The night comes on apace,
The crescent moon hath hid her pensive face,
Nor canst thou on the darkening heavens trace
One lonely star: now, now be strong, O soul!

Be calm, O soul! Dream not the night can last:
If memory hath linked thee to the past,
So, to the future, Hope hath bound thee fast:
Be thou as calm as strong, O anxious soul!

FRIENDSHIP.

ONE questions eagerly, "Can friendship die?"
Another, as with warning, answers low:
"The fickle winds of fortune ever blow,
Full often severing the olden tie.
Mark how the soul of aspiration high
Outstrips the lesser soul of progress slow;
And say if time be not a ruthless foe
Whom only rarest friendship can defy.
Unconsciously, perchance, may feeling wane;
The turning-point will oft elude the mind,
Which some day wonders how the coldness grew.
Behold yon rainbow through the glistening rain!
Canst thou the limit of one color find?
Yet does the violet shade into the blue."

CHARITY.

THOU asketh not to know the creed,
The rank, or name is naught to thee,
Where'er the human heart cries "help!"
Thy kingdom is, O Charity!

TRUTH.

Truth is one, and is forever true.

— Poem.

HOPE.

Wonder not at deed,
Wonder more at thought,
Wonder at the hope that feeds itself.

— Ibid.

SEA.

Alone with the sea—

I seem to hear

In her moan my soul's own lay,

Like the cry of a child

That has lost its home

And asks but to know the way!

— Sea Weeds.

FAITH.

Can faith not live on faith and wait?

— Questionings.

DOUBTS.

Thou blessing Doubt, I welcome thee;
Sure symbol of activity:

We needs must question e'er we see.

— Ibid.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Thyself, a shining light, thou knew'st the shade;
But, from the silence of the soul's recess,
The lamp of thy great genius shone afar:
The weary worker in his loneliness
Described the ray, and dreamed it could not fade
To him thou art as an immortal star!

— George Eliot.

TIME.

Go up unto the hill-top. I will show
Myself to thee when busy day is done,
And twilight shadows gather thick below;
For only to the great Infinite One
Am I made visible in noon's pure glow;
Man sc̄th me but in the setting sun.

— Time.

IDEALS.

The highest work a higher thought can raise.

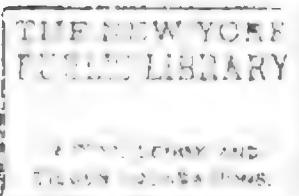
— Ideals.

CARLYLE.

O mighty heart! like to the changing sea
To fury lashed, and back with sudden awe
Subsiding (as if Eolus set free)
The tempests, and, relenting, called them home).
To thee—as once upon the Mount—a law
Of Truth was given from yon celestial dome.
— On the Death of Carlyle.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

When our too slothful minds shall feel the sun
Of righteousness shine on them and grow warm
With right's enthusiasm, then shall we
Reflect that righteousness, and make the shade—
The darkest hours of life—shine beautiful
With chastened light—a moonlight of the mind!
Thou moonlight of the mind! In thy still air
The busy, garish day doth vanish quite;
Celestial melodies entrance the soul,
And thrill it with a joy not of the earth—



A rapture that doth hint of height on height—
A vast "beyond"—an infinite foreground,
Warmed by the rays of an undying sun.

—*Meditations from "Dream-Grotto."*

MEMORY.

Whereto doth first the power of memory come?
Man knows not of a past; but shall he know?
The hour that passes, shall he know it gone?
Th' unknown — hath it not room for all his hopes?

—*Ibid.*

DECAY.

Our very hopes are nourished on decay.

—*Ibid.*

NIGHT.

Red grows the sky with wealth of light suffused—
Deep-orange red, and threatening, though still;
O'er-hanging clouds look solid as the hills,
And the low line of hills resembles clouds;
Night speedily her heavy mantle draws
O'er sea and land!

—*Ibid.*

REST.

Life conscious is, and there's no rest at all.
No rest at all—or only perfect rest—
That grand repose where rest and work are one!
The rest, that is, when o'er earth's canopy
The northern lights keep at their ceaseless play;
The rest that is, when hid from human eye
The acorn prophesies the coming spring;
The rest that is, when wearied hands lie still
While thought communeth with the One Supreme!
All, all is still. The day is hid in night;
But soon the night will hide within the day;
And noiseless glides the chariot of morn.
All, all is still. This hour be consecrate.
My spirit, onward! self-controlled—self-poised!
Till this unceasing, everlasting change,
Become to thee—as to the Eternal—rest!

—*Ibid.*

WONDER.

O Reason, Wonder, Doubt
Great warriors three!
A trinity
No true soul lives without.

—*Hymn.*

LIFE.

Enchantress, Disenchantress, both—in one!
Surrounding us to-day with dazzling light,
To-morrow hiding every ray of sun
Till we are sunk in the abyss of night.
The oracles are dumb: what'er Life be,
Man walks by faith alone; he cannot see.

—*Sonnet.*

WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

THIS veteran author was born in the city of Hudson, Columbia County, New York, on June 4, 1823, of good old stock, New England and Knickerbocker; was educated at the University of the City of New York; followed for a time the profession of his father, the law, and after much journalistic experience as editor and contributor, finally settled in Washington where he now resides.

In person Mr. Bushnell is of medium height, blue-eyed, of scholarly sedateness, and unaffected affability. In the suavity of the man and his freedom from ostentation, and in his perfect repose you have the evidence of that high result of manhood, a gentleman.

His name is familiarly known in literary circles. He has been and is still a prolific prose writer. As a delineator of Indian character he is unrivalled even by the genius of Cooper as has been well said by Shillaber (Mrs. Partington).

Fine, varied, and entertaining as are the prose writings of Mr. Bushnell, he is destined to be perpetuated in after days as a poet. The poetic is the eternal. There are men to-day whose sole hope of leaving behind them some token that they lived on this earth, lies in the poetry which they call their "play-recreation." Mr. Bushnell is one of them. He has ideality too prominently developed to escape celebrity. The house in which he lives must fall into ruin, but the tenant will live, not only in the Hereafter, but in the Here. In his poems he displays an intuitive regard for the fact that the Ideal is the Real. In some of his poems he speaks of the Unseen with the raptureful certainty of one who knows that the Seen is its elementary world. "Ab Initio" is a poem on the philosophy of cause, and the transition is so sudden from philosophy to word-painting in a tribute to a lovely child named "Marguerite," that one is surprised at Mr. Bushnell's versatility. The latter has a diamond-like scintillation.

It is proper to add that the poet has for a wife one of the most brilliant conversationalists in the Capital, and whose *nom de plume*, "Helen Luqueer," is well known to the literary world. Their charming home and united literary life is a reminder of the Howitts and the Brownings. J. W. O.

MARGUERITE.

HAIR as silk of corn sun-kissed,
Rippling in a golden mist;
Skin as calla lily white,
Tinted by rose-blushes bright;
Lips as if from heaven above
Thou had stolen dew of love;
Cheeks as angel's fair and sweet,

Tiny hands and little feet,
Pretty, dainty Marguerite.

Eyes as when the cloudless skies
Dappled are with Summer's dyes,
And through film of stormless night
Flash soft rays of starry light;
Teeth as milk of pearl congealed,
When by tinkling laugh revealed,
And from dimples' coy retreat
Smiles peep out loved ones to greet,
Merry, artless Marguerite.

Fair of form as wax from mold,
Gay of heart and purely souled:
Sweet of tongue, whose lisp'd words
Are jubilant as songs of birds;
Charming all with winsome ways,
Moon of night and sun of days
To the hearthstone. Fairy feet
As ever danced to music's beat,
Witching, darling Marguerite.

Not a soil of earth yet stains,
Know not eyes of sorrow's rains;
Never were thy heartstrings strung
By passion, or by misery wrung;
Free from envy, strife or fears,
Save washed away by baby tears;
Waves of time as they retreat,
Have left no hopes wrecked at thy feet,
Pure and sinless Marguerite.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

On a green, mossy bank, near a swift speeding brook
When May was but roses and song,
A laughing babe played with a frail, tiny seed,
As the hours sped golden along:
She tossed it aloft in the glittering air,
Then caught as it fell from on high,
Till tired of play threw it careless away,
And the brooklet sped merrily by.

The seasons rolled on. A fair girl in her pride
Of beauty and tresses of gold,
Stooped to pick a bouquet of the dew-laden buds
That grew where the tiny seed rolled;
She drank in their perfume, with lips whose deep red
Shamed even the rose buds, and high
Her silver voice rang in its innocent mirth—
While the brook still sped merrily by.

On, on rolled the years. A woman's hand plucked
The flowers at soft eventide,
To twine in her tresses, now deeper than gold,
Ere she stood at the altar—a bride!
A song on her lips slumbered sweetly and warm,
And Love was the theme of the lay,
While her heart danced as light as the sun-gilded waves
Of the brook as they hurried away.

Again a May came. A mother stood there
And robbed the rose-tree of its charms,
To twine a sweet wreath for the soft, tiny brow
Of the loved one she tossed in her arms;
And sweeter, though softer her matronly song
Filled the listening ear with its lay—
'Twas a heart gush of love and praise that thrilled forth—
Yet the brooklet kept ebbing away.

A score more of years and a widow knelt low
Where the babe tossed the tiny seed high:
In vain looked she now for blossom or bud,
And her laughter had changed to a sigh:
The rose-tree was dying, and soon withered leaves
Graced her bier as it slow passed along—
It was all of the babe and the seed that remained.
Yet the brooklet sped on with a song.

HEART PICTURES.

(To My Wife.)

HER hair is the gold-brown of chestnuts,
Her eyes blue as the heavenly zone,
Her skin as the snow of the lily,
When rose-blushes are over it blown;
Her lips shame the heart of carnation,
Her movements are exquisite grace,
Her voice is the sweetest of music,
And smiles lie asleep on the face
Of the woman I love.

There is less of gold glint in her tresses,
A few threads of silver wove through,
The crimson of lips not so vivid,
And lighter the eyes in their blue;
Her movements more stately and grander,
Though losing no whit of their grace,
And the smiles are more patient and tender
That shine on the matronly face
Of the woman I love.

Faded out all the brown and the sunshine,
Burnished silver the curls of hair shine,
In her eyes less of earth, more of heaven—
Less stained are the cheeks with life's wine;

The skin not so lily in whiteness,
Paler now the rose waves o'er them roll;
But the voice still retains all its sweetness,
And the face is illumined by the soul
Of the woman I love.

Earth, keep her to bless and to brighten,
Death, send not thy stern fiat down;
And Heaven, linger long in the weaving
Strands of gold and of pearl for her crown.
There are angels enough clothed in glory—
Few given life's griefs to assuage;
And the tenderness, purity, beauty,
Are perfected and hallowed by age
In the woman I love.

HONOR.

The dying daughter of Time is Love—
Honor the living son of Eternity.

WOMAN.

The soul of the beautiful woman
Is only girl's purified snow.

LOVE.

Love is stronger than death, than the grave's deep tide.

As the pride of earth, 'tis of heaven the pride.

—*Love After Death.*

MOTHER.

I don't 'spose yer givin' ter doin' things bad,
But ef yer ever larned that way,
Didn't thar rise up out of yer heart
Somethin' yer'd heard yer mother say?
And didn't yer think of her always,
And didn't yer hold yer breath
When a woman war sinnin' and sufferin',
And goin' down ther black gulch of Death?

—*Hangtown Jim.*

TRANSMUTATION.

Before the act the action, the thought before the deed,
The bud before the flower, the flower before the seed,
In all of mind or matter another must precede.
Before the song of poet the inspirations come,
Before the honey sweetness the wild bees busy hum,
Before the panting tempest the silence vast and dumb.

—*Ab Initio.*

TELEGRAPH.

Ours to frame the slender railway,
Belting earth, till space is naught,
O'er which rolls the lightning engine,
With the laden train of thought.
—*Songs of the Toils-men.*

ALICE W. BROTHERTON.

MRS. ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON in a letter to a friend says: "What can you say of a life so sequestered as mine except, 'She is born, is married, will die,' like the needy knife-grinder; 'Story, God bless you I have none to tell.' I was born in Cambridge, Indiana, but have passed most of my life in Cincinnati, and have never been east of the Blue Ridge Mountains. So you see I am purely one of the aborigines. As to my 'versing' that began soon after I was out of school. I think it was in 1872 I first sent my poems out to seek their fortune."

Mrs. Brotherton lives quietly on East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati. In her home life she is the personification of devotion and domestic happiness. Graduating from one of the Cincinnati High Schools at an early age, it was not long before her bright soul attracted its affinity, hence the love, cottage and three interesting children which now divide with her writing all the mother-poet's time. Those poems in which the heart and its phases of joy and woe are treated are by far her best productions. Living in her own home with little of the outside world to distract her, the poet has grown wise feeding upon her own soul-thoughts. Hers is a busy life in that little home in East Walnut Hills; a life full of home and its motherly and wisely duties performed so faithfully. Crowded in among these, her songs have sprung up from her rich experience—experience not with the world but with the double nature of all poetical lives. The friction of one with the other she has used; no force has been wasted. Never has the home life been neglected, or made secondary to the writer's life.

She has been for many years a contributor to the *Century*, *The Independent*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Sherman's Magazine*. Her first separate publication was "Beyond the Veil," issued in 1886. In June, 1887, her collected poems entitled "The Sailing of King Olaf and Other Poems" appeared. Mrs. Brotherton's style is clear, concise and remarkable rather for strength than any marked degree of musical quality.

Mrs. Brotherton is rather slight in figure, with light brown hair worn in waves over a full high forehead. The constant use of eyeglasses has marred the beauty of her large and expressive eyes.

E. A.

PRELUDE.

WHAT is your art, O poet?
Only to catch and to hold
In a poor, frail word-mould
A little of life;

That the soul to whom you show it
May say: "With truth it is rife,
This poem—I lived it of old."

Ah, the light wherein we read
Must be the light of the past,
Or your poem is nothing at best
But an empty rhyme.
And to summon back grief what need
Of word of yours?—through all time
It abides with us to the last.

Sing to us of joy, then. Borrow
Of life its happiest hours.
Sing of love and hope, of flowers,
Of laughter and smiles;
But not too oft of sorrow!—
The song that our grief beguiles
Is the best, in this world of ours.

THE SAILING OF KING OLAF.

"NORROWAY hills are grand to see,
Norway vales are broad and fair;
Any monarch on earth might be
Contented to find his kingdom there."
So spake Harald Haardrade bold,
To Olaf his brother with beard red-gold.

"A bargain!" cried Olaf, "Beside the strand
Our ships rock idle. Come, sail away!
Who first shall win to our native land
He shall be king of old Norway."
Quoth Harald the Stern, "My vessel for thine,
I will not trust to this laggard of mine."

"Take thou my Dragon with silken sails,"
Said Olaf, "The Ox shall be mine in place.
If it pleases our Lord to send me gales,
In either vessel I'll win the race.
With this exchange art satisfied?"
"Ay, brother!" the crafty one replied.

King Olaf strode to the church to pray
For blessing of God on crew and ship;
But Harald the traitor made haste to weigh
His anchor, and out of the harbor slip.
"Pray!" laughed Harald Haardrade, "Pray!
The wind's in my favor. Set sail! Away!"

As Olaf knelt by the chancel rail,
Down the broad aisle came one in haste,
With panting bosom and cheek all pale;
Straight to King Olaf's side he paced:
"Oh, waste no time in praying," cried he,
"For Harald already is far at sea!"

But Olaf answered: "Let sail who will,
Without God's blessing I shall not go."
Beside the altar he tarried still,
While the good priest chanted soft and slow;
And Olaf prayed the Lord in his heart:
"I shall win yet if Thou take my part!"

Cheerily then he leaped on board;
High on the prow he took his stand,
"Forward," he bade, "in the name of the Lord!"
Held the white horn of the Ox in his hand:
"Now Ox! good Ox! I pray thee speed
As if to pasture in clover-mead!"

The huge Ox rolled from side to side,
And merrily out of the harbor sped.
"Dost see the Dragon?" King Olaf cried
To one who clung to the high mast-head.
"Not so!" the watcher swift answer gave,
"There is never a boat upon the wave."

Onward then for a league and twain,
Right in the teeth of the wind they flew:
"Seest aught of the Dragon upon the main?"
"Something to landward sure I view!
Far ahead I can just behold
Silken sails with a border of gold."

The third time Olaf called with a frown:
"Dost see my Dragon yet? Ho! Say!"
Out of the mast-head the cry came down:
"Nigh to the shores of Norway
The good ship Dragon rides full sail,
Driving ahead before the gale!"

"Ho! to the haven!" King Olaf cried,
And smote the eye of the Ox with his hand.
It leaped so madly along the tide
That never a sailor on deck could stand;
But Olaf lashed them firm and fast
With trusty cords to the strong pine mast.

"Now who," the helmsman said, "will guide
The vessel upon this tossing sea?"
"That will I do!" King Olaf cried;
"And no man's life shall be lost through me."
Like a living coal his dark eye glowed,
As swift to the helmsman's place he strode.

Looking neither to left nor right,
Toward the land he sailed right in,
Steering straight as a line of light:
"So must I run if I would win;
Faith is stronger than hills or rocks,
Over the land speed on, good Ox!"

Into the valleys the waters rolled;
Hillocks and meadows disappeared.
Grasping the helm in his iron hold
On, right onward, St. Olaf steered;
High and higher the blue waves rose.
"On!" he shouted, "No time to loose!"

Out came running the elves in a throng,
Out from cavern and rock they came:
"Now, who is this comes sailing along
Over our homes? Ho! tell us thy name?"
"I am St. Olaf, my little men,
Turn into stones till I come again."

The elf-stones rolled down the mountain-side;
The sturdy Ox sailed over them all.
"I'll luck be with thee!" a carline cried,
"Thy ship has shattered my chamber wall!"
In Olaf's eyes flashed a fiery glint:
"Be turned forever to rock of flint!"

Never was sailing like this before:
He shot an arrow along the wind;
Or ever it lighted the ship sailed o'er
The mark: the arrow fell far behind.
"Faster, faster!" cried Olaf, "Skip
Fleet as Skidbladnir, the magic ship!"

Swifter and swifter across the foam
The quivering Ox leaped over the track,
Till Olaf came to his boyhood's home;
Then fast as it rose the tide fell back.
And Olaf was king of the whole Norse land
When Harald the third day reached the strand.

Such was the sailing of Olaf the king.
Monarch and Saint of Norway;
In view of whose wondrous prospering
The Norse have a saying unto this day:
"As Harald Haardrade found to his cost,
Time spent in praying is never lost!"

UNAWARES.

A SONG welled up in the singer's heart,
(Like song in the throat of a bird,)
And loud he sang, and far it rang,—
For his heart was strangely stirred;
And he sang for the very joy of song,
With no thought of one who heard.

Within the listener's wayward soul
A heavenly patience grew.
He fared on his way with a benison
On the singer, who never knew
How the careless song of an idle hour
Had shaped a life anew.

PLIGHTED. A. D., 1874.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

NELLIE *loquitur.*

BLESS my heart! You're come at last.
Awful glad to see you, dear!
Thought you'd died or something. Belle—
Such an age since you've been here!
My engagement? Gracious! Yes.
Rumor's hit the mark this time.
And the victim? Charley Gray,
Know him, don't you? Well, he's *prime*.
Such mustachios! Splendid style!
Then he's not so horrid fast—
Waltzes like a seraph, too.
Has some fortune—best and last.
Love him? Nonsense. Don't be "soft."
Pretty much as love now goes;
He's devoted, and in time
I'll get used to him, I s'pose.
First love? Humbug. Don't talk stuff.
Bella Brown, don't be a fool!
Next you'll rave of flames and darts
Like a chit at boarding school.
Don't be "miffed," I talked just so
Some two years back. Fact, my dear!
But two seasons kill romance,
Leave one's views of life quite clear.
Why if Will Latrobe had asked
When he left, two years ago,
I'd have thrown up all and gone
Out to Kansas, do you know?
Fancy me a settler's wife!
Blest escape, dear, was it not?
Yes, it's hardly in my line
To enact "Love in a Cot."
Well, you see, I'd had my swing.
Been engaged to eight or ten;
Got to stop some time of course,
So it don't much matter when.
Auntie hates old maids, and thinks
Every girl should marry young—
On that theme my whole life long
I have heard the changes rung!
So, *ma belle*, what could I do?
Charley wants a stylish wife,
We'll suit well enough, no fear,
When we settle down for life.
Bet for love—stuff! See my ring?
Lovely, isn't it? Solitaire.
Nearly made Maud Hinton turn
Green with envy and despair.
Hers aint half so nice, you see—
Did I write you, Belle, about

How she tried for Charley, till
 I sailed in and cut her out?
 Now she's taken Jack McBride,
 I believe its all from pique—
 Threw him over once you know,—
 Hates me so she'll scarcely speak.
 O yes! Grace Church, Brown, and that,
 Pa won't mind expense at last,
 I'll be off his hands for good;
 Cost a fortune two years past.
 My trousseau shall outdo Maude's,
 I've *carte blanche* from Pa, you know;
 Mean to have my dress from Worth!
 Won't she just be *niving* though?

A SONG OF FLEETING LOVE.

LOVE has wings as light as a bird,
 Guileless he looks, as a dove, of wrong;
 Whatever his song, be it brief or long,
 It still has this for an overword:
Love has wings!

Though to-day the truant may stay,
 Though he woos and sues and sings,
 Only sorrow to maids he brings;
 Pout him and flout him, laugh him away:
Love has wings!

Hold your pulses calm, unstirred—
 Calm and cool as a woodland pool,
 Let not his song your heart befool;
 List, through it all, for the overword:
Love has wings!

UNDER THE BEECHES.

IN the gray beech shadows
 Dewey violets hide,
 Anemone and blood-root
 Blossom side by side;
 And the tall, white trillium
 On her slender stem,
 Like some pale Court beauty
 Bends to them.

In the gray beech shadows
 It was years ago
 When last I saw the wind-flower
 And Spring-beauty blow;
 But my heart grows tender
 With a yearning wild
 For the woods I strayed in
 When a child.

Is there any dainty
 Tasting half so sweet
 As the wild May-apple
 That we used to eat?
 Any costly jewel
 With as rich a glow
 As the red rose-heart showed
 Long ago?

QUATRAINS.

THE MAXIM OF APOLLONIUS.

Better in some mean shrine beside the way
 To find a statue of ivory and gold,
 Than in a lofty temple to behold
 A huge, coarse figure of the common clay.

THE FALLING STAR.

See where yon star falls headlong, flashing
 Across the purple twilight air!—
 An Angel bears to earth from heaven
 The answer to a mortal's prayer.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

No laurel—nay! Give me heartsease, I pray.
 Laurel grows on the heights so lone and cold;
 But heartsease clusters by the warm threshold,
 And brightens with its blossoms all the day.

LARGESS.

Ah, when a kingly soul doth largess give,
 How far its worth exceeds the gift itself!
 The slightest thing outweighs a miser's pelf
 When round it cluster memories that live.

THE UNWRITTEN MESSAGE.

To carry thought how weak
 Are words, mere idle signs.
 Heart-deeps to heart-deeps speak
 Between the lines.

OF TIRELESS PATIENCE.

(A Persian Fable.)
 Before the close-barred gate of paradise
 A poor man watched a thousand years; then dozed
 One little instant only, with dulled eyes;
 That instant open swung the gate—and closed.

SEPTEMBER.

Lush juices of ripe fruits; splashed color flung
 From Frost's first palette—purple, gold and red;
 The last sweet song the meadow-lark has sung,
 Dirge of the Summer dead.

NOW.

Has one a tender thought of me?
 Speak it (I pray!) O friend, *to-day*.

To-morrow betwixt me and thee
Like a shut door the grave shall be.

ON READING —

Little I love these lines of thine
Drunk with rhythm as if with wine.
Wheeling and reeling they recall
Only the dance of a Bacchanal.

SORROW:

Ah no. Souls come of suffering,
Of midnight anguish, pain and tears,
Of bitter agonies that wring
The heart; of wrong that burns and sears.
I—what have I to do with these,
Shut up in soulless ease?
—*The Wife of Pygmalion.*

DANDELION.

The dandelion disks of gold
Like mimic suns the greensward dot,
In woods beyond the meadow-lot
The violet's shy blue eyes unfold.
Bid blithe farewell to winter's cold
And troop to field from hall or cot
The dandelion disks of gold
Like mimic suns the greensward dot.
—*The Dandelion.*

SONG.

Thou too must pass death's shadowy portal;
Naught will remain but this song of thine.
Life is fleeting but song is immortal;
Half of thy fame is also mine.
I dare not weep though I fade forever;
More from a century none could win.
This is my joy, that never, oh never,
Save for me, love, thy song had been!
—*The Dying Rose to the Nightingale.*

GAIN.

I think God's mercy findeth many ways
To comfort us when least we would expect;
And even the rocks whereon our hopes are wrecked,
When we look back across the years, shall stand
Like hallowed altars reared by angel's hand.
For life tends on and upward. By mistakes
We learn. The hand which crushed our idols takes
Our own, and leads us to new shrines; whose light
Shines but the brighter for past error's night.
All sin and sorrows, shame, disgrace and pain,
Are made His ministers. From loss comes gain.
Out of all ill it must be He will make
Some good to come, for His dear Mercy's sake;
That we may find an angel in the place
Of the gaunt skeleton with grisly face.

—*Told in a Parable.*

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

THE first time I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Sarah Knowles Bolton, I was impressed with her sweet but strong face, her gentle dignity, refinement of manner, and deep sympathy, which spoke in every act and look. As the months flew by, and our meetings became more frequent, I was so delighted with the genial and charming lady that I could not help loving her. Mrs. Bolton's father, John S. Knowles, was well called a gentleman of the "old school," from his fine manners and love of culture. Her mother, descended from the Stanleys, a prominent family of Hartford, Connecticut, was a woman of unusual force of character and sterling common sense. At fifteen she became a member of the family of her uncle, Colonel H. L. Miller, a lawyer of Hartford, whose extensive library was a delight, and whose house was a center for those who loved scholarship and refinement. The aunt, a descendant of Noah Webster, was a person of wide reading, exquisite tastes, and social prominence. Here the young girl saw Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Sigourney, and others like them, whose lives to her were a constant inspiration. Sarah became a practical and brilliant scholar, and graduated from the seminary founded by Catherine Beecher, one of the most thorough schools of the times. A small book of her poems was now published by the Appletons, and a serial novel in a New England paper. Soon after she married Mr. Charles E. Bolton, a graduate of Amherst College, and they removed to Cleveland, Ohio. In that city, remarkable for its benevolences, she became the first secretary of the Woman's Christian Association, using much of her time in visiting the poor.

When, in 1874, she assisted in the first temperance crusade in Northern Ohio, with scarcely an exception, her gentleness and Christian spirit paved the way for earnest conversation and blessed results. She was soon appointed assistant corresponding secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union and as such was very successful. She was at one time one of the editors of the *Congregationalist*, and while in Boston proved herself an able journalist.

Mrs. Bolton has written several books, including "Social Studies in Europe," "How Success is Won," "Poor Boys Who Became Famous," "Girls Who Became Famous," "Stories from Life," "Famous American Authors," "Some Successful Women," "Famous American Statesmen," etc. She has published a volume of poems, "From Heart and Nature," with her only child, Charles Knowles Bolton, now in Harvard College, each furnishing half the poems.

M. E. B.

GOLDEN ROD.

O GOLDEN ROD! sweet golden rod!
Bride of the autumn sun;
Has he kissed thy blossoms this mellow morn,
And tinged them one by one?

Did the crickets sing at thy christening,
When, in his warm embrace,
He gave thee love from his brimming cup,
And beauty, cheer, and grace?

He brightens the asters, but soon they fade;
He reddens the sumach tree;
The clematis loses its snowy bloom,
But he's true as truth to thee.

Scattered on mountain top or plain,
Unseen by human eye,
He turns thy fringes to burnished gold
By love's sweet alchemy.

And then, when the chill November comes,
And the flowers their work have done,
Thou art still unchanged, dear golden rod,
Bride of the autumn sun!

BLINDED.

SHE lay like a rose-leaf on his cup;
He scarcely knew she was there at all,
Until, like the leaves of early fall,
For their precious hue, she was gathered up.

He knew too late that the flower was gone;
No fragrance left in the cup for him:
Alas! that he did not clasp the brim
With tender hands in the early dawn

Of love, and save to himself the leaf.
To own is often to lose the prize:
We stumble along with blinded eyes,
And wake to losses and bitter grief.

SUNSET AT ABO, FINLAND.

QUAINT city on the Finnish sea,
Old when America was new;
How restful are thy rocks to me;
Thy quiet streets, this ocean view.

The great red sun gilds tree and dome,
And kingly prison, cold and gray,
And lingers on the churchly home
Where lovely Catharine came to lay

Her sceptre down among her own,
And be at rest from care and strife;
A peasant girl on queenly throne;
To Eric, a devoted wife.

It kisses, too, the sacred spring
Where Pagans came, in rudest dress,
To give themselves an offering
Unto the Sun of Righteousness.

I fancy mountains all aflame,
With crests as golden as the stars;
I see ships riding on the main,
With ruby decks and opal spars.

Clouds chase each other on the blue
Like children dancing on the wold;
But now fades out the brilliant hue;
Red grows to purple, then to gold,

And then to tender, dim twilight;
The boats lie silent in the bay;
The winds are hushed; chill grows the night,
And Nature sleeps at close of day.

HER CREED.

SHE stood before a chosen few,
With modest air, and eyes of blue;
A gentle creature, in whose face
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

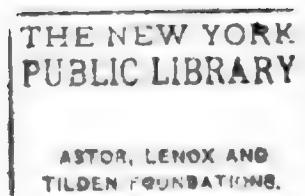
" You wish to join our fold," they said;
" Do you believe in all that's read
From ritual and written creed,
Essential to our human need ? "

A troubled look was in her eyes;
She answered, as in vague surprise,
As though the sense to her were dim;
" I only strive to follow Him."

They knew her life; how, oft she stood,
Sweet in her guileless maidenhood,
By dying bed, in hovel lone,
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,
Sweet as the voice of singing bird;
Her hand been open in distress;
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought
To know her inmost earnest thought,
With look as of the seraphim,
" I only strive to follow Him."





Sarah K. Bolton

Creeds change as ages come and go;
We see by faith, but little know:
Perchance the sense was not so dim,
To her who "strode to follow Him."

RIGHT.

The hours are growing shorter for the millions who
are toiling,
And the homes are growing better for the mil-
lions yet to be;
And the poor shall learn the lesson, how that waste
and sin are spoiling
The fairest and the finest of a grand humanity.
It is coming! it is coming! and men's thoughts are
growing deeper;
They are giving of their millions as they never
gave before;
They are learning the new Gospel; man must be
his brother's keeper,
And right, not might, shall triumph, and the
selfish rule no more.

—*The New Era.*

GIRLHOOD.

A day in June; a fair and girlish face,
Fresh as the roses which she sits among,
Bending, half listless, o'er a bit of lace,
With all life's song unsung.

—*A Picture.*

CLOUDS.

Ah! life is changeful as summer clouds;
Some black for mourning, some white for shrouds;
Yet tenderly, often God's face shines through
The stormy sky, like a bit of blue.

—*A Bit of Blue Sky.*

SORROW.

He only sings for coming years
Who mixes, with his gladness, tears.

—*The Human Harp.*

AMBITION.

Look beyond, and cease repining,
For the sun is always shining
On the heights.

—*On the Heights.*

AFTERGLOW.

When lo! the west grew red again,
With tender sunlight overflow;
And mantled every hill and plain
With the sweet, dreamy afterglow,
And joy came back; that peaceful thought
That fills the soul at soft twilight;
That hour when God from chaos wrought
The miracle of day and night.

—*The Afterglow.*

RICHARD CRASHAW.

RICHARD CRASHAW, now nearly two and a half centuries dead, was scarcely known to general readers of poetry until the middle of the present century, when in a few anthologies he was appreciatively, but inadequately, represented. His poems ran through several editions during his lifetime, and were reprinted in 1652 and 1670, after which no issue appeared until they were included in the bulky collections of Chalmers and Anderson (1793-1810), with the exception of the selection made by Peregrine Phillips, published in 1785. Dr. Johnson did not include Crashaw in his "Lives of the Poets," though he included the lives of much inferior poets in that work. Pope appreciated Crashaw, but his higher qualities seem to have been unperceived or ignored by the author of "The Dunciad." He said of him that "he was none of the worst versifiers;" and considered his best pieces to be "the paraphrase of Psalm xxiii, On Lessius, Epitaph on Mr. Ashton, Wishes to his supposed Mistress, and Dies Irae." What can be said of such judgment in the face of such glorious poems as "Music's Duel," "Sospetto d' Herode," "To the Name above every name," "Hymn to St. Teresa," "Psalm cxxxvii," "To the Morning," etc.?

Crashaw's verse is marked by some of the highest qualities of poetry. He has strong affinities to two of our great nineteenth-century poets; he has the rich imagination and sensuousness of Keats, and the subtlety of thought and exquisite lyrical flow of Shelley.

Crashaw is essentially a sacred poet, and, compared with George Herbert, is his superior, judged from the purely poetic standpoint. Herbert is, in a limited degree, a popular poet; Crashaw is not, and has never been so. One of the reasons for this is (probably) the taste for artificial poetry of the school of Waller, Dryden, Pope, etc., during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The fact of his being a Catholic would also deter many readers from studying his works; but, poetical thought now being wider, and religious intolerance almost a thing of the past, it may be hoped that Crashaw will soon receive the recognition which is his due.

The text of the following selections follows that adopted and amended from original sources by Rev. A. B. Grosart in his complete edition of Crashaw's Works in "The Fuller Worthies' Library," but the spelling has been modernized.

J. R. T.

MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now Westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of Noon's high glory, when hard by the streams

Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet Lute's-master, in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighboring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their Syren — harmless Syren she!)
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:
The man perceived his rival, and her art;
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it in a sweet *præludium*
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charged with a flying touch: and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each
string

A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that; then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He amazed
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety.
Strains higher yet; that tickled with rare art
The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (Moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too

She gives him back; her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short, thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys
float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring; the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie,
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot, whence in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboreth
In that sweet soil; it seems a holy quire
Founded to the name of great Apollo's lyre,
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft-anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay,
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing Day!
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train.
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of War's hoarse
bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's Enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
In the Musician's face; yet once again
(Mistress) I come; now reach a strain my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute;
Or tune a song of victory to me,

Or to thyself, sing thine own obsequy:
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire, he flings
 And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings.
 The sweet-lipp'd sisters, musically frightened,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted,
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath: which married to his lyre
 Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self
 look higher.
 From this to that, from that to this he flies.
 Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries;
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spread,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
 Those paths of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch,
 By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
 In shrill-tongued accents: striving to be single.
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
 Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus,
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
 Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies.
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies: here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone;
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In Music's ravish'd soul, he dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their Master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
 Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high
 In the empyrean of pure harmony.
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety, attending on
 His fingers' fairest revolution
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
 A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
 This done, he lists what she would say to this,
 And she, (although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,) Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
 Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul!) she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one

Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone;
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.
 She dies: and leaves her life the Victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute; O, fit to have
 (That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON, A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.

THE modest front of this small floor,
 Believe me, Reader, can say more
 Than many a braver marble can;
Here lies a truly honest man.
 One whose conscience was a thing,
 That troubled neither Church nor King.
 One of those few that in this town,
 Honor all Preachers, hear their own.
 Sermons he heard, yet not so many
 As left no time to practice any.
 He heard them rev'rently, and then
 His practice preach'd them o'er again.
 His Parlor-Sermons rather were
 Those to the eye, than to the ear.
 His prayers took their price and strength,
 Not from the loudness, nor the length.
 He was a Protestant at home,
 Not only in despite of Rome.
 He loved his Father; yet his zeal
 Tore not off his Mother's veil.
 To th' Church he did allow her dress,
 True Beauty, to true Holiness.
 Peace, which he loved in life, did lend
 Her hand to bring him to his end.
 When Age and Death call'd for the score
 No surfeits were to reckon for.
 Death tore not — therefore — but sans strife
 Gently untwined his thread of life.
 What remains then, but that thou
 Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow,
 And by his fair example's light,
 Burn in thy imitation bright.
 So while these lines can but bequeath
 A life perhaps unto his death;
 His better Epitaph shall be,
 His life still kept alive in thee.

TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray! O, rather say,
 One went to brag, th' other to pray.
 One stands up close, and treads on high,
 Where th' other dares not send his eye.
 One nearer to God's altar trod;
 The other to the altar's God.

—*Divine Epigrams.*

CHRIST.

He saw how, in that blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heaven-rebukèd shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amazed the midnight world, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not. Mad with spite
He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the Babe, Whose birth
Was the great business both of Heaven and
Earth.

—Satan.

CRUELTY.

Fourth of the cursèd knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assist the execution.
But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:
And while the black souls boil in their own
gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seethe
o'er.

—*Sospetto d' Herode.*

SLEEP.

Now had the Night's companion from her den,
Where all the busy day she close doth lie,
With her soft wing wiped from the brows of men
Day's sweat; and by a gentle tyranny
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tamed the rebellious eye
Of Sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a Lethæan band.

—Ibid.

MAGDALENE.

O cheeks! Beds of chaste loves,
By your own showers seasonably dashed.
Eyes! Nests of milky doves,
In your own wells decently washed.
O wit of Love! that thus could place
Fountain and garden in one face.

—*St. Mary Magdalene, or The Weeper.*

HOPE.

Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where nor what we be,
But what and where we would be. Thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.
Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!
Fear's antidote! a wise and well-stay'd fire!
Temper 'twixt chill Despair, and torrid Joy!
Queen regent in young Love's minority!

—Hope.

UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD.

Here, where our Lord once laid His head,
Now the grave lies buried.

—*Divine Epigrams.*

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops (yet all her house and land)
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand.
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave,
The other cast away; she only gave.

—Ibid.

BUT NOW THEY HAVE SEEN AND HATED.

Seen? and yet hated Thee? they did not see,
They saw Thee not, that saw and hated Thee:
No, no, they saw Thee not, O Life, O Love,
Who saw aught in Thee that their hate could move.

—Ibid.

DESTINY.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me.

—Wishes.

AURORA.

O in that morning of my shame! when I
Lay folded up in Sleep's captivity,
How at the sight didst thou draw back thine eyes
Into thy modest veil! how didst thou rise
Twice dyed in thine own blushes! and didst run
To draw the curtains, and awake the Sun!

—*To The Morning.*

MORN.

I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom Morn,
Heir of the Sun's first beams.

—Ibid.

HAPPINESS.

A happy soul, that all the way
To Heaven, hath a Summer's day?
—*In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.*

EPICRITICISM:

UPON FORD'S TWO TRAGEDIES, "LOVE'S SACRIFICE"
AND "THE BROKEN HEART."

Thou cheat'st us, Ford; mak'st one seem two by art.
What is Love's Sacrifice but The Broken Heart?

GIVE TO CÆSAR—AND TO GOD.

All we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt;
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are.
All is God's; and yet 'tis true
All we have is Cæsar's too.
All is Cæsar's; and what odds,
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE year 1860 is notable as the birth-year of at least three of the younger poets of America, all of whom are now familiarly known to readers of the verse of our day, and who gained the public ear at not far from the same time: Charles G. D. Roberts, Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard. Clinton Scollard, the youngest of the trio by a few months was born in the village of Clinton, Oneida County, New York, September 18, 1860. His father, Dr. James J. Scollard, has been for many years a physician of note in that locality and still in middle life remains in the active practice of his profession besides being connected with many of the leading business interests in that region. Clinton, his only son, was educated at private schools in his native town and after passing four years successfully at Hamilton College in the same place, was graduated from that institution in 1881. Like most boys with literary leanings, he wrote more or less indifferent verse and prose during his later years at school and in his college course. His father seems hardly to have approved of these early efforts, but his mother encouraged him by her intelligent sympathy, criticising freely and praising where praise could fairly be given. Little of this first work has been preserved. A certain ease of rhyming was its most noteworthy characteristic as it is a pronounced feature of his later work.

For a year or two after leaving college Mr. Scollard was engaged as a teacher of elocution in a school in Brooklyn, New York, and then, his health becoming uncertain, he spent some time in travel in California and Florida. During these few years he wrote much in verse, and in December, 1884, published a collection of a number of his poems with the title, "Pictures in Song." This book could not be called a strong one, but showed promise and was pleasantly noticed by the reviewers.

In October, 1884, Mr. Scollard removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was for two years a graduate student at Harvard University, devoting his attention while there mainly to purely literary courses of study. During these years he wrote largely and his verse appeared in periodical literature with increasing frequency. "With Reed and Lyre," his second book, was published in September, 1886, and met with favorable attention in many quarters. The latter half of 1886 was spent by Mr. Scollard in European travel, and returning in January, 1887, he conducted classes in literature in Boston and Cambridge. A second trip to Europe was made by him in July of the same year. In September, 1888, he was appointed assistant professor of rhetoric and literature at Hamilton College, a position he now holds. "Old and New World Lyrics," his third volume, appeared in November, 1888.

O. F. A.

A SNOWFLAKE IN MAY.

I SAW a snowflake in the air
When smiling May had decked the year,
And then 't was gone, I knew not where,—
I saw a snowflake in the air,
And thought perchance an angel's prayer
Had fallen from some starry sphere;
I saw a snowflake in the air
When smiling May had decked the year.

A TWILIGHT PIECE.

I STRAYED from the bower of the roses as the dusk
of the day drew on,
From the purple palm-tree closes where the crim-
son cactus shone;
Along the sycamore alley and up through the town
I strode,
Nor paused where the gay groups dally at curves
of the wide white road.
And I came to an pathway climbing through an
olive orchard gray,
As the last faint bells were chiming in a chapel far
away.
Only the stir of the lizard in the long sparse grass
I heard,
And the wind, like an unseen wizard, with its
mystical whispered word.
But at last I broke from the glooming of boughs,
and the darkling place,
And beheld tall warders looming o'er a wide and
lonely space:—
Old cypress trees intoning a chant that was weird
and low,
And as sad as the ghostly moaning from the lips
of the Long-aggo.
Here many a time at the margin of day, ere the
bats grew brave,
Had I seen the low sun sink large in the dip of
the western wave;
Seen the hues of the magical painter flush half of
the sky's broad zone,
And then grow fainter and fainter till the flowers
of the night were blown,
Enrapt by the drowsy quiet, I sank on the turf,
and long
I yearned for the rhythmic riot of the night-bird's
soaring song:
A song that should pulse and thrill me, and tides
of the heart unbar,
A song that should surge and fill me with thoughts
of a clime afar;
For I felt the passionate sadness of the mourner
who may not weep,

And turned to the bird's wild gladness as the weary turn toward sleep.
 Then it came, ah! it came with a rushing and ripple of notes that poured
 Like a mountain rillet gushing from a rock-fount, pebble-floored;
 And I soared with the song's swift soaring, and I fled with the song's swift flow,
 From that land of the sun's adoring to a land of storm and snow;
 From the home of the rose and laurel, from the olive slopes and the vines,
 To hills where the mad winds quarrel in the supple tops of pines.
 And I said, "enough of the languor, enough of the dreamful ease,
 With never a sound of anger from the slumberous sapphire seas!
 Give me the din of the battle of turbulent life once more,—
 The clangor, the stress, the rattle, on the new world's strenuous shore;
 The hearts I love and that love me, and the frank, free, trustful eyes,
 And the blue of the skies above me, the blue of my own dear skies!"
 A moment the strains waxed stronger, then died;— no, it might not be;
 I knew I must linger longer by the strange sweet southern sea;
 Linger and con from the stories of those who had left life's ways,
 Linger and glean from the glories of the hallowed and haloed days.
 But a moment more I tarried till the sovran moon rose up,
 And the land and the heaven were married by the wine from its gold-bright cup;
 Then I swiftly downward wended, and was glad once more to be
 Where the laughter clear ascended by the shore of the siren sea.
 Ah! the lone heart, backward turning, though fair be the skies that dome,
 Must sometimes feel a yearning for the happy hills of home.

IN LATE NOVEMBER.

I WALKED afield one morn in late November,
 The sun was hidden and the air was chill;
 And not a sumach showed a glowing ember
 Along the windy summit of the hill;
 No lordly linden showered its gold above the swollen rill.

I listened long to catch a bird-note falling
 From out the sombre spaces of the sky,
 And only heard a grim rook hoarsely calling
 As toward the woodland he went wheeling by;
 The sere marsh rushes seemed to breathe an echo to my sigh.

When last I strayed this self-same pathway over
 How every breeze was palpitant with song!
 The grass I trod was white with foamy clover,
 And bees went darting by, a burdened throng:
 Now all was drear and desolate the whole wide vale along.

Where is the promise of the re-awaking?
 I thought, as one that o'er dead joyance grieves
 Some lingering springtide symbol sweetly making
 A link between the reaped and unsown sheaves:
 When lo, a violet still in bloom amid the withered leaves!

THE CATACOMBS.

An eddying speck the swallow flies,
 The morn is full of fragrant breath,
 Yet, dark and dank beneath, there lies
 A charnel-house of death.

Spring comes, and straightway at her smiles
 The wide Campagna bursts in bloom;
 But naught again to life beguiles
 The grave's black hecatomb.

And yet the fairest flowers have birth
 In mould and darkness and decay;
 And here the faith that rings the earth
 Flowered into endless day.

MOONRISE AT MONTEREY.

ALL through the sultry evening hours
 The fluctuant tide's soft swell was heard,
 And to the cadence sang a bird
 Amid the bright acacia flowers.

A bat zigzagged across the night,
 And in the dark the spiders spun
 Their webs, that would, at rise of sun,
 Be little silvery paths of light.

Clear notes of song dropped down the air,
 Well-rounded, perfect pearls of sound;
 A star sprang eastward, and was drowned
 In outer ether, none knew where.

Then, as o'er Latmian leas of yore
She rose to greet Endymion,
Full-orbed and fair the moon outshone
Above the wide Pacific shore.

IN DARKNESS.

In dreary, ceaseless monotone
The raindrops fall;
The wind makes intermittent moan
In tree-tops tall.

No traveier braves the murky night,
Nor beast nor bird.
Together huddle, as in fright,
The shivering herd.

Within a room where watchers weep
A maiden lies,
The seal of everlasting sleep
Upon her eyes.

Beyond the billow's briny crest
The day is born.
Her lover there, hope in his breast,
Smiles on the morn.

WILD COREOPSIS.

A SEA of blossoms, golden as the glow
Of morning sunlight on a wind-rocked bay.
Beneath the breeze of this rare autumn day
Heaves in soft undulation to and fro;
Like incense, floating o'er the marsh below,
Come fragrant odors of the late-mown hay:
Beyond, in harmony of green and gray,
The tapering tamaracks tower in stately row.

And wading through the shimmering waves with
song
Upon his lips, a fair-haired youth I see,
Who swings off the saffron blossom-bells:
Back roll the years,—a melancholy throng,—
And I behold, in sea-girt Sicily,
Theocritus amid the asphodels!

PERPETUITY.

Last night a mighty poet passed away:
"Who now will sing our songs?" men cried at
morn.
Faint hearts, fear not! Somewhere, though far
away,
At that same hour another bard was born.
—Quatrains.

THE SNOWDROP.

You ask why Spring's fair first-born flower is
white:
Peering from out the warm earth long ago,
It saw above its head great drifts of snow,
And blanched with fright.

—*Ibid.*

A WINTER THOUGHT.

Athwart chill skies, as gray as steel,
The winter's barbed arrows dart;
Yet none will house regret who feel
Perennial summer in the heart.

—*Ibid.*

HER EYES.

Her eyes are like unfathomable lakes
When brightly o'er them morning radiance breaks,
And yet the mariner had best beware,
For many valiant hearts lie shipwrecked there!

—*Ibid.*

FLORENCE.

How great her gifts! her open heart
Has yielded much to bless mankind,
And in her bosom still we find
A precious treasure-house of art.

—*Fiesole.*

NIGHT.

Swift comes the dusk, prophetic of the stars,
And then the stars with their inviolate arc
Of peaceful beams.

—*Baalbec.*

HAPPINESS.

The overflow
Of joy and peace that her heart had known
In the calm sweet days that were fleet to go.
—*The Crucifix.*

GRASS.

My heart is glad with life, and yet
These emerald spears that gently wave
(Alas! why can I not forget?)
Will one day nod above my grave!

—*Grass.*

POMONA.

So when the door of dawn grew aureate,
And broken was the dim night's peaceful hush
By harvesters uprisen to greet the morn,
They knew Pomona had passed by in state,
For on the apples was a rosier blush,
And on the grapes a richer lustre born.

—*Pomona.*

HEART.

"Her heart the tear a holy angel shed,"
And lo! he smiled, and smiling passed away.
—*Into a Dream Came Love.*

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS was born on January 10th, 1860, at the old parsonage of Douglas, a parish on the east side of the St. John River, only a few miles above Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick. His father, the Rev. G. G. Roberts, had been appointed rector of the parish soon after his marriage with Emma W. Bliss, one of that Loyalist family which traces its descent through a line of lawyers back to the Rev. Daniel Bliss, Emerson's progenitor and the first pastor of Concord. In less than a year after the birth of their son, Mr. Roberts was transferred to Westcock, in Westmoreland County. Here, in that charmed land of wind and meadows and dikes and seafaring folk, which has lent its enchantment of flying color and bending grass to "In the Afternoon," "Tantramar Revisited" and many another bit of inspired realism,—

"the long strong wind, thro' the lonesome
Golden afternoon"

blew rough and blithe under the youngster's hair. "Inspired realism," indeed, is only a make-shift term. There is a quality in these poems and their fellows, which teaches everyday things, pasture lands and fishing boats and the common work of men, and enables them,—sets them in their higher more subtle relations with the beauty and sweep and pathos of those shadows on the face of Nature which man calls life and death.

In 1874 Mr. Roberts, *père*, again removed his family, this time to Fredericton, where he undertook the responsibilities of the rectorship whose duties he continues to discharge, with an unfailing kindness, with a thorough goodness and gentleness of heart that have secured a large share of love among his townsmen. Mr. Roberts, *poet*, entered the College School in that town, upon a two years' course of preparation for college. His only teacher up to this time had been his father; he now passed into the hands of Mr. George N. Parkin, head master of the school (whose predecessor, by the way, was Dr. Roberts, Professor Roberts' grandfather) a teacher of remarkable quickening power, whose ideas on English public school life and on "The Reorganization of the British Empire" we have just been reading in *The Century*. Roberts remained at this school until 1876. In that year he won the silver medal of the school for proficiency in classics, and matriculated at the University of New Brunswick, also in Fredericton. Here he won a Classical Scholarship at the end of his freshman year, a gold medal for Latin prose at the end of his second year, and graduated with honors in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in June, 1879. At the end of his summer vacation after graduation he was placed in charge of the grammar school at Chatham, N. B. In the summer

of 1880, Roberts's first volume, "Orion and Other Poems," was published. Towards the end of the same year, on December 29th, Mr. Roberts was married to Mary Isabel Fenety, daughter of George E. Fenety, Esq., of Fredericton.

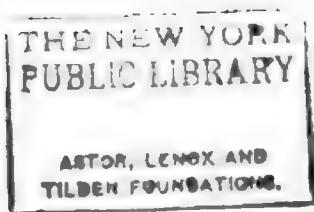
In 1881 Prof. Roberts received the degree of M. A. from his Alma Mater, and in 1882 was appointed master of one of the public schools in this "Shad-owy town of the tall elm trees," a position he retained for a little more than a year. In December of the same year, 1883, *The Week* was started in Toronto, Ont.—a new departure in Canadian journalism, whose subsequent unqualified success in work of a high grade gives interest to the fact that Roberts was its first editor. His connection with it, however, was not a long one; and in 1885 he was called to the chair of English and French in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he now lives. His second volume of verse, "In Divers Tones," appeared in the first months of 1887. "Poems of Wild Life," edited by him has just been added to the series of Canterbury Poets, and a college text-book of Shelley's "Alastor and Adonais," with critical introduction and notes, will soon be in press.

Not to speak of the original work of Professor Roberts, it is safe to say that his marked success as a teacher is due to an unwavering and strongly individualized energy of purpose, coupled with wide sympathy and an unusually inspiriting enthusiasm for literature, and directing a penetrating critical faculty. He is a strenuous lover of his native land, (one almost says, of his native soil,) sturdy, virile, patriotic, easy of approach, a good friend, and (if one may venture a hazarded opinion) but an indifferent enemy. It is upon the loyal, uncompromising and unquestioning patriotism of such men that Canada,—the true Canada, mindful of her history, loving her heroes, keeping faith with the greatness of her destiny, rests her bid for fame and honor among the Nations.

B. C.

TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

WHITE as fleeces blown across the hollow heaven,
Fold on fold thy garment wraps thy shining
limbs;
Deep thy gaze as morning's flamed thro' vapors
riven,
Bright thine hair as day's that up the ether
swims.
Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
Beauty, might, and splendor of the soul of song;
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is
strong;
Surely I have heard
The ample silence stirred



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Charles G.W. Roberts

By intensest music from no throat of bird:—
Smitten down before thy feet
From the paths of heaven sweet,
Lowly I await the song upon my lips conferred.

THE FLIGHT

SHE rose in the night and fled;
Such a night there was never another.
And her small hands showed they red?
What need! It is cleanly to smother.
In warm arms sleeps the young wife,
And he fondles her,—“Love! my life!”—
Ha! ha! but the child lies dead—
Sweet dreams to you, father and mother!

Her hair streams out on the wind,
The tree-tops wail and mutter,
The dry leaves patter behind,
And before the gray bats flutter;
Three crows are hastening after,—
But whence is that flying laughter?
She knows not, following blind,
Nor heeds what the voices utter.

Down the long, moonlighted glades,
Where the pale ghosts moan and shiver,
Through writhen, poisonous shades,
Where the night-shades heavily quiver;
Where the reeking hollows are mute
She treads down the toad and the newt,
And thro' hemlock, sweet when love fades,
She hastens, and rests not ever.

Shun yon thicket of grass!—
A body lies there forgotten.
Strange it should come to pass
Before the body is rotten.
They have crushed his head with a stone—
“Ha! ha! I am not alone.”
And she flies; while up the morass
Roll the night-mists swamp-begotten.

Her light feet scale the crags
Where the wild-goat scarce could follow,
And never her swift flight flags
Till she reaches a yawn-mouthed hollow
Where a goodly company feast—
Of man, and devil, and beast,
And by torch-light revel the hags,
And the beasts they grovel and wallow.

She comes among them by night,
Her long hair over her falling,
Her white feet torn in her flight,

And they gather around her brawling.
They shriek, they applaud, they groan,—
“Lady, we welcome our own.
Come and feast, thou hast won the right,—
To wake him will need much calling.”

AMORIS VINCULA.

SUBTLER than all sorceries
This tender breath upon mine eyes;
Surer than steel, though soft as air,
These fetters of caressing hair;
Yet they gall not me, nor smart,
Heart-fast to a girlish heart.

Wakes upon the quiet night
Clamor of strife of might and right,
And bears unto a girlish ear
Vague messages of pain and fear,
And girlish arms more close enlace
To shield me in their weak embrace.

Ah, I too had girded me
And stood among the strong and free,—
Had struck, and shrunk not, for the right,
Amid the red death of the fight,—
Had fought and won, or fallen with them
That wear the hero's diadem.

I even now were smiting strong
In the front ranks, to smite the wrong,
But a girlish voice saith nay,—
Bids me stay, and I must stay.
Let Freedom rise, or faint, or fall,
Here is my faith, my fame, my all.

RAIN.

SHARP drives the rain, sharp drives the endless rain.
The rain-winds wake and wander, lift and blow.
The slow smoke-wreaths of vapor to and fro
Wave, and unweave, and gather and build again.
Over the far gray reaches of the plain—
Gray miles on miles my passionate thought must
go.—

I strain my sight, grown dim with gazing so,
Pressing my face against the streaming pane.

How the rain beats! Ah God, if love had power
To voice its utmost yearning, even tho'
Thro' time and bitter distance, not in vain,
Surely Her heart would hear me at this hour,
Look thro' the years, and see! But would She
know
The white face pressed against the streaming
pane?

IN SEPTEMBER.

THIS windy, bright September afternoon
My heart is wide awake, yet full of dreams.
The air, alive with hushed confusion, teems
With scent of grain-fields, and a mystic rune,
Foreboding of the fall of Summer soon,
Keeps swelling and subsiding; till there seems
O'er all the world of valleys, hills, and streams,
Only the wind's inexplicable tune.

My heart is full of dreams, yet wide awake.
I lie and watch the topmost tossing boughs
Of tall elms, pale against the vaulted blue;
But even now some yellowing branches shake,
Some hue of death the living green endows:
If beauty flies, fain would I vanish too.

A BREATHING TIME.

HERE is a breathing time, and rest for a little season.
Here have I drained deep draughts out of the
springs of life.
Here, as of old, while still unacquainted with toil
and faintness,
Stretched are my veins with strength, fearless my
heart and at peace.
I have come back from the crowd, the blinding
strife and the tumult,
Pain, and the shadow of pain, sorrow in silence en-
dured;
Fighting, at last I have fallen, and sought the
breast of the Mother,—
Quite cast down I have crept close to the broad
sweet earth.
Lo, out of failure triumph! Renewed the wav-
ing courage,
Tense the unstrung nerves, steadfast the faltering
knees!
Weary no more, nor faint, nor grieved at heart,
nor despairing,
Hushed in the earth's green lap, lulled to slumber
and dreams!

SOLITUDE.

The solitude's evading harmony
Mingled remotely over sea and land.

— *Ariadne.*

FULFILMENT.

And each compelling beauty that excites
A yearning shall fulfil its own desire.

— *Ibid.*

POETRY.

Oh, poets bewailing your hapless lot,
That ye may not in Nature your whole heart
steep,

Know that the wealth of the poet's thought
Is sweet to win, but bitter to keep.

— *Ballad of the Poet's Thought.*

DROWSIHOOD.

Breather of honeyed breath upon my face!
Teller of balmy tales! Weaver of dreams!
Sweet conjurer of palpitating gleams
And peopled shadows trooping into place
In purple streams
Between the drooped lid and the drowsy eye!
Moth-winged seducer, dusky-soft and brown,
Of bubble gifts and bodiless minstrelsy
Lavish enough! Of rest the restful crown!
At whose behest are closed the lips that sigh,
And weary heads lie down.

— *Ode to Drowsihood.*

CANADA.

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow.—
How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!
How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?
The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

— *Canada.*

CHANGE.

Summers and summers have come, and gone with
the flight of the swallow;
Sunshine and thunder have been, storm, and win-
ter, and frost;
Many and many a sorrow has all but died from
remembrance,
Many a dream of joy fall'n in the shadow of
pain.
Hands of chance and change have marred, or
moulded, or broken,
Busy with spirit or flesh, all I most have adored;
Even the bosom of Earth is strewn with heavier
shadows,—
Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea, no
change!

— *The Tantramar Revisited.*

JUVENILE POEMS.

A HYMN.

(Written at the age of eleven.)

ALMIGHTY Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors fly:
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn.
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead woe,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God.
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids his vengeance rise:
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE QUIET LIFE.

(Written when the author was about twelve years of age.)

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

A SONG.

(Written before the author was fourteen years old.)

How sweet I roamed from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his garden fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings are wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TO HELEN.

(Written at the age of fourteen.)

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nican barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche from the region which
Are Holy Land!

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

(Published in a volume at the age of seventeen, written some years earlier.)

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds;

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw,
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale.
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

FRAGMENT.

(Written at the age of fourteen.)
HARK! the owl flaps his wings
In the pathless dell beneath!
Hark! 'tis the night-raven sings
Tidings of approaching death!
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FROM THE EMBARGO.

(Written at the age of thirteen.)

E'EN while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Misled with falsehood and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride!
She blows her brazen trump, and at the sound
A motley throng, obedient, flock around;
A mist of changing hue around she flings,
And Darkness perches on her dragon wings!

Oh, might some patriot rise the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish — for, hark, the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed!
Enter and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
While in their midst their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud and flourishes his hands,
To adulation tones his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

RIPE GRAIN.

(Published at the age of twelve.)

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from pain!
He, who ordained that work should cease,
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,—
The high, celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

DORA READ GOODALE.

THE ECHO.

FROM "CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS."

(Written at the age of twelve.)

"OH! what hath caused my killing miseries?"
"EYES," Echo said. "What hath detained my ease?"
"EASE," straight the reasonable nymph replies.
"That nothing can my troubled mind appease?"
"PEACE," Echo answers. "What, is any nigh?"
Philetus said. She quickly utters, "I."
"Is't Echo answers? tell me then thy will;"
"I WILL," she said. "What shall I get," says he,
"By loving still?" To which she answers, "ILL."
"ILL! Shall I void of wish'd-for pleasures die?"
"I." "Shall not I, who toil in ceaseless pain,
Some pleasure know?" "No," she replies again.
"False and inconstant nymph, thou lyest!" said he;
"THOU LYEST," she said, "And I deserved her hate,
If I should thee believe." "BELIEVE," saith she.
"For why? thy idle words are of no weight."
"WEIGHT," she answers. "Therefore I'll depart."
To which resounding Echo answers, "PART."

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SINGLE POEMS.

THE POET.

He walks with God upon the hills!
And sees, each morn the world arise
New-bathed in light of paradise.
He hears the laughter of her rills,
Her melodies of many voices,
And greets her while his heart rejoices.
She, to his spirit undefiled,
Makes answer as a little child;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secrets to his hands.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

THE MYSTERY.

I saw a wonderful light—
Watching the midnight sky—
Leap suddenly into the voiceless dark,
And as suddenly die.

Was it a golden lance,
Into the silence hurled
By the spirit of air? a new-born star?
Or the wreck of a world?

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

WAITING.

SERENE I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care I for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless
thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars;
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require far grander a thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and
shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

MARY T. LATHROP.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along.
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And some one, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's old and poor and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

MARY D. BRINE.

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.

A WEE bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin through the
street,
Wadin' 'mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain;
Wha's the puir wee callan? he's a drunkard's rag-
git wean.

He stands at ilka door, an' he keeks wi' wistful' e'e,
To see the crowd aroun' the fire a' laughin' loud
wi' glee,
But he daurna venture ben, though his heart be
e'er sae fain,
For he maunna play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's
raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco' fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's droukit through
and through,
He's peerin' for his mither, an' he wun'ers whaur
she's gane,
But oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit
wean.

He ken's nae faither's love, an' he kens nae mith-
er's care,
To sooth his wee bit sorrows, or kame his tautit
hair,
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed
at e'en.
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's
raggit wean.

Oh pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae young,
The oath that lea's the faither's lip 'll settle on his
tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his infant lips
'll stain,
For oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunk-
ard's raggit wean.

Then surely we might try an' turn that sinfu' mith-
er's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup, an' never
taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care, their puir wee
raggit wean.

JAMES P. CRAWFORD.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:

Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold,
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me.
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

THE TAPESTRY-WEAVERS.

I.

LET US TAKE TO OUR HEARTS A LESSON—NO BRAVER LESSON CAN BE,
From the ways of the tapestry-weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,—
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvellous skill is learned.
Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost,

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

II.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic web is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.
But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.
And when the work is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall say to him, "Well done!"
And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him thence, shall come down;
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin, but a glowing crown!

ANSON G. CHESTER.

A SONG.

A SONG for the girl I love—
God love her!

A SONG for the eyes of tender shine,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tendril gold;
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin,
And the little dimples out and in—

The girl I love—
God love her!

A song for the girl I loved—
God love her!

A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white;
The quiet brow with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark hair drooped in a long, deep dream;
The small hands crossed for their churchyard rest,
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast.

The girl I loved—
God love her!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

KNEE DEEP.

THEY are calling "knee deep! knee deep!" to-night
in the marsh below,
Down by the bank, where the rank swordgrass and
calamus grow;
Like an army of silversmiths, forging bells for the
northern sprites,
And, keeping time to a rhyme, they work thro' the
summer nights.
Steadily up from their swampy forge, the sparks
of the fireflies rise
In the pool where the wading lilies make love
through half-shut eyes
To the whippoorwill who scolds, like a shrew, at
the fluffy owl!
While the nighthawk shuffles by, like a monk in a
velvet cowl,
And the bat weaves inky west, thro' the white star-
beams that peep
Down through the cypress boughs, where the frogs
all sing "knee deep."

I have known a song to lead a failing elderly man
like me
Back thro' the gates of the years, to the scenes that
used to be,
When the world was fenced from Heaven by one
rose hedge, and thro'
This bourne the blessed angels looked, and the
asphodel odors blew.
So these syllables of the song, from the singers
among the reeds,
Have made me to walk again, knee deep, in the
clover meads,
And I see the storm king riding the summer clouds
in state,
With his chariot whip of livid flame, and his thun-
der billingsgate;
And I watch the strong tawny tide, through the
flags like a lion creep,
Where the frightened inhabitants cling to the rushes,
and sing "knee deep."

Knee deep I bend in the rippled creek, with butter-
cup blooms o'erblown,
Like the gold on beauty's billowy breast, its color
half-hid, half-shown;
Knee deep in the saffron marigold flowers, that
prank the meadows fair
Like a procession of Saxon children, blue-eyed and
with yellow hair;
Knee deep in the whortleberries, sunbrowned in
the sun I stand,

With my torn straw hat half filled, and a quail's
nest in my hand;
Knee deep in the topaz chestnut leaves, I rustle to-
ward the place
Where the pert and upright rabbit sits, washing
her innocent face.
Song of the quivering culms and osiers! I am wad-
ing again in truth,
Knee deep in the stream of Memory that flows
from the land of youth.

ROBERT MC INTYRE.

CAPRICE AT HOME.

No, I will not say good-by—
Not good-by, nor anything.
He is gone. . . . I wonder why
Lilacs are not sweet this spring?—
How that tiresome bird will sing!

I might follow him and say
Just that he forgot to kiss
Baby, when he went away.
Everything I want I miss.
Oh, a precious world is this!

. . . . What if night came and not he?
Something might mislead his feet.
Does the moon rise late? Ah me!
There are things that he might meet,
Now the rain begins to beat:

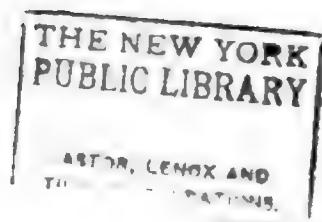
So it will be dark. The bell?
Some one some one loves is dead,
Were it he — I cannot tell
Half the fretful words I said
Half the fretful tears I shed.

Dead? And but to think of death;
Men might bring him through the gate;
Lips that have not any breath,
Eyes that stare — And I must wait!
Is it time, or is it late?

I was wrong, and wrong, and wrong;
I will tell him, oh, be sure!
If the heavens are builded strong,
Love shall therein be secure;
Love like mine shall there endure.

. . . Listen, listen — that is he!
I'll not speak to him, I say,
If he chose to say to me,
"I was all to blame to-day;
Sweet, forgive me," why — I may!

Mrs. S. M. B. PIATT.



TWO.

(From the Portuguese.)

How does a woman love? Once, no more,
Though life forever its loss deplore;
Deep in sorrow or deep in sin,
One king reigneth her heart within.
One alone, by night and day,
Moves her spirit to curse or pray.
One voice only can call her soul
Back from the grasp of death's control;
Though loves beset her, or friends deride,
Yea, when she smileth another's bride,
Still for her master her life makes moan,
Once is forever, and once alone.

How does a man love? Once for all,
The sweetest voices of life may call,
Sorrow daunt him, or death dismay,
Joy's red roses bedeck his way;
Fortune smile, or jest, or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down,
Loss betray him, or love delight,
Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake,
Though souls may madden, or weak hearts break,
Better than wife, or child, or self,
Once and forever, he loves—himself.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE DYING SWAN.

I.

The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

II.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

III.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow; at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soothng reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

RIPE WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noted a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places at her feet;
What cross was hers, what blackness of night;
We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the field of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some gathered grain of good,

From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go
Not only with blossoms sweet,—
Not bent with doubt and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat.

ELIZA O. PEIRSON.

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory,
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men instead of nursing pride
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,
If more relied
On Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife,
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it,—
If Talent shone
In Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together to restore it,—
If Right made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

M. H. CORN

HELEN OF TROY.

LONG years ago he bore to a land beyond the sea,
To a city fair and stately, that renowned must
ever be
Through all ages yet to follow, for the light shed
there by me.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

They have told me not a roof-tree nor a wall
standing now,
That o'erthrown is the great altar, where ten
thousand once did bow,
While on high to Aphrodite rose the solemn hymn
and vow.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

Do they deem thus the story of my life will pass
away?
Troy betrayed, and all who loved me slain upon
that fatal day,
Shall but make the memory of me evermore with
men to stay.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

Fools! to dream that time can ever make the tale
of Troy grow old;
Buried now is every hero, and the grass green o'er
the mold.
But of her they fought and died for, every age
shall yet be told.
I am Helen; where is Troy?

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

AFTER THE FALL OF TROY.

TROY has fallen; and never will be
War like the war that was waged for me.
Could I but have those ten years back again
With the love, and the glory, the pleasure like pain,
The clash of arms, and the din of the fight,
The feasting and music, the color and light
Yet, mixed with it all, there sounded to me
Ever a moan from the far-off sea.

There still remains this for all time to be:
The war of the world was fought for me.
Give them no pity who died for me there,
Men can never more die for a face so fair.
And what does it matter that now they lie,
Quiet and silent beneath the sky?
Remember that none evermore can be
Back for those years in Troy with me.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

Cash prizes to the amount of Three Hundred Dollars will be awarded by the Publisher to the persons who will name the author of the greatest number of the Prize Quotations. Rules for Competitors may be found on another page.

1.

Not deep the poet sees, but wide.

2.

The poet in his vigil hears
Time flowing through the night—
A mighty stream, absorbing tears,
And bearing down delight:
There, resting on his bank of thought
He listens, till his soul
The voices of the waves has caught,
The meaning of their roll.

3.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end of all things,—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

4.

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart with pity!

5.

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,—
In men whom men pronounced divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two where God does not."

6.

Thus much, no more we know;
He bade what is be so,
Bade light be and bade night be, one by one;
Bade hope and fear, bade ill
And good redeem and kill,
Till all men be aweary of the sun
And this world burn in its own flame
And bear no witness longer of his name.

7.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

8.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?

At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech restrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

9.

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

10.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

11.

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!
This path — how soft to pace!
This May — what magic weather.

12.

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust out-lasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius.

13.

O God! make free
This barren shackled earth, so deadly cold —
Breathe gently forth thy spring, till winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
While she performs her 'customed charities;
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare,—
O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop, and
sweet air!

14.

O Fame! on thy pillar so steady,
Some dupes watch beneath thee in vain:—
How many have done it already!
How many will do it again.

15.

If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.

16.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

17.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter
in the sun;
The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse to
fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes
of all.

18.

Ye sow the air's barren desert with your tongues,
And reap confusion and revolt of friends.

19.

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant;
Life have we loved, through green leaf and through
sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent;
The Earth and Heaven through countless year on
year,
Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair,
Hung round about a little room, where play
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.

20.

But the beating of my own heart,
Was all the sound I heard.

21.

"Traveller, what lies over the hill?
Traveller tell to me:
Tiptoe-high on the window-sill
Over I cannot see."

22.

One sells his soul; another squanders it;
The first buys up the world, the second starves.

23.

Still to fools the fleeting pleasure
Buys the lasting pain.

24.

See! what a treasure rare I hold with fingers aglow!
—'T is full of the bright
Subdued sunlight
Which shone in the scented hair
Of a maiden I once held fair;
And I puzzle my brains to know
If the heart of the beautiful girl
Hath kept the light of the Long Ago,
As long as the yellow curl?

25.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulted past;

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

26.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

27.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had bless'd one's life with true believing.
Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'er takes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

28.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
Or woods and sleepy mountains yield.

29.

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn;
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

30.

I loved thee, beautiful and kind
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'T were perjury to love thee now.

31.

To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning
The beacon; its magic still lures;
For up there you discoursed about Browning,
That stupid old Browning of yours.
His vogue and his verse are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due;
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

32.

Wish no word unspoken, want no look away!
What if words were but mistake, and looks — too
sudden, say!
Be unjust for once, Love! Bear it — well I may!
Do me justice always? Bid my heart — their
shrine —
Tender back its store of gifts, old looks and words
of thine
— Oh, so all unjust — the less deserved, the more
divine?

33.

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
 The most are gone now; here and there one
 lingers:
 Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
 Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

34.

When I was young there seemed to be
 No pleasure in the world for me;
 My fellows found it everywhere,
 Was none so poor but had his share—
 They took mine, too!

35.

Time was and is, and ever yet shall be.
 He sets his royal seal on all we see.
 Where'er we go his record we must take,
 When in the light of full eternity
 Where days and years are lost, our souls awake.

36.

"Farewell!" I thought, it is the earth's one speech:
 All human voices the sad chorus swell:
 Though mighty love to heaven's high gate may
 reach,
 Yet must he say, "Farewell!"

37.

Only a woman knows a woman's need.

38.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family thread you can't ascend
 Without good reason to apprehend,
 You'll find it waxed at the farther end
 By some plebeian vocation!
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine
 That plagued some worthy relation!

39.

Thus it is all over the earth;
 That which we call the fairest,
 And prize for its surpassing worth,
 Is always rarest.

40.

A flower on the highway-side. Enjoy its grace;
 But turn not from thy road, nor slacken pace!

41.

The past is Past; survey its course no more;
 Henceforth our glasses sweep the further shore.

42.

A comedy so warm,
 So pitiful, that, let those laugh who can,
 / weep.

43.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

44.

We never can overdo the luck that can never be.

45.

God who takes, like God who gives,
 Is God the same—
 All glory to his name!
 So if he gives or if he takes
 It still is for our sakes.

46.

. . . There is but one
 Love-story in this withered world, forsooth;
 And it is brief, and ends, where it began
 (What if I tell, in play, the dreary truth?),
 With something we call Youth.

47.

She leans to man — but just to hear
 The praise he whispers in her ear,
 Herself, not him, she holdeth dear.

48.

Honor no second place for truth can keep.

49.

Our earliest longings prophecy the man,
 Our fullest wisdom still enfolds the child;
 And in my life I trace that larger plan
 Whereby at last all things are reconciled.

50.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their
 subtle suggestion is fairer;
 Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that
 clasps it is rarer;
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that
 precedes it is sweeter;
 And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning
 outmastered the metre.

51.

As dyed in blood, the streaming vines appear,
 While long and low the wind about them grieves;
 The heart of Autumn must have broken here,
 And poured its treasures out upon the leaves.

52.

Oh sweet it is when hope's white arms are wreathing
 Necks bowed with sorrow, as they droop forlorn!
 But ah! the imperishable pathos breathing
 About those dead whom we no longer mourn!

53.

We are the music makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
 And sitting by desolate streams;—

World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

54

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knows only too well how long that can seem.
But, it's never to-day which the spirit breaks,
It's the darkened future without a gleam.

55.

I have seen
The gray gorse bushes in their flowering time;
I know the scent of bean-fields; I have heard
The satisfying murmur of the main.

56.

God's prophets of the beautiful.

57.

They leave all hope behind who enter there:
One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
One anodyne for torture and despair;
The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretched hand to promptly
render
That draught whose slumber nothing can
bereave.

58.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own;
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

59.

Hearts that are great are always lone,
They never will manifest their best;
Their greatest greatness is unknown—
Earth knows a little, God the rest.

60.

Ah me! how regally the heavens look down,
O'ershadowing beautiful autumnal woods,
And harvest-fields with hoarded incense brown.
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,
To swell the purple pomp that floateth by!

61.

True worth is in being, not seeming.—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

62.

Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare teach.
To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place;
And brightest is their glory's sheen,
For greater has their labor been.

63.

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

64.

His rhyme the poet flings at all men's feet,
And whoso will may trample on his rhymes.
Should Time let die that's true and sweet
The singer's loss were more than match'd by
Time's.

65.

Love laid down his golden head
On his mother's knee:
"The world runs round so fast"—he said
"None has time for me."
Thought, a sage unhonored, turn'd
From the on-rushing crew;
Song her starry legend spurn'd;
Art her glass down threw.
Roll on, blind world! upon thy track
Until thy wheels catch fire:
For that is gone which comes not back
To seller nor to buyer.

66.

I never could find
A suitable friction
To frenzy my mind.
What use are empirics?
No gas on their shelf
Can make one spout lyrics
In spite of oneself!

67.

I, who know it, think upon it,
Not unhappy, tho' in tears,
And I gather in a sonnet
All the glory of the years:
And I kiss and clasp a shadow
When the substance disappears.

68.

Truths half drawn from Nature's breast,
Through subtlest types of form and tone,
Outweigh what man at most hath guessed,
While heeding his own heart alone.

CURRENT POEMS.

THE VOICE OF A STAR.

DARK night her tent once more unfurled, on Power's first-century home,
Upon the marble heart of the world — the great, grand city of Rome.
And hushed at last were the chariot-tires, and still the sandalled feet,
And dimmed the palace window-fires, on many a noble street;
And to a roof a maiden came, with eyes as angels love,
And looked up at the spheres of flame that softly gleamed above.

She gazed at them with a misty eye, and spoke, in accents sad:
"O tell me, gold-birds of the sky! if ever a voice you had,
Is Justice dull from a palsy-stroke, and deaf, as well as blind?
Else why must e'er the heaviest yoke be placed on woman kind?
Why should the solace of man's heart be oft his meanest slave?
Why is her life e'er torn apart, by those she has toiled to save?

"Why should the mould of the human race be crushed and thrown away,
Whenever it lacks the outward grace that woos the stronger clay?
Why must the mothers of men be bought and sold like beasts that die?
Why are they scourged for little or nought, and barred of all reply?
Why are we women of Rome e'er told that we should happy be,
Because not kept like flocks in fold, as those across the sea?

"Have we no heart? Have we no mind? Must not our conscience speak?
Say, must our souls be dumb or blind, because our hands are weak?
Must we be ever the laughing-stock of men's fond, fickle heart?
Were we but born for Fate to mock — to play a menial part?
Must all our triumphs be a lie — our joys in fetters clad?

O tell me, gold-birds of the sky — if ever a voice you had!"

Then from the East, a new, bright star, flashed to her flashing eye,
And seemed to speak to her from afar, with soft and kind reply:

"Why weep, fair maid, upon the eve of victory's coming morn?

It is o'er strange, for one to grieve, whose champion's to be born!

To-morrow, a new king appears, with dimpled, mighty hand,
And He shall rule a million years, o'er many a kingly land.

"His mother a queen the world will see, whose reign doth e'en endure;

All women shall His sisters be, whose ways are just and pure;

A woman's fault shall not be her death, by men or angels seen;

Repentance, and His God-strewn breath, shall grandly step between.

A woman's fame, by merit won, shall add to her queenly grace,

And higher, as the years march on, shall be her destined place.

"And four great words the world shall see, enwoven with man's life:

Mother and sister two shall be — and two be daughter and wife.

It shall be felt that she whose care the lamp of thrift makes burn,

Can take with him an equal share of all their lives may earn;

That she whose soft and healing hand can soothe, with blessing bright,

Is no less great, and true, and grand, than he who leads the fight."

Like one who through the woods may grope till light comes to his eyes,

The maiden thrilled with new-born hope, and seized the glad surprise;

The voice of the star she understood; its glorious meaning knew;

And all her dreams of woman's good, seemed likely to come true.

And when again the twilight gray was brightened by the morn,

Within a manger far away, the infant Christ was born.

WILL CARLETON.

— *Ladies' Home Journal, December, 1888.*

WHAT LOVE IS.

LOVE is the centre and circumference;
 The cause and aim of all things — 'tis the key
 To joy and sorrow, and the recompense
 For all the ills that have been, or may be.

 Love is as bitter as the dregs of sin,
 As sweet as clover-honey in its cell;
 Love is the password whereby souls get in
 To Heaven — the gate that leads, sometimes,
 to Hell.

 Love is the crown that glorifies; the curse
 That brands and burdens; it is life and death.
 It is the great law of the universe;
 And nothing can exist without its breath.

 Love is the impulse which directs the world,
 And all things know it and obey its power.
 Man, in the maelstrom of his passions whirled;
 The bee that takes the pollen to the flower;

 The earth, uplifting her bare, pulsing breast
 To fervent kisses of the amorous sun;—
 Each but obeys creative Love's behest,
 Which everywhere instinctively is done.

 Love is the only thing that pays for birth,
 Or makes death welcome. Oh, dear God above
 This beautiful but sad, perplexing earth,
 Pity the hearts that know — or know not — Love.
 ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
—America, June 23, 1888.

LOVE AND CHANGE.

'Tis said the heart in absence fonder grows,
 Increasing still in tenderness and truth;
 Till it is welded close to other hearts,
 As bark is welded to the growing tree.
 And I, believing this, and deeming thee,
 Faithful as throbbing pulse and teeming brain
 Unto the law of life, didst go away,
 A little absence — months, or was it days?
 A passing from this room to that, a space
 'Twixt end and start of chapter, breathing time,
 'Twixt sentences. And thou didst change
 As changes still the ever-moving vane,
 Obedient to naught save ceaseless change.
 And this thy love; the love that to me seemed
 Fixed as a granite range of hills on hills
 Uplifted heavenward, as thought of thee,
 Within my soul was lifted; this sweet love
 I held as iron wrought on iron; welded true,
 With heat and strength and steady clanging blows,

This love I thought immutable as law,
 Sublime as universal order; true
 As Godward instinct in the finite mind;
 This love has faltered, faded, colder grown,
 Than winter twilight when the sun goes down.
 Loving thee I've changed not, nor can change.
 The love I gave thee, now thy love is cold,
 Shivers, a starv'ling child, within a home
 With broken casement and dismantled door.
 And I am bankrupt, for the love I gave
 Thee was my all. High, the measure heaped,
 Was shaken and heaped high again; all
 Unto thee given; and from love and thee
 Nothing withheld. So trusting thee, I went,
 And for a space remained; nor did fear
 Foreshadow evil. Craven doubt concealed
 His face from love. What matter? Time might
 send
 His shuttle through the web. And year on year
 Roll into cycles. Changes come to all.
 To all save love.
 What sayest thou? Even love
 Can change? does change? a moment hold, until
 I grasp thy meaning. So to thee sweet love
 May vacillate and falter; may grow cold,
 Skulk like a brute to cover; wilt like a vine
 O'er-sapped and rank; worthless to withstand
 A breath of winter.
 A lie, in very truth;
 A lie to say love changes. False as the lips
 That utter vows from which the heart holds back;
 False as the courage which shall loose a grip
 Once taken. False as the hand that strikes not
 When blows are needed. False as the tongue
 That holds back speech from others' wrong; the
 heart
 That leaves its trust unfilled, its faith unkept;
 Its truth uncleaned, like grainless wheat.
 'Tis thou who changest, *thou*. Love changes not,
 Nor can it change. If to thee steadfast love
 Doth wear a changeable face, thou ne'er hast seen
 His face. Thou know'st him not, nor canst.
 It is thyself thou seest, thine own image pale,
 Reflected in a pool whose lowest depth
 Were plumbed by a finger.

'Tis the law
 That love should be immutable. For love,
 Is heat and light and omnipresent force,
 It binds the universe; the power is,
 That regulates the worlds in space. 'Tis all
 Omnipotence condensed into a word.
 Can law change, or truth?

No more can love;
 For as the body, soul, and sphere are one,
 So they are one. Love vitalizes law,

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

And quickens truth. It is the breath of life
Within the nostrils of created things.
If love could fail, the universal flow
Of order through ten million, million worlds
Would cease. And for the deep enduring calm
Of steadfastness and truth would chaos come.
All things would die; perish to nothingness;
Resolve to elemental forces from which love,
Creative love hath formed them. Then
Would silence be and emptiness and void.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

—*New Jerusalem Magazine, August, 1888.*

HER COMPANY.

WHEN ma died I wuz only jest
Fourteen, but older than the rest.
'Twuz new-year day she went away
An' left an achin' in my breast.
It seemed so cheerless like to me
Without my mother's company.

Says pa, "They's no one I kin get
Kin do as well as you, Janet."
So school an' fun fer me wuz done,
An' still I managed not to fret.
The young ones thrived, and as fer me,
I'd Jim and work fer company.

Poor Jim wuz lame, an' that wuz why
I always had him settin' by.
His lovin' ways made glad the days,
Till all at once he had to die.
The neighbors they wuz glad fer me—
But how I missed his company!

I worked along; the children dear,
They married off, from year to year.
An' one cold night, at candle-light,
Says pa, "It's purty lonesome here,
An' new-year you shall have," says he,
"A nice, new ma fer company!"

He laughed an' set an' talked awhile;
But as fer me, I couldn't smile.
An' all night long my tears run down
As I lay rasslin' with my trial.
I wisht that I, like Jim, could be
In my dead mother's company.

It's odd how things turns out; next day
In walked our neighbor, Zenas Gray.
My eyes wuz red, an' Zenas said:
"Janet, ben cryin'? What's to pay?"
"Oh, nothin' much," says I. Says he,
"I reckon you need company."

An' after that he ust to come
An' cheer me up if I was glum.
An' when he went I'd feel content,
An' work an' sing, or set an' hum.
The empty house, it seemed to me,
Wuz full of his good company.

An' every thought of ma an' Jim
Would somehow make me think of him.
It brought relief to bygone grief
An' filled my heart up to the brim,
Especial when he offered me
Himself for stiddy company.

An' now, with hope in by-an'-by,
As new-year time is drawin' nigh,
The tears I shed fer them that's dead
Ain't sech as when I ust to cry.
I only trust that they kin see
How I enjoy my company.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

—*Judge, January 5, 1888.*

THE RIVALS, AT FORTRESS MONROE.

OH, what shall I do with them both?
What a puzzle it is to decide,
Since I know that I really am loath
To send either away from my side!
If one were but ugly or small,
That one I would gladly resign;
But they both are so handsome and tall,
And the buttons of both — how they shine!

I met Tom at West Point in June,
The night of the graduates' ball.
Then there was Crow's Nest and the moon —
How well I remember it all!
We walked through those shadowy lands
As if in a dream or a spell;
And here he is, home from the plains,
Where, they say, he has done very well.

He has fought in an Indian fight,
And received a slight scratch on his hand;
He has been "on a trail" day and night;
He has grown very earnest — and tanned.
He doesn't like men of the sea,
Though the squadron is frequently here;
And he's asking such questions of me!
And he lives in a casemate — how queer!

But at Newport that very same year
I met Jack on the *Richmond*, and then
I forgot Tom, a little, I fear.
Brass buttons were gleaming again,

And the music was simply divine,
The broad deck was polished and white,
And the great cannon stood there in line,
And we danced and we danced—what a night!

And suddenly now Jack appears;
His ship's here at Fortress Monroe.
But he's ordered abroad for three years;
And the things that the man wants to know!
But I question my heart all in vain:
Two voices are calling to me,
And one is like wind from the plain,
And one has the breath of the sea.

Shall Neptune reign over my life,
Or shall Mars, fiery Mars, be my guide?
When the gods war there really is strife.
And I cannot, I cannot decide.
Each man has asked almost with tears—
More eloquent far than his speech—
If I'd wait for the space of three years,
So—I'm wearing a button for each!

BESSIE CHANDLER.

—*Harper's Bazaar*, January 19, 1889.

IMEROS.

My heart a haunted manor is, where Time
Has tumbled noiselessly with mouldering hands:
At sunset ghosts troop out in sudden bands,
At noon 'tis vacant as a house of crime:

But when, unseen as sound, the night-winds climb
The higher keys with their unstilled demands,
It wakes to memories of other lands,
And thrills with echoes of enchanted rhyme.

Then, through the dreams and hopes of earlier
years,

A fall of phantom footsteps on the stair
Approaches near, and ever nearer yet.
A voice rings through my life's deserted ways:
I turn to greet thee, Love. The empty air
Holds but the spectre of my own regret.

EDGAR SALTUS.

—*Lippincott's Magazine*, December, 1888.

THE PILOT'S WIFE.

"The moon shines out, with here and there a star,
But furious cloud-ranks storm both stars and
moon.
The mad sea drums upon the harbor-bar.
Will the tide slacken soon?

O Sea, that took'st my youngest, wilt thou spare?"
—And the Sea answered through the black night-air,
"I took thy youngest. Shall I spare to-night?"

"The thundering breakers sweep and slash the
sands;
To westward, lo! one line of cream-white foam;
I raise to darkling heaven my helpless hands,
I watch within the home.

O Sea, that took'st my eldest, wilt thou save?"
—And the Sea answered as from out a grave,
"I slew thine eldest son for my delight."

"The giant waves plunge o'er the shingly beach;
The tawny mane! great lines of the sea,
With pitiless roar howl down all human speech.
Is God far off from me?

O Sea that slewest my sons, mine husband spare!
The Sea's wild laughter shook and rent the air!
—Lo! on the beach a drown'd face deadly white

GEORGE BARLOW.

—*Belgravia*.

SEAWARD.

The sight of ships, the rolling sea,
The changing wind to sing for me;
The moon-bound tide, a crimson west,
Wherein the royal sun at rest
Rides like a golden argosy

With mastlike rays in cloud-sails dressed —
A voyager on an endless quest,
Whose farewell fills with majesty
The sight of ships.

Like prisoner struggling to be free,
Out of the mountain land I flee.
Again I see the heaving breast
Of ocean, where the petrel nest,
And there across the sandy lea,

The sight of ships.

THOMAS P. CONANT.

—*Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1888.

CHARITY.

A REGGAR died last night; his soul
Went up to God and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive it Lord;
I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven
 "Son, how can this thing be?
 Are not My saints on earth? and they
 Had surely succored thee."

"Thy sainis, O Lord," the beggar said
 "Live holy lives of prayer;
 How shall they know of such as we!
 We perish unaware.

"They strive to save our wicked souls,
 And fit them for the sky;
 Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,
 (Forgive!) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of Heaven
 In wrath and angry pain:
 "O men, for whom my Son hath died,
 My Son hath lived in vain!"

ARTHUR SYMONS.

—*The Woman's World.*

IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW.

Ere country ways had turned to street,
 And long ere we were born.
 A lad and lass would chance to meet,
 And often she'd neglect her task,
 The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
 The cowslips nodded gay,
 And he would look, and she would look,
 And both would look away.
 Yet each—and this is so absurd—
 Would dream about the other.
 And she would never breathe a word
 To that good dame her mother.
 Our girls are wiser now.
 'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
 Extremely strange, you must allow;
 Dear me! how modes and customs change!
 It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
 Would rearrange her hair,
 And ponder long before the glass
 Which bow she ought to wear;
 "Why do you blush like that?"
 And seldom care to chat,
 And make her mother frown, and ask,
 "Why do you blush like that?"
 And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
 That mead with cowslips yellow,
 Down which she'd met a week ago
 That stupid, staring fellow.
 Our girls are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
 Extremely strange, you must allow.
 Dear me! how modes and customs change!
 It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
 He'd hardly close an eye,
 And look so woe-begone and sad,
 He'd make his mother cry.
 "He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!"
 My boy so blithe and brave,
 Last night I found him writing verse
 About a lonely grave!"
 And lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
 With laugh, and song, and caper;
 And there!—she'd find a golden lock
 Wrapped up in tissue paper.
 Our boys are wiser now.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

—*Good Words.*

IN BOHEMIA.

I CAME between the glad green hills,
 Whereon the summer sunshine lay,
 And all the world was young that day,
 As when the Spring's soft laughter thrills
 The pulses of the waking May:
 You were alive; yet scarce I knew
 The world was glad, because of you.

I came between the sad green hills,
 Whereon the summer twilight lay,
 And all the world was old that day,
 And hoary age forgets the thrills
 That woke the pulse of the May:
 And you were dead—how well I knew
 The world was sad because of you.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

—*Scribner's Magazine, January, 1889.*

A LYRIC.

If any one can tell you
 How my song is wrought
 And my melodies are caught,
 I will give, not sell you,
 The secret, if there be one
 (For I could never see one),
 How my songs are wrought.

Like the blowing of the wind,
 Or the flowing of the stream,
 Is the music in my mind,
 And the voice in my dream,—
 Where many things appear,
 The dimple, the tear,

And the pageant of the Year,
But nothing that is clear,
At Even and Morn
Where sadness is gladness
And sorrow unforlorn,
For there Song is born.
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

—*The Century Magazine, December, 1888.*

AT A READING.

THE spare Professor, grave and bald,
Began his paper. It was called,
I think, "A Brief Historic Glance
At Russia, Germany and France."
A glance, but to my best belief
'Twas almost anything but brief —
A wide survey, in which the earth
Was seen before mankind had birth;
Strange monsters basked them in the sun,
Behemoth, armored glyptodon,
And in the dawn's unpracticed ray
The transient dodo winged its way;
Then, by degrees, through slit and slough,
We reached Berlin — I don't know how.
The good professor's monotone
Had turned me into senseless stone
Instanter, but that near me sat
Hypatia in her new spring hat,
Blue-eyed, intent, with lips whose bloom
Lighted the heavy-curtained room.
Hypatia — ah, what lovely things
Are fashioned out of eighteen springs —
At first, in sums of this amount,
The eighteen winters do not count.
Just as my eyes were growing dim
With heaviness, I saw that slim,
Erect, elastic figure there,
Like a pond-lily taking air.
She looked so fresh, so wise, so neat,
So altogether crisp and sweet,
I quite forgot what Bismarck said,
And why the Emperor shook his head,
And how it was Von Moltke's frown
Cost France another frontier town.
The only facts I took away
From the Professor's theme that day
Were these: a forehead broad and low,
Such as the antique sculptures show;
A chin to Greek perfection true;
Eyes of Astarté's tender blue;
A high complexion without fleck
Or flaw, and curls about her neck.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

—*Harper's Magazine, December, 1888.*

NOTES.

GILDER. "The New Day, a Poem in Songs and Sonnets," bears copyright of 1875, 1880, 1885 and 1887. "The Celestial Passion," 1878, 1885 and 1887. "Lyrics," 1878, 1885 and 1887. - Important corrections were made in the text in each edition.

HOUGHTON. "Courage" was originally published in *Scribner's Magazine*.

IBID. Mr. Houghton recently resigned the editorship of *The Hub*, to accept a like position in connection with *Varnish*, published monthly in New York.

MARTIN. In a letter to a friend Mr. Martin says: "During an autumn walk in South Wales, I noticed a leafless thorn in a hedge by the roadside made gay with the berries of the briony, and I composed the little song during my walk. I wrote "Apple Blossoms" with perhaps greater rapidity than any poem of mine. I was staying at a farm-house in Herefordshire in the spring, surrounded with apple-orchards. My hostess told me that in the previous spring her daughter had been married, and she described the freedom with which they used apple blossoms for the decoration and adornment of the bride and the bridesmaids the church and the wedding-table. I was greatly pleased, and thought it most fitting and proper in an apple county like Herefordshire. The next morning when I entered the breakfast room, I found the table decorated with apple blossoms, a large old-fashioned China punch-bowl standing in the centre piled up with the most delicious blossoms. The sun was shining into the room, the orchard, ablaze with color, could be seen in the distance; the subtle sweet odor surrounded me. I took a sheet of paper, and during my pleasant meal wrote the little poem as you find it, and my breakfast and it were finished together."

O'REILLY. Many of the "Songs of the Southern Seas," were republished in "Songs, Legends and Ballads."

ABREY. The poems of Henry Abbey bear copyright 1866, 1869, 1872, 1879, 1880 and 1885. "Faith's Vista" is from a recent number of the *American Magazine*.

BROTHERTON. "A Song of Fleeting Love" is from *The Century Magazine* for May, 1888.

CHATTERTON. Such precocity of genius was never perhaps before witnessed. We have the poems of Pope and Cowley written, one at twelve (at least the first draft), and the other at fifteen

years of age, but both were inferior to the verses of Chatterton at eleven.

BLAKE. From a lack of early discipline to some extent may be ascribed the premature development of the marvelous imaginative faculty of Blake—his somewhat powerful self-assertive spirit—and his early dalliance with the muses; for he was scarcely out of the years of infancy before he began to write verse. "A Song" is one of the best lyrics of its kind in the English language. A. S.

POE. For airiness, brightness, and suggestiveness, we have only a very few lyrics like "A Song" by William Blake; but it is remarkable that one of those few was also produced by another "marvelous boy" at about the same age. A. S.

COLBRITH. From *The Century Magazine*, December, 1885.

LAIGHTON. From *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1879.

BURROUGHS. "Waiting" is the only poem by John Burroughs in print. It was written in 1862, and printed in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine* during the brief revival under the management of a Mr. Cornwallis. The poem seems to have attracted no attention until Whittier put it in his collection of "Songs of Three Centuries," since which time it has been included in many collections published in this country and in England.

LATHROP. The authorship of "A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question" is often attributed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and also to Adelaide Proctor. To a correspondent the author says: "I am surprised at the interest in my little poem written originally as a pat amusement to a real valentine, written to a real girl friend, by a real bachelor. All the parties are still alive, and that the poem is mine is beyond a chance of doubt. It was not written for publication, and it did not see the light for several years after its writing. It was first published in the Washington, Arkansas, *Post*, my brother, Colonel James Torrants, then being owner and editor of the paper. From that time it has often gone through the papers, rarely with proper credit. The title under which I published it was, "A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question," not "A Woman's Question."

BRINE. "Somebody's Mother" was conceived while the author was riding on a Brooklyn street-car one very snowy day, some few years ago, when she saw an old and poor woman at a street crossing. The woman was afraid to stir owing to the ice and the carts and crowd. A number of boys passing at the time laughed at her, and went on without offering to assist her. It was first published

in *Harper's Weekly*, and has been since copied, by actual count of each appearance, over eight hundred times. Gus Williams, the actor, recited it during his presentation of "The German Senator." It met with the usual fate of popular poems, and was claimed by several authors.

CRAWFORD. The song, "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," is not a great poetical effort by any means, but it secured a favor with the public, which more elaborate works of art seldom achieve. It is curious to know that the song was composed inside a city U. P. Church one Sunday afternoon, in the September of 1855. It was certainly a daring act of the poet—this sacrifice of a Sunday sermon at the shrine of Poesy; but the words of the sermon very probably fell still-born from the pulpit, while the song, winged with music, has, for a quarter of a century, inculcated lessons of morality in thousands of human hearts, in view of which, the Recording Angel very probably has long since cancelled the poet's neglect of the parson's sermon, by a conclusive *per contra* of — *Fully Paid!*

A. C. M.

BANKS. It was at Harrogate, over the breakfast table, that Mr. Banks wrote his celebrated poem, "What I Live For." It went into the *Family Herald* first, then into his next volume, "Peals from the Belfry" (1853), and since has gone the world over. Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Raleigh, and others have tagged sermons and speeches with a stanza from it, the Chevalier de Chatelain published a French translation, and *The Panama Star and Herald* adopted the three concluding lines as its motto. E. B.

CHESTER. "The Tapestry Weavers" was originally published in *The Century Magazine*. It has been set to music by Rev. T. B. Stephenson of London, England.

LANGBRIDGE. "A Song" first appeared in the *St. James Magazine* some years ago.

MCINTYRE. "Knee Deep" is from *The Current*, Chicago, Ill., July 4, 1885.

PIATT. "Caprice at Home" is from *Appleton's Journal*, July, 1877. N. S. vol. 3, No. 1, page 67.

COOKE. "Two" is from *Good Cheer*, February, 1885.

PEIRSON. "Ripe Wheat" was first published in *Moore's Rural New Yorker* in 1869. Originally published under the author's usual *nom de plume* of "Aliqua," within three weeks we saw it in a country paper, without any recognition of authorship, or any hint of credit, whatever; and ever since then the poem has been as veritable a waif as any we could mention, finding a snug place in numberless newspaper corners, and preaching its little

sermon, of what life and death ought to be, to a large audience. It has been included, also, in several compilations of religious rhyme, and has been repeatedly quoted in obituary columns, with special reference—a touching memorial of fruitful age.

A. A. H.

PEACOCK. "Helen of Troy" was originally published in the London *Spectator*.

MCCLELLAND. Eminent among the literary workers of her state stands Miss Minnie G. McClelland. That she was born out of the ordinary groove, was made plain in her early childhood. The old ancestral home stood for common-school and college in the education of the growing girl. There it began, and there it is still going on, self-directed, broadening, and deepening. She is an intense student, cherishing a keen interest in every department of learning, and has shown a surprising mastery of fresh intellectual gains, by the way in which she weaves them into the fabric of her stories. Long before the publication of "Oblivion" she wrote magazine stories and dialect poems, which compare favorably with the work of her maturer pen. The first of these was written, when very young, under the inspiration of a realistic situation. A chicken-fight over a worm, occurred in her presence one summer morning, as she sat in the yard of the old homestead engaged in the domestic employment of churning. Seizing pencil and paper from a folio beside her, she jotted down with one hand, while continuing her homely occupation with the other, the notes of a negro dialect poem. In addition to her fine intellectual gifts, Miss McClelland possesses a God-given love of humanity. From her youth, she has stood for the defense of the weak and helpless. Sacrifice of personal pleasure for the benefit of others, to her is a privilege rather than a duty. She is a genuine child of nature, cherishing a vehement indignation against all forms of injustice and oppression. With self-forgetful magnanimity she gives her hand to those on the lower step of life's ladder. Socially Miss McClelland has great attractions. Her conversational powers are decidedly fine. Her manner possesses unaffected freshness and charm. She is unconventional to a degree, and wholly devoid of self-consciousness. Like her own Myra Yorke in "Madame Silva," she is "enthusiastic, emotional, intense." In person she is rather tall and slender. When in repose, the expression of her face, as delineated in her picture, becomes introspective and tenderly eloquent of unspoken thought, silencing at once all intrusive remark, which might disturb some beautiful mental creation.

W. R. L. S.

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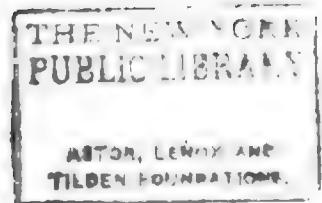
VII. Prizes will be declared March 15, 1890, and all answers should be received by the publisher on or before that date.

VIII. All answers and inquiries concerning them should be addressed, with postage fully prepaid, to the EDITOR OF "PRIZE QUOTATIONS," in care of C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. I.

NO. 2.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

LIKE Whittier and like Charles Dudley Warner, Trowbridge was a farmer's boy, and when he was fourteen years old his father told him that he could turn a furrow as well as any man. He was born in a log cabin, which his father had built eight miles west of the present city of Rochester, N. Y., and his boyhood was spent in farm labor, varied during the winter by attendance at the district school. The site of the city was occupied by one house and a saw-mill, and crossing the Genesee River on the ice, his father had come from the eastern part of the state to wrest a living from the wilderness beyond. The cabin was "rolled" together; not a nail was used in it, and wooden pegs took their place. The floor was of split chestnut logs, and the boards of the sleigh box, laid across poles under the roof, formed a loft. Such was the birthplace of the future poet, humbler even than the cabin by the Doon in which Robert Burns was born. Though primitive, it was not squalid or mean, however; it was pervaded by that simple dignity and refinement which the freedom and hopefulness of American life allow. His father was a man of humor and imagination, and his mother (both parents were natives of New England) was a woman of education and a sensitive temperament. Still it is not to be denied that the conditions were not those which would be chosen as a preparation for that literary career which opened rainbow vistas to the boy while yet very tender and green.

His lessons in school did not interest him, though he found them easy, but he was possessed with a desire to learn French and Latin, and with great difficulty he acquired a knowledge of those languages sufficient to enable him to read works written in them. The pronunciation was another thing. "The grammar gave me no limits as to that, and I did not know anybody who had the slightest acquaintance with the language. But I simplified the matter by pronouncing all words precisely as they were spelled." We can well believe him when he tells us that the result was sometimes incredible. "I couldn't believe," he adds, "that any people really spoke in that way." All the books he could find he read, and no pleasure with him equaled that of reading.

When he was about fourteen he began to make verses while he was at work in the fields with no companions but the steady-going horses at the plow, and in the evening he wrote them down. Some of his friends accused him of copying them out of books, but he silenced his detractors by composing an acrostic on the name of one of them; it did not seem probable that he could have found that in Byron or Pope. At last he got into print. He had written some verses on "The Tomb of Napoleon," and either his father or the schoolmaster sent them to the *Rochester Republican*, in which they appeared. But the glory of the event was tarnished by two untoward circumstances: his school-fellows refused to believe that he had not " cribbed" them, and his hypersensitive mind detected an attempt to extenuate the achievement in the fact that they were ascribed to "A lad of sixteen." Why should his age be mentioned? His wounded feelings revolted against the imputation that they were not good enough for a full-fledged poet, and that indulgence was asked for on account of the youth of the writer. But from this moment, despite the chagrin caused by the reflections upon him, he loved to think that a literary career might be possible for him. He still milked the cows, foddered the cattle and sheep, rode the horses to water and shoveled paths through the snow, but between whiles he was poring over his beloved books and scribbling rhymes. The rainbow vista lost none of its allurements as he drew nearer to it and found that its arches and vistas were open to him. The farm-work became more and more distasteful to him, however, and when his father died he at once availed himself of an opportunity that was offered him to attend a classical school at Lockport, where he began the study of Greek and improved his French and Latin. In Lockport, too, he received the first money that he ever earned by his pen. The *Niagara Courier* offered a copy of Griswold's "Poets of America" for the best-written "New Year's Address of the *Courier* to its Patrons," and Trowbridge "took" the prize. That is to say his verses were declared to be the best, and were issued and distributed. "I shall never forget how well it looked to me with a rising sun for a heading, over the large numerals, 1845!" he says of his poem in a chapter of autobiography,

"and how well it read, too!" But the prize he had won was withheld. Three times he visited the editor's office, and on each occasion he was put off. Waxing wroth under such treatment, he insisted on having satisfaction, and as a last resort he accepted a dollar and a half, which the impecunious editor offered him in lieu of the book. Then he went back to farming, and then became a schoolmaster. But his heart was set on literature, and when he was only nineteen he started for New York with the intention of supporting himself by his pen. It was bread and cheese and an attic for a long time, and even the cheese was scarce now and then. But the haughty and capricious dame, Fame, discovered him at last, and alighting from her carriage one day, she dragged him down stairs from his sky parlor into the sunshine of the street. Trowbridge's work has been divided between verse and pure fiction. As a writer of prose he will be remembered by two or three novels, a group of extremely clever short stories and for more admirable books for boys. There is little danger of contradiction in describing him as the most popular boys' author in America. The natural critic finds him at his best in his poems, in which are blended loftiness of thought, catholicity of sympathy and lyrical simplicity.

W. H. R.

THE SEEKING.

I.

By ways of dreaming and doing,
Man seeks the bourn of the blest;
Youth yearns for the Fortunate Islands,
Age pines for the haven of rest.

And we say to ourselves, "Oh! surely,
Beneath some bluer skies,
Just over our bleak horizon,
The land of our longing lies."

Each seeks some favored pathway,
Secure to him alone;
But every pathway thither
With broken hearts is strown.

II.

The Giver of Sleep breathed also,
Into our clay, the breath
And fire of unrest, to save us
From indolent life in death.

Fair is the opening rose-bud,
And fair the full-blown rose;
And sweet, after rest, is action,
And, after action, repose.

But indolence, like the cow-bird,
That's hatched in an alien nest,

Crowds out the native virtues,
And soon usurps the breast.

Better the endless endeavor,
The strong deed rushing on,
And Happiness that, ere we know her
And name her, smiles and is gone!

III.

We wait for the welling of waters
That never pass the brink;
We pour our lives in the fountain,
But cannot stay to drink.

"To-morrow," says Youthful Ardor,
Twining the vine and the rose,
"I will couch in these braided bowers,
As blithe as the breeze that blows."

"To-morrow," says earnest Manhood,
Yet adding land to land,
"I will walk in the alleys of leisure,
And rest from the work of my hand."

"To-morrow," says Age, still training
The vine to the trembling wall,
Till the Dark sweeps down upon us,
And the Shadow that swallows all.

IV.

Ebb-tide chased by the flood-tide,
Night by the dawn pursued,
And ever contentment hounded
By fresh inquietude!

Not what we have done avails us,
But what we do and are;
We turn from the deed that is setting,
And steer for the rising star.

We may wreck our hearts in the voyage;
But never shall sail or oar,
Nor wind of enchantment, waft us
Nearer the longed-for shore.

In vain each past attainment;
No sooner the port appears
Than the spirit, ever aspiring,
Spreads sail for untried spheres.

Whatever region entices,
Whatever siren sings,
Still onward beckons the phantom
Of unaccomplished things.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
 His shadow lengthens along the land,
 A giant staff in a giant hand;
 In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
 The katydid begins to sing;
 The early dews are falling;—
 Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
 The swallows skim the river's brink;
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes.
 Cheerily calling.
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 Farther, farther, over the hill,
 Faintly calling, calling still,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
 Into the yard the farmer goes,
 With grateful heart, at the close of day;
 Harness and chain are hung away;
 In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
 The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow
 The cooling dews are falling;—
 The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,
 The whinnying mare her master knows,
 When into the yard the farmer goes,
 His cattle calling.—
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 While still the cow-boy, far away,
 Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
 Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
 The cattle come crowding through the gate,
 Lowing, pushing, little and great;
 About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump.
 While the pleasant dews are falling;—
 The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
 And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
 When to her task the milkmaid goes,
 Soothingly calling,
 "So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying "So! so, boss! so! so!"
 To supper at last the farmer goes.
 The apples are pared, the paper read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
 The household sinks to deep repose,
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
 Singing, calling,—
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travellers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp!
 Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!
 Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
 The rogue is growing a little old;
 Five years we've tramped through wind and
 weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And eat and drank — and starved — together.
 We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!).
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
 (This out-door business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, Sir,—I never drink;
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
 Are n't we Roger?—See him wink!—
 Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
 He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
 What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk!
 He understands every word that's said,—
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
 To such a miserable, thankless master!

No, Sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing.
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little—Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!
'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold
your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, Sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You need n't laugh, Sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen HER, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since.—a parson's wife:
'T was better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road: a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on, she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'T was well she died before—Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals or drink;—
The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

She loosed the rivets of the slave;
She likewise lifted woman,
And proved her right to share with man
All labors pure and human.
Women, they say, must yield, obey,
Rear children, dance cotillions;
While this one wrote, she cast the vote
Of unenfranchised millions!

—*The Cabin.*

SIN.

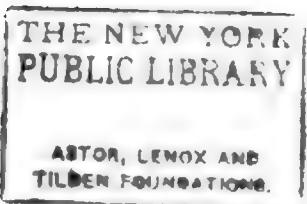
Turn back, turn back; it is not yet too late:
Turn back, O youth! nor seek to expiate
Bad deeds by worse, and save the hand from
shame
By plunging all thy soul into the flame.

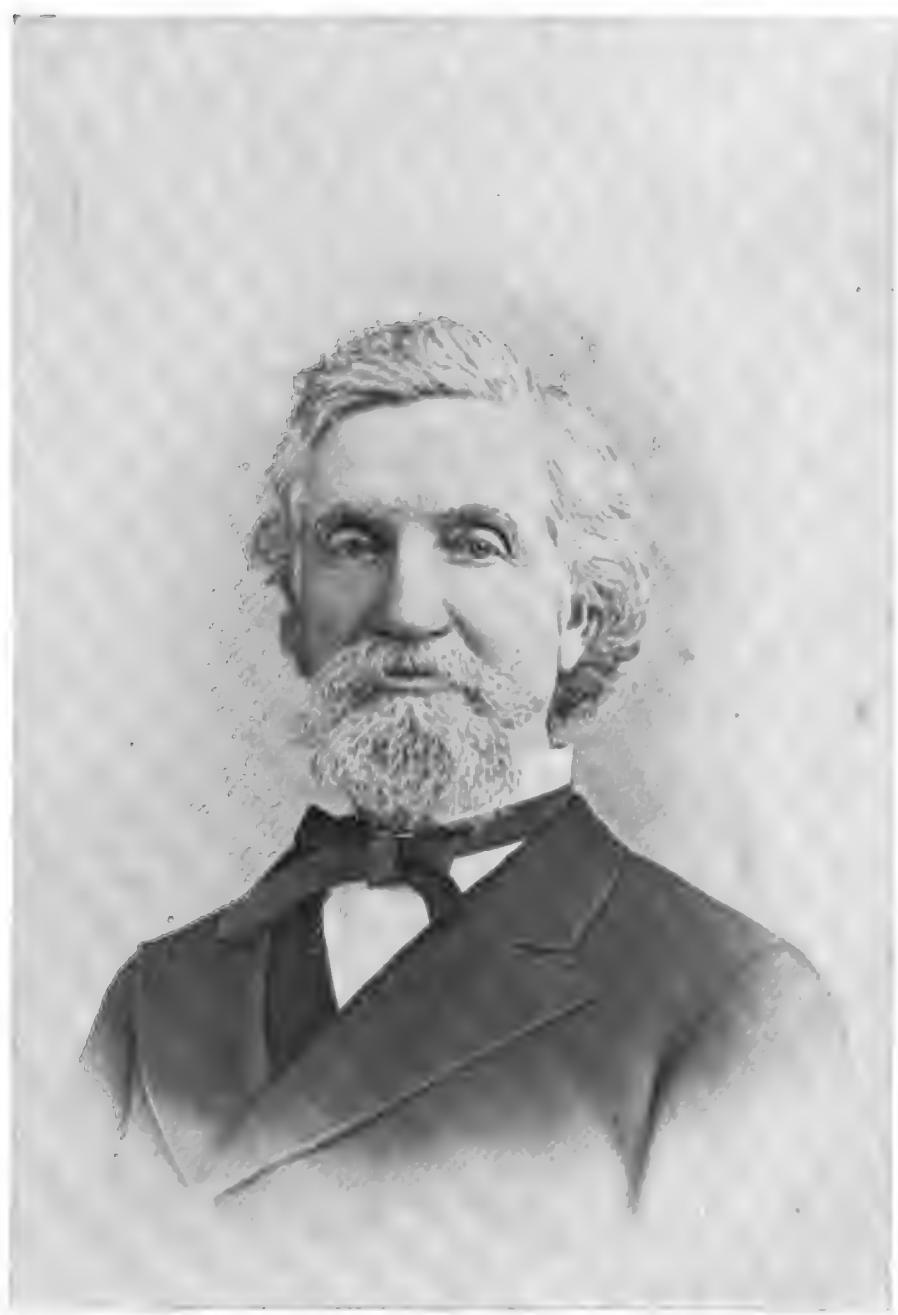
—*The Book of Good.*

TRUTH.

When all is lost, one refuge yet remains,
One sacred solace, after all our pains:
Go lay thy head and weep thy tears, O youth!
Upon the dear maternal breast of Truth.

—*Polid.*





Truly yours,
George Washington

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint,
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him
saint.

—*Quatrains and Epigrams.*

TEMPTATION.

How sweet, till past, then hideous evermore!
Like that false fay the legend tells us of,
That seemed a lovely woman, viewed before,
But, from behind, all hollow, like a trough.

—*Ibid.*

MATERIALIST.

He took a tawny handful from the strand:
"What we can grasp," he said, "we understand,
And nothing more;" when, lo! the laughing sand
Slid swiftly from his vainly clutching hand.

—*Ibid.*

SENSUALIST.

"Live while we live!" he cried; but did not guess,
Fooled by the phantom, Pleasure, how much less
Enjoyment runs in rivers of excess
Than overbrims divine abstemiousness.

—*Ibid.*

AN ODOIOS COMPARISON.

When to my haughty spirit I rehearse
My verse,
Faulty enough it seems; yet sometimes when
I measure it by that of other men,
Why, then —
I see how easily it might be worse.

—*Ibid.*

OCEAN.

Pulse of the world! hoarse sea with heaving
breath,
Swaying some grief's great burden to and fro!
Fierce heart that neither hears nor answereth.
Sounding its own eternal wail of woe!
Punctual as day, unheeding life or death,
Wasting the ribs of earth with ceaseless throes;
Remorseless, strong, resistless, resting never,
The tides come in, the tides come in forever!

—*The Wreck of the Fishing-Boat.*

CULTURE.

And men are polished, through act and speech,
Each by each,
As pebbles are smoothed on the rolling beach.

—*A Home Idyl.*

CHILDHOOD.

Old convulsions of the planet in the new earth
leave their trace,
And the child's heart is an index to the story of
his race.

—*Ancestors.*

LABOR.

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
The blessing lies, and new experience gained;
In daily duties done, hope kept alive,
That Love and Thought are housed and enter-
tained.

—*Twoscore and Ten.*

MOUNTAINS.

As he breathes once more the mountain breeze,
. And looks from the hill-side far away,
Over pasture and fallow and field of hay,
To the hazy peaks of the azure range,
Which change forever, yet never change.

—*Tom's Come Home.*

WOMAN.

Women can do with us what they will:
'Twas only a village girl, but she,
With the flash of a glance, had shown to me
The wretch I was, and the self I still
Might strive to be.

—*Sheriff Thorne.*

TRUTH.

Men call him crazed whose eyes are raised
To look beyond his times;
And they are learnéd, who too fast
Are anchored in the changeless past,
To seek Truth's newer climes!
Yet act thy part, heroic heart!
For only by the strong
Are great and noble deeds achieved; --
No truth was ever yet believed
That had not struggled long.

—*The Story of Columbus.*

PATIENCE.

Learn patience from the lesson'
Though the night be drear and long,
To the darkest sorrow there comes a morrow,
A right to every wrong.

—*The Frozen Harbor*

PEWEE.

For so I found my forest bird,—
The pewee of the loneliest woods,
Sole singer in these solitudes,
Which never robin's whistle stirred,
Where never bluebird's plume intrudes.
Quick darting through the dewy morn,
The redstart trilled his twittering horn,
And vanished in thick boughs: at even,
Like liquid pearls fresh showered from heaven,
The high notes of the lone wood-thrush
Fall on the forest's holy hush:
But thou all day complainest here,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! perr!"

—*The Pewee.*

EDITH M. THOMAS.

IT is very difficult to attempt to define the place which Miss Edith M. Thomas will ultimately fill in the gallery of American poets. She is already a conspicuous figure, and her poems have attracted much attention. Born in Chatham, Medina county, Ohio, of a family of Connecticut settlers, Miss Thomas at an early age developed strong literary proclivities. She was educated at the Normal School in Geneva, Ohio, where most of her life was spent up to eighteen months ago. While at school she contributed several poems of a sentimental nature to the leading Ohio newspapers, which poems were extensively copied by newspapers and magazines throughout the country. Helen Hunt Jackson, who was ever ready to assist the youthful literary aspirant struggling for fame, became very favorably impressed with many of these stray poems. She formed the acquaintance of Miss Thomas whom she introduced to the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Century Magazine* a few years before her death. Until her meeting with Mrs. Jackson, Miss Thomas was almost an unknown quantity, but with the aid and kindly counsel of "H. H." her success was only a question of time. She had the talent and only wanted an opportunity to develop it. Shortly afterwards the *Century Magazine* reprinted a page of her verse. Four years ago she published her first volume of poems entitled "A New Year's Masque and other Poems." The book was at once successful. This volume was so immediately popular that it created a demand for another published work of the author. A year and a half later a series of prose papers entitled "The Round Year" appeared. Then followed, in 1887, another volume of poems—"Lyrics and Sonnets."

Miss Thomas is slight, and of medium height. Her face is an expressive one, and her brow is remarkably handsome. It is full, and indicative of intellectuality. Her hair is naturally curly, and is brushed back from her face with careless grace. In formation her head is very like Helen Hunt Jackson's, and there is a further resemblance to this great woman in her rare conversational gifts. She is modest, retiring and evidently not anxious to be praised. A little over a year ago she came to New York, and took up her residence at the Colonnade Hotel, where she still lives and performs most of her literary work. The demands upon her pen exclude the possibility of much social enjoyment. Her gifts are greater than she herself suspects.

J. W. G.

VALENTINE.

If thou canst make the frost be gone,
And fleet away the snow

(And that thou canst, I trow);
If thou canst make the Spring to dawn,
Hawthorn to put her brav'ry on,
Willow, her weeds of fine green lawn,

Say why thou dost not so—

Aye, aye!

Say why

Thou dost not so!

If thou canst chase the stormy rack,
And bid the soft winds blow
(And that thou canst, I trow);
If thou canst call the thrushes back
To give the groves the songs they lack,
And wake the violet in thy track,—

Say why thou dost not so—

Aye, aye!

Say why

Thou dost not so!

If thou canst make my Winter Spring,
With one word breath'd low
(And that thou canst, I know);
If, in the closure of a ring,
Thou canst to me such treasure bring,
My state shall be above a king,

Say why thou dost not so—

Aye, aye!

Say why

Thou dost not so!

THE STIRRUP CUP.

THIS is vintage of the ages,
Best to cool the fever's rages;
He that drinks it when 't is beading
Hath a quick and happy speeding.

I've known joy, and I've known sorrow,
Care that broods upon the morrow;
I've been trist, and I've been merry,—
"Lackaday," and "hey down derry"!
I've been free, and I've been fettered,—
Fortunes ill, and fortunes bettered;
I've been crafty, I've been simple,
Courted Wisdom, wooed a dimple!
I've known faith, and I've known treason,—
Frost-nipt flowers in summer season;
I've seen feasts and flush cups sparkling,
Guests dispersed and torches darkling;
I've known Love, and ah, the pity!
Heard his knell and funeral dirge:
Hapless seeing, fatal knowing!
Drain the cup, and I'll be going.

In this vintage, stored for ages,
I will pledge the souls of sages,
Princes, heroes, bards, and lovers,
Whom the night of Old Time covers.
I will drink as deep as they did,
See the dreams their eyelids shaded;
I shall find what planets hold them,
What rose-bowers and myrtles fold them;
I shall hear the talk of sages
As they turn immortal pages,—
Hear the shepherd pipes contending
In a tuneful bout unending;
I shall see the dancers swaying,
Lovers in the green wood straying,
Children in the fields a-Maying:
Lovely seeing, happy knowing!
Life, good-by! I would be going!

THE HEART'S CALL.

He rides away at early light,
Amid the tingling frost,
And in the mist that sweeps her sight
His form is quickly lost.

He crosses now the silent stream,
Now skirts the forest drear,
Whose thickets cast a silver gleam
From leafage thin and scar.

Long falls the shadow at his back
(The morning springs before);
His thoughts fly down the shadowed track,
And haunt his cottage-door.

Miles gone, upon a hilltop bare
He draws a sudden rein:
His name, her voice, rings on the air,
Then all is still again!

She sits at home, she speaks no word,
But deeply calls her heart;
And this it is that he has heard,
Though they are miles apart.

A NOCTURN.

I HAVE been an acolyte
In the service of the Night;
Subtile incense I have burned,
Songs of silence I have learned,—
Spirit-uttered antiphon
That from isle to isle doth run
Through the deep cathedral wood.
There she blessed me as I stood,—
There, or in her courts that lie

Open to the gemm'd sky.
Me with starlight she hath crowned,
And with purple wrapped me round,—
Darkling purple, strangely wrought
By the servants of her thought.

Mortal, whosoe'er thou art,
That dost bear a fevered heart,
Hither come and heal'd be:
Night such grace will show to thee,
Thou shalt tread the dewy stubble
Stranger to all fret and trouble,
While bright Hesper leans from heaven
Through the soft, dove-colored even,
While the grass-bird calleth peace
On the fields that have release
From the sickle and the rake.
Happy sigher! thou shalt take
The rich breath of blossomed maize,
As the moist wind smoothly plays
With its misty silks and plumes.
Thou shalt peer through tangled glooms,
Where the fruited briar-rose
Fragrance on thy pathway throws,
And the firefly bears a link;
Where swart bramble-berries drink
Spicy dew, and shall be sweet,
Ripened by to-morrow's heat;
Still, wherever thou dost pass,
Chimes the cricket in the grass;
And the plover's note is heard,—
Moonlight's wild enchanted bird,
Flitting, wakeful and forlorn,
Round the meadows lately shorn.

Wilt thou come, and heal'd be
Of the wounds Day gave to thee?—
Come and dwell, an acolyte
Of the deep-browed holy Night.

DELAY!

O SPIRIT of the Spring, delay, delay!
Be wary of thy gifts; by slow degrees
Roll back the leafy tide on forest trees;
And in all fields keep thou a jealous sway,
Lest the low grass break into sudden spray,
And clover toss its purples on the breeze.
Bind fast those lily-buds, that prying bees
Shall have no entrance, murmur as they may.
Scatter not yet the orchard's scented snows,
Nor break the cage that holds the butterfly,
Nor let the blow-ball wander up the sky:—
What! flown so lightly? By yon upstart rose,
Summer is here with all her gaudy shows.
O Spirit of the Spring, good-by, good-by!

AFTER READING ARNOLD'S "SOHRAB AND RUSTUM."

Who reads this measure flowing strong and deep,
It seems to him old Homer's voice he hears;
But soon grows up a sound that moves to tears,—
Tears such as Homer cannot make us weep,
Whether a grieving god bids Death and Sleep
Bear slain Sarpedon home unto his peers.
Or gray-haired Priam, kneeling, full of tears,
Seeks Hector's corse torn by the chariot's sweep.
Lightly these sorrows move us, in compare
With that which moans along the Oxus' tide,
Where by his father's hand young Sohrab died,—
Great father and great son met unaware
On Fate's dark field; in awe we leave them there,
Wrapped in the mists that from the river glide.

R. W. GILDER'S "THE NEW DAY."

All books that for Love's sake are ever penned
Live creatures are, and from their being's date
Have their good genii, watchful of their fate,
To speed the heartward errand, and to lend
An affluent touch that doth all art transcend.
Sometimes it fails to readers' rich estate
That they behold these spirits consecrate,
As they upon their chosen cares attend.
Thus saw I these rare leaves, surnamed of Dawn,
Fresh smitten by a rosy eastern beam,
And, midmost in its flushing, something white
With lucent dewy wings enfolding drawn:
Young Eros of the Greek's supernal dream
To guard his own came down in native light!

WINTER LEAFAGE.

EACH year I mark one lone outstanding tree,
Clad in its robes of the summer past,
Dry, wan, and shivering in the wintry blast.
It will not pay the season's rightful fee,—
It will not set its frost-burnt leafage free;
But like some palsied miser all aghast,
Who hoards his sordid treasure to the last,
It sighs, it moans, it sings in eldritch glee.
A foolish tree, to dote on summers gone;
A faithless tree, that never feels how spring
Creeps up the world to make a leafy dawn,
And recompense for all despoilment bring!
Oh, let me not, heyday and youth withdrawn,
With failing hands to their vain semblance cling!

MUSIC.

God gave this mastery to my mind,—
The soul of music to unbind
From every wandering wave and wind,
Green sod and tree.
In earth and air, in rocks, in fire,
I read mute measures of desire;
On organ reeds or flashing lyre,
I set them free.

—*St. Cecilia.*

PRAYER.

So ever: the curse falls void, the prayer wins the
heart of the world.

—*Theano.*

POETRY.

I once did dream Apollo bright
Was leader of the Muses nine,
Who followed him from pure delight,
The while he touched his lyre divine.
But now, alas! how changed the plan!
The Muses I indeed behold;
But Mercury marches in their van,
His lyre a purse of jingling gold.

—*Musagetes.*

GRIEF.

Great Nature holds no fellowship with grief.
Think not the wind is sighing through the sheaf
For sorrow that the summer's race is run;
Think not the falling rain and shrouded sun,
Or the white scourge of frost laid on the ground,
Are tokens that her pleasures are disrowned
From their brave empires in the earth and sky.

—*Nature.*

NATURE.

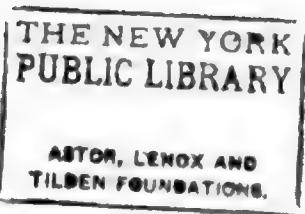
Like one who in the doorway stands,
With smiling eyes and open hands,
This hostess, Nature, welcomes me.
With orient hospitality,
She bids me count all things my own,
From airy roof to basement stone;
Then clothes me in her rich attire,
And serves, herself, my mute desire:
"O guest, in this my commonwealth
Live Joy, and Liberty, and Health:
These comrades I bestow on thee;
Be, therefore, hale, and glad, and free."

—*The Refuge.*

REVENGE.

O Heaven, there is but one revenge full sweet,—
That thou shouldst slay him in my memory.
Whose bitter words and ways abide with me;
Then, for all surety that we shall not meet
In the overworld, make thou my spirit's feet
Move trackless through the blessed nebulae!

—*Revenge.*



SONNET.

A sonnet should be like the cygnet's cruise
On polished waters; or like smooth old wine,
Or earliest honey garnered in May dews!
And all be laid before some fair love's shrine!

—*On the Sonnet.*

SLEEP.

Sometimes thou leav'st us laughing on the night,
In wondrous vacant mirth; sometimes in tears,
Wide-eyed, and groping for the window light;
And often with strange music in our ears,
Born of the sky on some old, fabled height.
Voices of spirits, or the morning spheres.

—*To Sleep.*

RAIN.

You may blame the rain or no,
But it ever hath been so:
Something loveliest of its race
Perisheth from out its place,
For the lack of freshening care,
While the rain pours otherwhere.

—*Left Out.*

FRAILTY.

Thou that bendest shall not break;
Smiling in the tempest's wake,
Thou shalt rise, and see around
How the strong ones strew the ground;
Saving lightness thou didst wield,—
Frailest things have frailty's shield!

—*Frailty's Shield.*

WISDOM.

The building bird, with straw or shred,
Holds askance her cunning head,
Tries thy wisdom by her test,—
Canst thou build or weave a nest?
Then thou makest no reply,
Round the fields soft laughters fly,
And the rumor goes abroad
That this man, or demi-god,
Reaching for the Infinite,
Cannot, with his best of wit,
Solve what hath for ages lain
An open secret, fair and plain!

—*The Sphinx.*

LAW.

What is the range that Nature gives her own?
With frost or fire she stays their flying feet,
And holdeth each within its native zone:
The pine its love — the palm, shall never meet;
Nowhere do roses bloom from beds of ice,
Nowhere in valleys laughs the edelweiss.

—*Liberty.*

MUSIC.

The god of Music dwelleth out of doors.

—*Mus.*

JOHN TODHUNTER.

JOHN TODHUNTER was born in Dublin, Dec. 30th, 1839. His father was a timber merchant; his grandfather a Cumberland man who had settled in Dublin as a merchant; his great-grandfather, a ship-owner in a small way, who sailed his own ships as officer, trading as a coaster along the Irish Sea. His mother and immediate relations were Irish, and all good Quakers; and he still remembers the wearisomeness of the silent Quaker meetings.

At twelve years old we find him at a Quaker boarding school learning some French and Greek, among other things, and telling stories, remembered or invented, to his school-fellows before going to sleep at night. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a Quaker firm of tea and sugar importers, where, as collector, he made acquaintance with well-nigh all the streets of dear, dirty Dublin, and something of the life that went on in them.

So far he had been almost shut out from literary and artistic influences, except that his father sketched a little, and now and then whistled an Irish air, though music was regarded by the Quakers, as the most diabolical of arts, all evil in their way. But now he got hold of Scott, Moore, above all, Byron, whom he used to carry in his pocket when going to pay duties at the Custom House, and read in some quiet corner while the sugar-hogsheads were a-weighing. After Byron came Spenser, Milton, Tennyson, Browning, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley. At about eighteen he began to write verses, a skit containing imitations of some of his favorite poets gaining him an introduction to Archbishop Whately. In 1860 a performance of Handel's "Messiah" in Christ-Church Cathedral came as a great awakening to his imagination. It was the first great music he had heard. Here was music not in any way a thing of the devil, but certainly a divine revelation. After this he began timidly to go to the opera instead of prayer-meetings; heard the great singers, and became music mad.

At last, finding it impossible to settle down to business, Mr. Todhunter entered Trinity College in 1862, with the object of studying medicine. He soon became a member of the "Undergraduate Philosophical Society" (really a literary society) and made the acquaintance of Edmund and George Armstrong, the poets, and of Edward Dowden, now the well-known professor of English literature. In college he tried to combine literature with science, and began his hospital work where he won the marked confidence of Dr. Hudson, and the famous Dr. Stokes, whose clinical clerk he was. The poet in him, however, asserted itself in the fact of his taking a much deeper interest in the patients as human beings than as "cases." They in turn liked him, for he would al-

ways listen to their stories sympathetically. In spite of much ill-health consequent upon a bad fever, he obtained several medical prizes, and after a trip to Switzerland for his health took his medical degree in 1867. While in college he three times won the Vice-Chancellor's prize for English verse, and in 1866 his first published poem appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, then edited by Thackeray.

In 1869 Mr. Todhunter went to Vienna and there completed his medical studies. Returning in the spring of 1870, he married Miss Ball, sister of the present Astronomer Royal for Ireland, Sir Robert Ball, and settled in Dublin as president physician to Cork St. Fever Hospital. In the autumn of 1870 he succeeded Professors Ingram and Dowden to the chair of English Literature at Alexandra College, Dublin, where he lectured twice a week for four years. In 1871 his wife died, leaving one child who died in 1874. After this Mr. Todhunter finding he had taken no root in Dublin, determined to abandon medicine for literature. In 1876 his first volume of poems, "Laurella and Other Poems," appeared; in 1878, "Acestis"; and in 1879 he married Miss Digby, of Dublin, and finally settled in London. Since then he has published "A Study of Shelley," "The True Tragedy of Rienzi," "Forest Songs," "Helena in Troas," and "The Banshee and Other Poems," the last a volume containing some fine Irish poems. "Helena in Troas" is a drama, Greek in form. It was acted with great success in 1886, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Godwin, F. S. A.

W. B. Y.

ON THE SEUFZERS-BANK.

WHERE is thy breast, bright Daughter of the Morn?
Where are thine arms to give my longing rest,
That I may die, and find myself new-born?
Where is thy breast?

Oh, let thy beauty pasture my desire,
Appease, arouse, sustain me in some sphere
Where passion's tears may turn to action's fire!
Appear! appear!

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

A BEATEN and a baffled man,
My life drags lamely day by day,
Too young to die, too old to plan,
In failure gray.

The knights ride east, the knights ride west,
For ladies' tokens blithe of cheer,
Each bound upon some gallant quest;
While I rust here.

RECONCILIATION.

DARE not to tell me I have lost thee,
Thy heart will give thy tongue the lie;
The hopes thou hast wrecked, the tears I've cost
thee,
Like wailing ghosts against thee cry.

Mine, mine thou art — our spirits mingled
Eagerly once as fire and air,
Fated for aye to live unsingled,
Or pine apart in pale despair.

Dare not to tell me thou hast found me
For thy great dreams too mean a thing;
Thy faith that saved, thy love that crowned me,
Will plead for their anointed king.

Kiss me once more! thy sin's forgiven;
Forgive me mine. Oh, never more
May we two sulk, so long unshiven,
While weeping Love holds wide the door!

NOCTURNE.

INTO the night, the odorous summer night,
I wander, driven of Love, whose breath of joy
Suffuses all the radiance of the sky
And dimness of the earth like slumber now.

O summer night, O scented summer night!
Where walks my Love — through what deep dells
of peace?
Fill her with rich ache of my desire,
Sandal her feet with speed to come to me.

The golden summer dusk broods in the boughs,
Between the starlight pale and glimmering lake;
The night's heart throbs, and with it throbs my
own,
Through the wild-throbbing throat of nightingales.

O summer night, O blissful summer night,
Who feedest with thy love the heavenly flocks,
Kiss my fair Love, and feed her with my life,
Tell her my arms with thine are round her thrown!

REMORSE.

"A fine woman! A fair woman! A sweet woman! —
The pity of it, Iago! — O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

THE wild wind dolefully
Howls o'er the wintry plain,
And shrieks o'er the desolate sea,
Like a soul in pain.

The old house shudders and groans,
As the torrents of sleety rain
Bluster and moan in the chimney
And rattle the drenched pane.

I sit by a dying fire,
Watching the embers red;
And the midnight is ghostly around me,
And the house abed.
And as gust after gust shrieks seaward,
Far off on the waves to die,
I seem to hear in the pauses drear,
The time throb audibly by.

O dreadful world, where one foolish fault—
One paltry mistake—
Will make such mischief as God Himself
Can never unmake!
I feel the wings of the ages
Sweep over me in their course,
And the wheels of the universe crush me
With irresistible force.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

The Christ-child came to my bed one night,
He came in tempest and thunder;
His presence woke me in sweet affright,
I trembled for joy and wonder;
He bore sedately his Christmas-tree,
It shone like a silver willow,
His grave child's eyes looked wistfully,
As he laid a branch on my pillow.

And when he had left me alone, alone,
And all the house lay sleeping,
I planted it in a nook of my own,
And watered it with my weeping.
And there it strikes its roots in the earth,
And opens its leaves to heaven;
And when its blossoms have happy birth
I shall know my sins forgiven.

THE DEAD NUPTIAL.

It was a nuptial of the dead,
Hope was a corse when she was wed,
Her loathéd bridegroom was Decay,
And Sorrow gave the bride away;
And the wedding-priest was Care,
And the bride-bed's fruit, Despair.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT OF '87.

I.
THERE'S a spirit in the air,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*.

And her voice is everywhere,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*;
Though her eyes be full of care,
Even as Hope's, born of Despair,
Her sweet face looks young and fair,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*.

2.

And she bears a sword of flame,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*,
And its flash makes tyrants tame,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*,
For she comes old rights to claim,
And old wrongs burn up in shame:
And 'tis Justice is her name,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*.

3.

There's a land I've loved of old,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*,
For her tameless heart of gold,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*,
In her sorrows unconsol'd,
With her thousand hearths made cold;
But that tale of shame is told,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*.

4.

For a thing shall come to pass,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*,
Though her foes wear fronts of brass,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*,
They turn pale, they quake— alas!
They have seen the Bodach-glas,
And they wither like the grass,
Says the *Shan van Vocht*.

MAGNOLIAS.

THOU pale sad moon, slow-waning, night by
night,
From thy fair throne, when nightly thou didst
busk
Thy swelling bosom in more silvery light,
I breathed on Como's shore the odorous dusk
Of great magnolias! Whiter than the tusk
Of Indian elephant, like beakers bright,
Their Bacchic flowers they lifted in delight,
And made libation of their winy musk.
To thee they made libation, and their leaves
Murmured of joy's increase; yet never more
Shall they nor I renew beneath thy spell
That joy. Thou changest; and my spirit grieves
That naught may be as it hath been before,
That welcome makes sad music with farewell.

TO THE ALBANI ATHENA.

WHAT was he, man or more, whose valorous brain
Endured anew the throes of Zeus, and wrought
Glad self-deliverance when this virgin thought
Leaped forth full-armed to ease creation's pain?
Waste is that womb of gods; thou dost remain
Orphaned, alone. So stood grave Pallas, fraught
With radiant power, and gazed her foes to
naught,
Calm sentinel of her Athenian fane!
August, serene, austere, thou marble dream
Of her, the holiest life of living Greece,
Terrible Maid! did thy creator bow
In a sublime abasement, when the beam
Of thy full beauty awed his hand to cease—
Transfigured by stern love—as I do now?

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

BUT one short week ago the trees were bare,
And winds were keen, and violets pinched with
frost;
Winter was with us; but the larches lost
Lightly their crimson buds, and here and there
Rooks cawed. To-day the Spring is in the air
And in the blood: sweet sun-gleams come
and go
Upon the hills, in lanes the wild-flowers blow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.
About the hedge the small birds peer and dart,
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings
And little rapturous cries. The thrush apart
Sits throned, and loud his ripe contralto rings
Music is on the wind, and in my heart
Infinite love for all created things.

IN THE HASLI-THAL.

WEARIED in spirit, jaded and oppress
With splendor of too huge sublimity,
By a clear streamlet I was fain to lie,
Under the shadowy spruces; lulled to rest
By the leaves' murmurous melodies, and possest
With still, reflected glimpses of gray sky.
Upon my soul there fell refreshfully
A dew of the woods, till, with a childish zest,
I filled my hands with loveliest Alpine flowers,
And flung them to the stream. Then forth
I went,
And met the crowned mountains face to face—
Strong to aspire with their exultant powers,
Able to worship in that holy place
In rapture of an infinite content.

BOLDNESS.

O'erwise is but a fool; o'erbold may prove
A pitiful champion.

—*Helena in Troas.*

FRAUD.

Fraud dreams on fraud, and finds what it suspects.

—*Ibid.*

SUN.

Thou swift majestic orb, orb of the sun,
Whose rising none can hasten, none delay,
Before whose eager face flee the pale stars
And melancholy clouds, and the wan moon
Withers in heaven! O terrible spirit of day,
Lord of all winds that heal men or destroy,
Of light and of the lightning; bringer of cool
Dew from the wandering wells of the great deep
To nourish the tender buds; pourer of hail
And floods of thunderous rain on harvest fields;
Fosterer with warmth, parcher with furious heat,
Hear me, for I am thine!

—*Ibid.*

EVIL.

Who may divide the evil from the good,
Or in the bud, or in the perfect flower?

—*Ibid.*

DESPAIR.

O luckless day, of many a luckless day
The last and direst! I have lived too long.

—*Ibid.*

FAILURE.

In sordid hopes and fears,
Of mortal lots the worst, the life of him
Who strives, and waits his day of strife supreme;
Who gathers wisdom for the mightier strife
Among his broken weapons; tames his soul
To learn its valor's rage, then with each power
Poised and keen shining like Athena's spear,
To assault the golden portals of success,
Finds but Death waiting there, with bitter waste
To snatch him from the needy world unknown.

—*Ibid.*

AMBITION.

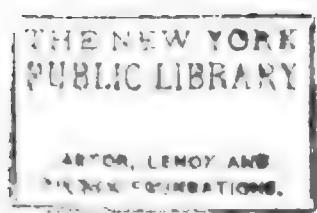
Yet her lean dogs,
Which nursed the whelps of greatness, ne'er run
dry
Of milk that feeds ambition.

—*The True Tragedy of Kienzi.*

LOVE.

And now I fling
My life into the current of your love,
To bear me where it will — content and proud
If I have earned your grace in what I do.

—*Ibid.*



HOPE.

The rosiest hopes
Smile at us with the dreadful eyes of death.
—*Ibid.*

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity and peace, twin flowers of spring.
Break from the wintry world, and warn old Time
To turn for happier hours his tardy glass.
—*Ibid.*

LIFE.

But cheapen not
The worth of our lived lives — the toils, the dangers,
The woes, despairs, defeats, that we have known,
And made so dear by sharing. That fair past,
Bought with our deedful days, is all our own,
The unpurchased future slave to no man's power.
—*Alcestis.*

PURITY.

To meet her look,
Sad as Demeter's with its weight of love,
Was to grow pure: the melody of her smile
Was silent blessing. I was never rich
In happy thoughts of life till I saw her.
—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

A woman's love,
Being a thing of visions and surrenders,
Will live on relics, and maintain its bliss
By communing with ghosts. A man's must have
A visible handmaid, for its daily wants
And passionate exactions.
—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

O woman, woman,
What should we be without thee; and what things
Thy wantonness makes of us! They are burrs
not anchors —
They cannot hold us long.
—*Ibid.*

SORROW.

The man
Who gives the flout to sorrow is a god.
—*Ibid.*

JOY.

Joy is the golden honey of the wise,
The nectar of the strong. O fool forlorn,
From all the fullness that about thee lies
Suck joy, and be new-born!
—*Waterfall.*

VIGOR.

Lithe as a cat, eager as the young year.
—*Laurella.*

DELIGHT.

Small need for talk when breathing is delight.
—*Ibid.*

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE, daughter of Dr. Sumner Laughton, was born in Orono, Maine, January 15, 1836. One year later the family removed to Foxcroft, where, in due time, she entered the academy, and we hear of her at the early age of ten years engaged in the study of Latin, and two years later writing verses of rare merit, found worthy of publication. Of her life at this time she has said, "Mine was a silent dreamy childhood haunted by visions of impossible poems." When fourteen years of age, living in Bangor, she was graduated from the High School there, afterward studying German and music under private teachers. Meanwhile the attention of the New York *Journal of Commerce* was drawn toward her work, this proving the first step in her advancement toward the position in literature since attained. She was but eighteen years of age when she sent forth to the world, through the *Waterville Mail*, under the signature "Inez," her far-famed hymn, "Only Waiting," the text of which was furnished by a friend's recital of the story of a very aged man at the alms-house, who, being asked what he was doing now, replied, "Only waiting!" This hymn being copied far and wide, inquiries for its authorship became urgent. One and another laid claim to it, the most persistent of whom was a certain Western woman, whose right for a time was almost unquestioned. In 1878, twenty-five years after its first appearance, full proofs of Mrs. Mace's authorship were accepted by Dr. James Martineau, when her claim was established beyond a cavil.

At nineteen years of age, she married Mr. Benjamin F. Mace, a well-known lawyer of Bangor, remaining in that city until 1885, when they removed to San José, Cal., where they now reside. After marriage came the years of motherhood, with all that sacred word is capable of holding of love and loss, of joy and sorrow. Four out of the eight children given them were removed by death. But when the latest-born had entered its second year, the old clear fountain of poetry, which had run mostly underground during twenty years, sprang up afresh, and "Israfil" was written, appearing with illustrations in *Harper's Magazine*, winning for her genius quick recognition, and advancing her toward the front rank of singers. Since then her poems have found place in most of our leading magazines and journals. In 1883 a collection of poems were published in a volume entitled "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets," soon followed by a second edition, enlarged and extended.

Of commanding presence, with a certain statu-esque calm evident to all who approach her, she is, withal, so genial, so true in her instincts, so strong in her affections, so alive to all beauty and good-

ness, that one cannot in his estimate separate the woman from the poet. Seldom indeed does the inward harmony find its visible outward expression as in her. It kindles in the eye, writes itself upon the features, radiates from the smile, gives tone to movement and voice—even to silence itself, which is often the highest wisdom.

In 1888, a volume of her latest work was published with the title "Under Pine and Palm," adding to her well-won reputation. Her pen is still active. While the snows of our North-land lie cold and heavy along the unsunned spaces, she is sitting on her veranda at Palm-tree Lodge, in the shade of the pepper-tree, capturing the song of the meadow lark, and painting word-pictures for us where

"Almonds are in bloom,
And snow-white fields alive with rich perfume."

C. D. H.

THE HELIOTROPE.

SOMEWHERE 'tis told that in an Eastern land,
Clasped in the dull palm of a mummy's hand
A few light seeds were found; with wondering
eyes
And words of awe was lifted up the prize.

And much they marveled what could be so dear
Of herb or flower as to be treasured here,
What sacred vow had made the dying keep
So close this token for his last long sleep.

None ever knew, but in the fresh, warm earth
The cherished seeds sprang to a second birth,
And eloquent once more with love and hope
Burst into bloom the purple heliotrope.

Embalmed, perhaps, with sorrow's fiery tears,
Out of the silence of a thousand years
It answered back the passion of the past
With the pure breath of perfect peace at last.

O pulseless heart! as ages pass, sleep well!
The purple flower thy secret will not tell,
But only to our eager quest reply.
"Love, hidden in the grave, can never die."

EASTER MORNING.

I.

OSTERA! spirit of springtime,
Awake from thy slumbers deep!
Arise! and with hands that are glowing,
Put off the white garments of sleep!
Make thyself fair, O goddess!
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves,—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly,
While He slept, she was still with pain;
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

O hark! in the budding woodlands,
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelusive warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
O listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of the springtime
Arises to greet her Lord!

II.

Radiant goddess Aurora!
Open the chambers of dawn;
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Encircle the chariot of morn.
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre:
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows,—from the Temple above,—
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloudland of fable,
For day in full splendor make room,
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day
O'er the mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple;
Spread branches of balm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of Nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death-sleep arises,
And joyous His presence awaits,
While Morning's smile lights up the Heavens,
Open the Beautiful Gates!

He is here! the long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away;

" We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight,
 " We shall rise," is the song of to-day.
 O Music! no longer lamenting.
 On pinions of tremulous flame
 Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
 And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
 The font is a vase of perfume,
 On pillar and chancel are twining
 Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter;
 And far up the infinite height
 Archangels the paean re-echo,
 And crown Him with lilies of Light!

ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown;
 Till the night of earth is faded
 From this heart once full of day,
 Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home,
 For the summer-time hath faded
 And the autumn winds are come.
 Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
 The last ripe hours of my heart—
 For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate.
 Even now I hear their footsteps
 And their voices far away:
 If they call me I am waiting,—
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown,
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown;
 Then from out the folded darkness
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light my soul will gladly
 Wing her passage to the skies.

COUNSEL.

" Look up,—not down!" The mists that chill and
 blind thee,
 Strive with pale wings to take a sunward flight;
 Upward the green boughs reach; the face of Na-
 ture,
 Watchful and glad, is lifted to the light.
 The strength that saves comes never from the
 ground,
 But from the mountain-tops that shine around.

" Look forward,—and not back!" Each lost en-
 deavor
 May be a step upon thy chosen path;
 All that the past withheld, in larger measure,
 Somewhere in willing trust the future hath.
 Near and more near the Ideal stoops to meet
 The steadfast coming of unfaltering feet.

AD ASTRA.

HARK! to the Voice which cries
 To the valiant and the young.—
 There is a measure sweeter far
 Than any the Past has sung.

There is a deathless joy
 For the true and loyal heart,
 There are deeds no hero yet hath dared;
 Gird thy sword on and depart!

Out of these cloister days
 Into the wide world go;
 Out of the gray night of the Past,
 Enter the sunrise glow!

There is a language of fire
 To fall on lips that are dumb,
 And to him who is nearest the inner shrine
 Shall the blissful utterance come.

Fruit of ambrosia grows
 On the mountain's sunward side;
 But only for him who with feasts of earth
 Is still unsatisfied.

There is a path which leads
 Through the lowly and the real
 To highlands beautiful and far,—
 The soul's supreme ideal.

Those heights are only won
 By the strongest of the strong;
 Follow that path and make thine own
 Banner and crown and song.

THE ORIGIN OF BIRDS.

The Indians of the Shasta Mountains tell
A legend strange and beautiful. They say
That the Great Spirit stepped from cloud to cloud,
In the primeval day,

And first upon the dome of Shasta stood,
The spotless face of new-born earth to see,
And everywhere He touched the land, upsprang
A green, luxuriant tree.

Pleased with the sight, the splendor of His smile
Melted the snows and made the rivers run,
And soon the branches tossed their leafy plumes
And blossomed in the sun.

Day after day while that first summer shone
He watched with fresh delight the growing trees;
But autumn came, and fast the bright leaves fell,
Swept by the keener breeze.

Yet were they radiant now, in every hue
Of red and gold which could with sunset vie;
Looking on them He loved them,— they were still
Too beautiful to die!

Thrilled by His quickening gaze, each leaf renewed
Its life, and floated buoyantly along;
Its beauty put forth wings, and as it soared
Its gladness grew to song.

Thus from the red-stained oak the robin came,
The cardinal-bird the maple's splendors bore,
The yellow-bird the willow's faded gold
In living plumage wore.

Even the pale-brown leaves the pageant joined,
Sparrow and lark awakened to rejoice,
And though they were less fair, He gave to them
The more melodious voice.

Since then the birds close kinship with the trees
Have ever kept, and build the yearly nest
Beneath the fragrant shelter of the boughs,
As on a mother's breast.

ALCYONE.

I.

AMONG the thousand, thousand spheres that roll,
Wheel within wheel, through never-ending space,
A mighty and interminable race,
Yet held by some invisible control,
And led as to a sure and shining goal,
One star alone with still, unchanging face,
Locks out from her perpetual dwelling-place,
Of these swift orbs the centre and the soul.

Beyond the moons that beam, the suns that blaze,
Past fields of ether, crimson, violet, rose,
The vast star-garden of eternity,
Behold! it shines with white, immaculate rays,
The home of peace, the haven of repose,
The lotus-flower of heaven, Alcyone.

II.

It is the place where life's long dream comes true:
On many another swift and radiant star
Gather the flaming hosts of those who war
With powers of Darkness; those strong seraphs too
Who hasten forth God's ministries to do;
But here no sounds of eager trumpets mar
The subtler spell which calls the soul from far,
Its wasted springs of gladness to renew.

It is the morning land of the Ideal,
Where smiles, transfigured to the raptured sight,
The joy whose flitting semblance now we see;
Where we shall know as visible and real
Our life's deep aspiration, old yet new
In the sky splendor of Alcyone.

III.

What lies beyond we ask not. In that hour
When first our feet that shore of beauty press,
It is enough of heaven, its sweet success,
To find our own. Not yet we crave the dower
Of grander action and sublimer power;
We are content that life's long loneliness
Finds in love's welcoming its rich redress,
And hopes, deep hidden, burst in perfect flower.

Wait for me there, O loved of many days!
Though with warm beams some beckoning planet
glows,
Its dawning triumphs keep, to share with me:
For soon, far winging through the starry maze,
Past fields of ether, crimson, violet, rose,
I follow, follow, to Alcyone!

RAINBOW.

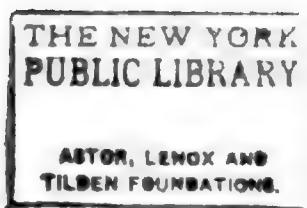
Bridge of enchantment! for a moment hung
Between the tears of earth and smiles of heaven
— *The Rainbow.*

AUTUMN.

Is it that Nature calls us
Her service of peace to share, —
After the song the silence,
After the praise the prayer?
— *The Vigil of the Year.*

NIGHT.

Earth yields her beauty to the morning light,
But heaven itself is opened to the night.
— *Mount Hamilton.*



BALDUR.

On royal Asgard's height
 No god like Baldur beamed upon the sight.
 Others were mighty,— he was pure as light.
 Pleasant his voice as rivulets, his eyes
 Sun bright and radiant as midsummer skies,
 And his long yellow locks gave forth perfumes
 When the wind-giant shook with glee his eagle
 plumes.

—*Baldur the Beautiful.*

FAITH.

The truest love knows direst loss,
 The surest triumph bears a cross,
 And yet the soul may smile on fate
 And with most loyal patience wait,
 Believing that on heights unknown
 She yet will come unto her own—
 Where Islam's tree, transfigured, gleams
 With fairer fruit than Islam dreams!

URANIA.

Yet not by these was seen
 The splendor of thy mien;
 The full, unclouded glory of thy face;
 These caught but glimpses of the light divine,
 And counting thee among the "sacred nine,"
 Groped in the darkness for thy dwelling-place.
 Milton alone o'er elder bards prevailed,
 Upon the starry heights he saw thy brow unveiled.

—*Lyrics.*

MELODY.

O Melody! the subtle power is thine
 The inmost depths of memory to reach,
 The heights supreme of hope, till we are come
 Near the soul's fatherland: we touch the line
 Beyond which music is the only speech.

—*Sounds from Home.*

LONGFELLOW.

Sovereign of hearts! It was thy heritage
 A rare and happy realm to have and hold;
 Magician! bringing forth from every age
 Treasures, time-worn, and changing them to
 gold;
 Priest! at the altar of the world's delight,
 With garments beautiful and always white.

—*Welcome Home.*

POETRY.

Yet poetry from earth has never ceased;
 It is a fire perpetual, which has caught
 Its flame from off the altar-place of Heaven.
 Never has failed, in darkest days, a priest
 Who by no price of gain or glory bought,
 For his soul's peace his life to song has given.

—*The Succession.*

THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.

THOMAS CHALMERS HARBAUGH was born January 3, 1849, near Middletown, Maryland, on the scene of the battle of South Mountain. His parents came to Piqua, Miami County, Ohio, two years later, and in the early boyhood of the poet removed to the little hamlet of Casstown, in the same county, which place has ever since been his home. He received his education in the country schools and made the most of his disadvantages; He has not been surrounded by stirring scenes, nor has he lived among people of literary tastes; his companions from childhood have been the plain farmer people of Ohio, his books, and the fields and streams of the Miami valley. How he began to write verse he can not tell, but as early as 1861 we find him thinking in rhyme and it is not unjust to him to say that his productions at that time were not an earnest of his work to-day. But he was deeply stirred by the spirit of the war and turned his reading to war stories and history which tinged and shaped his poetry in a marked degree.

He has written voluminously of the soldiers living and dead, and for many years has prepared and delivered a poem on Decoration Day. He is in great demand at regimental re-unions and at Grand Army gatherings, and never fails to produce something pleasing, being particularly happy in putting the thought of any occasion into verse. An announcement that "Tom Harbaugh" is to recite a poem insures an audience. He is slender, short of stature and is afflicted with a stoppage in his speech, but when reciting his poems his voice rings clear and the words flow on until his hearers respond in cheers or tears.

His life as the world goes has been an uneventful one. He is unmarried. He is very methodical in his work. He goes to his study at 8 A. M. and writes two hours, also two hours in the afternoon. In many leisure hours he rambles in the fields, very often with rod or gun. Mr. Harbaugh published "Maple Leaves," a volume of poems, in 1883, and has printed much prose and poetry since. In the near future he will issue another volume containing his poems of the last five years, which are by far the best work he has done.

A. F. B.

FOR DISTURBIN' OF THE CHOIR.

'TWAS a stylish congregation, that of Theophratus Brown,
 And its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town,
 And the chorus—all the papers favorably com-
 mended on it,
 For 'twas said each female member had a forty-
 dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat
Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with
the choir.
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his hair as
snow was white.
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he
sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched
his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce
the words
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old
and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far
behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer
sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue an hundred
years ago;
At last the storm-cloud bursted, and the church
was told, in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir
would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the vestry-room
one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more
than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed
pray'r or two,
They put their heads together to determine what
to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last
"dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise
in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on
Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbin' of
the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a
pile,
And we'll sell it if we can not worship in the
latest style;
Our Philadelphia tenor tells me, 'tis the hardest
thing
For to make God understand him when the brother
tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the dressiest choir
in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother
Brown;

But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind
and old—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another
flock."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach
and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's
door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers
Sharkey, York, and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal, took good care
to miss the jamb.

They found the church's trouble sitting in his old
arm chair,
And the Summer's golden sunbeam lit his brow
and snowy hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in discordant
voice and low,
But the angels understood him, it was all he cared
to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the
vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congrega-
tion;"

"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother
York a nudge,
"And the choir, too!" he echoed with the grave-
ness of a judge.

"It was the understandin' when we bargained for
the chorus,
That it was to relieve us—that is, do the singin'
for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear
brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by
another.

"We don't want any singin' exceptin' what we've
bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones
stand for naught;
And so we've all decided—are you list'nin', Brother
Eyer?—
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flur-
ties the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he
did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a
tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as
the driven snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both
meek and low:

"I've sung the Psalms of David nearly eighty years," said he;
 "They've been my staff and comfort all along life's dreary way;
 I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
 But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
 In the far off heav'nly temple, where the Master I shall greet—
 Yes, I wonder, when I try to sing the songs of God up high'r,
 If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head;
 The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead!
 Yes, dead! his hand had raised the vail the future hangs before us,
 And the Master dear had called him to the Ever-lasting chorus.

The choir missed him for awhile, but he was soon forgot.
 A few church-goers watched the door: the old man entered not.
 For, where every voice grows sweet and strong, he sang his heart's desires,
 Where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs'

AJALON.

All day through the valley of Ajalon flowed
 The red tide of battle, and evening showed
 How thick and how bloody, upon the fair grass.
 The dead lay unburied in Beth-horon's pass!

The armies of Israel, at Gibeon's call,
 In thousands came up from the camps at Gilgal;
 In thousands they came, with the sling and the sword,
 To punish in battle the foes of the Lord.

And high in the heavens the fast-rolling sun
 Obeys the command of the soldier of Nun;
 And the Queen of the skies, in vestments so pale,
 Has stopped in her course over Ajalon's vale.

The Amorite mother is watching afar
 For the coming of those she sent to the war;

And high on the hill-tops of Hebron, the lass Looks long for the lover in Beth-horon's pass.

The damsels of Jarmuth may wail in despair;
 The beauties of Eglon their tresses may tear;
 To the caves of Makkedah the princes have fled;
 And the pride of the army in Ajalon's dead!

The hailstones of heaven Jehovah hath thrown,
 And the arm of His might hath protected his own;
 The brooks of Azekah all crimson doth flow,
 And the palace of Lachish is darkened with woe.

And the feast that was spread in the valley so fair,
 Where the olives of Hebron perfume the pure air,
 Shall be eaten in tears; and the soft-speaking lute,
 And the cymbals of triumph, forever are mute!

Woe! woe! to the heathen who trod in the path That led to the bolts of God's terrible wrath!
 In Ajalon's vale they lie dead on the grass;
 And their shields are their coffins in Beth-horon's pass!

DECORATION DAY.

Each year we seek the sacred place
 Where sleep the heroes of the race:
 Each year we come with varied bloom
 To decorate the soldier's tomb,
 And open in our hearts the good
 And great flood-gates of gratitude!

* * * * *
 In every land, whose honored sod,
 By martyrs and by heroes trod,
 Is green to-day. Remembrance weaves
 The patriot's crown of fadeless leaves.

—*Decoration Day.*
GARFIELD.

All nature with the echo rings.
 A man like Garfield never dies,
 Though silent in his robes he lies:
 The name he leaves to you and me
 Makes better all humanity.

—*In Memoriam.*

FAITH.
 Who says they watch in vain who watch
 With an unfaltering trust?
 For them the sea gives up its dead,
 And earth yields more than dust.

—*The Idylls May.*

REMEMBRANCE.
 When does the heart forget the love
 That first within it grew?
 When does the hand forget the touch
 Of fingers warm and true?

—*Her Wedding Night.*

EDWIN H. NEVIN.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D.D., well-known throughout the Presbyterian Church as a pulpit orator of power and eloquence, is perhaps more widely and generally known by the hymns and religious poems of which he is the author. Born in the beautiful and romantic Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania (at Shippensburg) in 1814; of a strong imaginative and poetic temperament, which was stimulated and developed by his surroundings, he began to write poetry at an early age, and although few of his youthful productions have been preserved, they were sufficiently marked to cause him to be recognized as a youth of decided poetic talent. Entering upon the work of the ministry at the age of twenty-two (1836) he rejected all overtures to settle in the East where the work of the minister is comparatively easy, and largely a matter of routine. He therefore engaged in active ministerial work in Ohio, which was one of the frontier Western states at that early day, and his voice and pen were potent influences in molding public sentiment upon the important moral reformatory questions which then agitated the country. His strong sense of justice caused him to warmly espouse the cause of human freedom and he stood shoulder to shoulder with Chase, Giddings, Stanton and Sherman at a time when it required bravery and great personal sacrifices to advocate the cause of liberty to the slave. His poetry has found its way to all parts of the world where the English language is spoken, and his hymns are sung throughout Christendom by different evangelical denominations. Numerous accounts of his life have been published and from some of these the principal events in his history have been extracted for the purpose of completing this brief biographical sketch. He was graduated at Jefferson College and Princeton Theological Seminary and was licensed to preach by the First Presbytery of Philadelphia in 1836. His first pastoral charge was at Portsmouth, Ohio, where he had a successful ministry of several years. In 1841, at the age of 27, he was called to the Presidency of Franklin College, Ohio, and while in this position he raised funds and secured the erection of a new college building, and the institution gained wide repute under his administration. He was subsequently pastor at Mt. Vernon and Cleveland, Ohio, and at Boston, Mass., and his last charge before relinquishing the active work of the ministry was the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia, where he remained several years. Dr. Nevin is an eloquent speaker, and an apt and ready debater. He was recently elected an honorary member of the "Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain," of which the Earl of Shaftesbury is president. He is the author of "The Minister's Hand Book," "The Man of Faith," "The City of

God," and "Thoughts about Christ." His complete poetical works are now in preparation for publication. Dr. Nevin is the son of Major David Nevin, one of the most successful and widely known citizens of Cumberland Valley. He was married in 1837 to Ruth Channing Little, of Hollis, N. H., and has been ably seconded throughout his professional life by the intelligence and devotion of this estimable lady.

W. C. N.

"I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

Always with me! always with me!
Words of cheer and words of love
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling place above.

With me when with sin I struggle,
Giving strength and courage too,
Bidding me to falter never,
But to Him be ever true.

With me in the hour of sorrow,
When my heart is press'd with grief,
Pointing to a brighter morrow
And imparting sweet relief.

With me when the storm is sweeping
O'er my pathway dark and drear,
Waking hope within my bosom,
Stilling every anxious fear.

With me when I toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling me that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

With me in the lonely valley
When I cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
Like the ancient prophet's dream.

Always with me! always with me!
Pilot on the surging main,
Guiding to the distant haven
Where I shall be home again.

COME UP HITHER.

"Come up hither! come away!"
Thus the ransom'd spirits sing;
Here is cloudless, endless day;
Here is everlasting spring.

Come up hither! come and see
Heaven's glories yet untold;
Brighter than the sun they be,
Richer than the purest gold.

Come up hither! come and dwell
With the living hosts above;
Come, and let your bosoms swell
With their burning songs of love.

Come up hither! come and share
All the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere
Through the myriads of the skies.

Come up hither! come and shine
In the robes of spotless white;
Palms and harps, and crowns are thine;
Hither! hither wing your flight.

Come up hither! hither speed:
Rest is found in heaven alone;
Here is all the wealth you need;
Come, and make this wealth your own.

"GOD IS MY SALVATION; I WILL TRUST."

SAVIOUR! happy should I be,
If I could but trust in Thee;
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust Thy goodness to provide;
Trust Thy saving love and power;
Trust Thee every day and hour;

Trust Thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust Thy promise for relief;

Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust Thy grace to make me whole;
Trust Thee, living, dying too;
Trust Thee all my journey through;
Trust Thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES in the future, I cannot tell when,
We'll win in the battle for God and the right;
True wisdom and virtue will reign among men,
And earth will be radiant with love and with
light.

The vices that torment and burden the heart
Will flee as the new world of beauty appears,
And sorrow and anguish will swiftly depart,
And life be no longer embittered with tears.

The sighs of the orphan and widow no more,
Will mingle in sadness and gloom with the air,
But taught by the Spirit to trust and adore,
They'll find a sweet freedom from trouble and
care.

The brooks that dash onward and sing in their
glee,
Will charm with their music the listening heart,
For then will the ear be both quicken'd and free,
And nature excel the perfection of art.

The shrill, startling blast of the war trump shall
cease,
And jubilant notes of thanksgiving arise,
For earth will be crowned with the triumphs of
peace,
While anthems of gladness ring out from the
skies.

The flowers, arrayed in their loveliest hues,
Will bloom with a fragrance unequaled before,
And men will no longer in madness refuse,
In songs of rejoicing, their Lord to adore.

SONG.

O let me die singing, though feeble my breath,
For singing will sweeten the anguish of death,
Though lonely the valley and gloomy the way,
Heart music can turn the deep gloom into day.
Then trusting in Jesus, I'll sing to the last,
When all the dark shadows of night shall be
past.

—*Singing and Trusting.*

HOPE.

Storms sometimes round me gather, and my fears
Break forth in mingled sighs and bitter tears,
But hope sweeps all my gloomy fears away
And turns my midnight darkness into day;
Its radiance calms and soothes my ruffled breast
Till through me spreads the quietude of rest.

—*The Star of Hope.*

CHRIST.

Deep! Deep! and far are the ways,
No eye can discern the end,
But near me is felt the heart
And touch of a loving friend.

—*Somewhere.*

AMBITION.

Mount up on high! as if on eagles' wings,
Catch inspiration from the arching skies;
The soul with more seraphic music sings,
As nearer to her bright'ning home she flies.

—*Mount Up!*

DORA GREENWELL.

THE name "Dora Greenwell" was for many years supposed to be the *pseudonym* of a writer of rare spiritual insight and fine poetic genius. It was very generally surmised that she was a member of the Society of Friends; and there was much ground for this supposition. As time wore on, and book followed book, some of the facts of her personal history became known and were occasionally referred to in the public press. But for a very long period little was really known of her actual life, and many mistakes gained currency. It eventually transpired that Dora Greenwell was a native of the county of Durham, England, the daughter of a respected and popular magistrate and deputy lieutenant, and that two of her brothers were clergymen of the Church of England, one of them being a Minor Canon of Durham Cathedral. She herself also belonged to the same communion.

"Dorothy" was the baptismal name of Miss Greenwell, but she was always called "Dora" in her family circle, and by all her friends. Her father, Mr. William Thomas Greenwell, lived upon his estate at Lanchester, nine miles distant from any town. She was born at Greenwell Ford on December 6, 1821. Sad reverses befell the household of Greenwell Ford in the year 1848, when, owing no doubt to mismanagement, the property had to be sold. For a time thereafter, Miss Greenwell, with her father and mother, resided at Ovingham Rectory, in Northumberland, where her eldest brother, William, was holding the living for a friend. It was while she lived in this village that she issued her earliest volume of poems, which was published by Mr. William Pickering and extended to a little over two hundred pages. The reception which it met with led to the issue of a second volume in 1850. After leaving Ovingham, she had no settled home for some time, but lived principally, until 1854, with her brother, the Rev. Alan Greenwell, at Golbourne Rectory, in Lancashire.

When Miss Greenwell left the Lancashire rectory for her native county she was in her thirty-third year. She settled quietly down with her mother in the fine old city of Durham, amongst many friends and relatives—her father having died in 1854. Now began the period of her greatest intellectual efforts. Her correspondence during these years is fraught with so much interest that one easily discovers in it the germs of many of her profoundest writings. She was destined to become an accomplished essayist, and to produce some prose works which claim a very high place among books of a deeply thoughtful and spiritual kind.

In 1861 Alexander Strahan & Co., of Edinburgh, issued a volume of her poetry which included some

of the earlier poems; and in 1867 the same publisher brought out a new volume with the earlier poems left out and some later ones taking their place. During some seven or eight years Miss Greenwell wrote some poems which were finally published by Bell and Daldy, with the title, "Carmina Crucis," "The Soul's Legend," and "Camera Obscura," two small volumes, were published respectively in 1873 and 1876.

Miss Greenwell made her home in Durham for eighteen years. This home was broken up at her mother's death in 1871. Torquay, Clifton, and London became, for briefer or longer periods, the places of her residence. In the autumn of 1881 Miss Greenwell went to her brother at Clifton, much weakened in health, and suffering from the results of an accident. She failed rapidly in the following spring, and the shadows fell thickly around. Death released the buoyant spirit from its mortal coil on the evening of Wednesday, March 29, 1882. She was buried in Amo's Vale Cemetery, Bristol.

W. D.

WHEN THE NIGHT AND MORNING MEET.

IN the dark and narrow street,
 Into a world of woe,
Where the tread of many feet
 Went trampling to and fro,
A child was born—speak low!
When the night and morning meet.

Full seventy summers back
 Was this, so long ago.
The feet that wore the track
 Are lying straight and low,—
Yet hath there been no lack
 Of passers to and fro.

Within the narrow street
 This childhood ever played;
Beyond the narrow street
 This manhood never strayed;
This age sat still and prayed
 Anear the trampling feet.

The tread of ceaseless feet
 Flowed through his life, unstirred
By waters' fall, or fleet
 Wind music, or the bird
Of morn; these sounds are sweet.
 But they were still unheard.

Within the narrow street
 I stood beside a bed.—
I held a dying head

When the night and morning meet;
And every word was sweet,
Though few the words we said.

And as we talked, dawn drew
To day,—the world was fair
In fields afar, I knew;
Yet spoke not to him there
Of how the grasses grew,
Besprent with dewdrops rare.

We spoke not of the sun,
Nor of this green earth fair;
This soul, whose day was done
Had never claimed its share
In these, and yet its rare
Rich heritage had won.

From the dark and narrow street,
Into a world of love
A child was born,—speak low,
Speak reverent, for we know
Not how they speak above
When the night and morning meet.

"BRING ME WORD HOW TALL SHE IS."

WOMAN IN 1872.

"How tall is your Rosalind?"
"Just as high as my heart."
—As You Like It.

WITHIN a garden shade,
A garden sweet and dim,
Two happy children played
Together; he was made
For God, and she for him.

Beyond the garden's shade,
In deserts drear and dim
Two outcast children strayed
Together, he betrayed
By her, and she by him.

Together, girl and boy,
They wandered, ne'er apart;
Each wrought to each annoy,
Yet each knew never joy
Save in the other's heart.

By her so oft deceived;
By him so sore oppress;
They each the other grieved,
Yet each of each was best
Beloved, and still caressed

And she was in his sight
Found fairest, still his prize,
His constant chief delight;
She raised to him her eyes
That led her not aright.

And ever by his side
A patient huntress ran
Through forests dark and wide,
And still the woman's pride
And glory was the Man.

When her he would despise,
She kept him captive bound;
Forbidding her to rise,
By many cords and ties
She held him to the ground.

At length, in stature grown,
He stands erect and free;
Yet stands he not alone,
For his beloved would be
Like him she loveth wise,
Like him she loveth free.

So wins she her desire,
Yet stand they not apart;
For as *she* doth aspire
He grows, nor stands she higher
Than her Beloved's heart.

RAPTURE.

LIGHT at its full of the harvest moon,
Heart of the rose in the heart of June,
Song of the bird when its song takes wing,
Breath of the blossomed furze in spring,
Kiss of the angel that comes when dreams
Are more sweet than all sweetness that is or
seems.

Fire in the cloud of the opal burning,
Fall of a footstep at eve returning,
Clasp of a hand that thrills to the soul,
Bliss of a spirit that wins its goal!

GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-BYE.

"SAY not good-bye! dear friend, from thee
A word too sad that word would be.
Say not good-bye! Say but good-night,
And say it with thy tender, light,
Caressing voice, that links the bliss
Of yet another day with this.
Say but good-night!

"Say not good-bye! say but good-night:
 A word that blesses in its flight,
 In leaving hope of many a kind,
 Sweet day like this we leave behind.
 Say but good-night! Oh never say
 A word that taketh thee away!
 Say but good-night!
 Good-night!"

WEARINESS.

A fountain warbled, more it seemed
 In weariness than play;
 The birds sang loud, but not as in
 The forest depths sing they.

—*God's Singer.*

MOTHER.

My mother! she to whom I read my earliest rude
 essays,
 Who pinned my verses in her gown, and on her
 household ways,
 As she kept moving, to herself she said them over
 soft;
 I had a True-love afterwards that read them not so
 oft!

—*Without and Within.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I praised thee not while living; what to thee
 Was praise of mine? I mourned thee not when
 dead;
 I only loved thee,—love thee! oh thou fled
 Fair spirit, free at last where all are free,
 I only love thee, bless thee, that to me
 For ever thou hast made the rose more red,
 More sweet each word by olden singers said
 In sadness, or by children in their glee.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

INTERPRETATION.

We do but guess

At one another darkly, 'mid the stir
 That thickens round us; in this life of ours
 We are like players, knowing not the powers
 Nor compass of the instruments we vex,
 And by our rash, unskilful touch perplex
 To seek, and all our being heedfully
 To tune to one another's.

—*Old Letters.*

LOVE.

Love's great charity

Hath taught this lesson, as beside her knee
 I stand, and child-like con it o'er and o'er,
 "Through loving one so much love all the
 more."

—*Ibid.*

THIRST.

Oft have I bent my gaze
 Adown our Life's steep edge with eyeballs dim
 And thirsting soul, aweary of the day's
 Hot parching dust and glare; this well is deep,
 Too seldom rise the waters to its brim,
 And I had nought to draw with!

—*Ibid.*

MARRIAGE.

We broke no piece of gold,
 We took no pledge of lock nor picture slid
 Within the breast; our faith was not so cold
 That it should ask for any sign! We date
 Our marriage from our meeting day, and hold
 These spouses of the soul inviolate
 As they are secret; for no friends were bid
 To grace our banquet, yet a guest Divine
 Was there, who from that hour did consecrate
 Life's water, turning it for us to wine.

—*Ibid.*

ORGAN.

I saw thee kneel
 Afar; the organ, as it were the Soul
 Of many human souls, that did reveal
 Their secrets, sighed, as on its stormy roll
 It gathered them.

—*Ibid.*

SILENCE.

Speech is but a part
 Of Life's deep poverty, whereof the heart
 Is conscious, striving in its vague unrest
 To fill its void; but when the measure pressed
 And running over, to its clasp is given,
 It seeketh nothing more, and Earth is blest
 With Silence— even such as in Heaven!

—*To a Long-parted Friend.*

CALM.

Soon or late
 Come all things to a calm;— I do but wait.

—*Ibid.*

SUNSHINE.

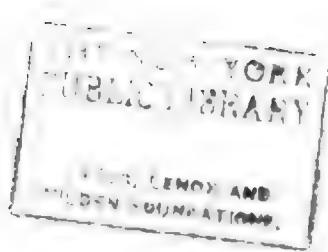
While sunshine slid
 Adown the hill's steep side, and overtook
 And meshed within its golden net, each nook
 O'ershadowed with dark growths, and filled each
 cleft
 And thunder-splintered chasm storms had left.

—*Scorsum.*

SOLITUDE.

I thirsted not to hear
 The voice of any friend, nor wished for dear
 Companion's hand firm clasped in mine; I knew,
 Had such been with me, they had been less near.

—*Rest.*



HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

MR. KOOPMAN, (the name pronounced like its English cognate, Copeman), was born in Freeport, a ship-building town near Portland, Me., July 1, 1860. He was educated in the public schools of the town and entered Colby University, Waterville, Me., at the age of sixteen and was graduated in 1880. Since that time he has supported himself chiefly with his pen, but in library work rather than in literature. He acquired his training in the Astor Library, New York, and has subsequently been connected with several college libraries. He is at present engaged in preparing a catalogue of the library of George P. Marsh, which is in the possession of the University of Vermont, at Burlington.

He began writing verse at the age of fourteen. His first printed poem appeared in December, 1876. He has, however, contributed but rarely to periodicals. His publications in book form are: "The Great Admiral," 1883; "Ellen Statira Koopman; a Tribute to Her Memory," 1885; "Orestes, a Dramatic Sketch, and Other Poems," 1888; and "Woman's Will, a Love-Play in Five Acts, with Other Poems," 1888. The latest product of his pen is entitled "The Sin of the Culprit Fay," and forms an introductory companion-piece to Drake's "Culprit Fay." From the contributions which Mr. Koopman has already made to literature, one is able to forecast to some extent the lines of further work and to judge to some degree of its probable characteristics. It is easily seen that Mr. Koopman has a strong *penchant* for dramatic verse. The most of his work in this line is as yet, however, more an outline and sketch than fully developed dramatic poetry. The incidents and situations are clear and interesting, but often abrupt and crowded together, demanding development and expansion. Yet Mr. Koopman has the dramatic sense and understands the requirements of a dramatic situation, as is shown in several instances. Mr. Koopman's powers have reached their greatest perfection in lyric verse. The last published work of Mr. Koopman, "Woman's Will," is founded upon a mediæval story which Chaucer retold in the "Wife of Bath's Tale." Gower has the same story in his "Confessio Amantis," but the story as dramatized is of a far purer tone and teaches a higher lesson.

F. E. D.

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND THE ONE-EYED IS KING.

In the Kingdom of the Blind,
Softness, harmony I find,
Fragrance, flavors ne'er excelled,—
All that pleases unbeheld.

But the people have no eyes,
And they hear with wild surprise,
With a measureless delight,
When I speak to them of sight,
Press to learn the wondrous thing.
Clasp me, crown me, hail me king;
Me! that in the Land of Seeing,
Have but half a scanty being,
Am despised and scorned of men,—
But in Blindman's-Land, ah! then,
You should hear of my renown,
You should see my robe and crown!

DAY-RED.

LIGHT, and the fading of night;
Light, and the glory of dawn;
Life the indwelling of light,
And death when the light is withdrawn!

A glory that feeling can see,
A glory that seeing can feel;
A gleam of the glory to be,
That earth cannot wholly conceal.

Light, and the fleeing of night,
Light, and the onset of day;—
But the dark flees not always with light,
Nor waits for the night-time alway.

CA IRA.

HASTE not, halt not; it will go;
Truth cannot be hindered so.
Without pain was never birth.
Drops the seed in April earth,
And above it, fierce and white,
Suns of summer blasting smite.
Waves the brown September mead,
Gleams the corn where fell the seed.
They alone, 'twas ever so,
Overcome, that undergo.

Flinch not; faint not; time will tell;
Heaven keeps its reckoning well.
Into childhood's laughing eyes
Rush the tears of toil's surprise.
Striving on from sun to sun,
Nothing ever find we done,
Toil of hand and toil of brain,
Task and toil, but all in vain;
Faileth heart and fadeth hope,
As the shadows eastward slope.
Last the uproar dies away;
Then like music; "Only they
(God in wisdom willed it so),
Overcome, that undergo!"

AUTUMN.

GOLDEN and russet and golden,
Low-lying, lustrous, and still;
As fair as the garden of olden,
That Adam was given to till!

Scarlet and purple and scarlet,
Emerald, amber, and pearl;
As brilliant as sunset afar-lit,
And soft as a singing shell's whorl!

Autumn, the queen of the seasons!
Thou scatterest beauty like rain.
And, lo! here we give thee allegiance,
And, vassals, fall into thy train!

PRINCESS EYEBRIGHT.

PRINCESS Eyebright's seventeen,
No more princess but a queen.
Who would ever guess 'twas she
Used to sit upon my knee,
Bid me tell of sleeping Rip,
Culprit Fay and flying ship.
Or, from old-world bring her back
Puss-in-boots and climbing Jack;
Then, when I had said my say,
Pouted her bright lips for pay?
Though she's grown since then, somehow
Her lips are farther from me now
Yet she lifts in olden wise
Dusky veiled, violet eyes;
But the look they wear is new,
Shy, and yet so trustful too,
That I swear the girl I miss
Charmed me never so as this.

EDWIN BOOTH.

LET Shakespeare hold the mirror up to nature,
Show scorn her image, virtue her own feature;
'Tis not enough without thy glorious part
To hold the mirror up to Shakespeare's art.

THE POET.

Who is the poet? Who is he
But the man of tears in the midst of glee?
And who is he but the man of mirth
Amid the sorrows and sighs of earth?

He sees too clear, and he sees too deep,
Not to be laughing when others weep;
And he sees too deep and clear by half,
Not to be weeping when others laugh.

MILTON.

IT was the fair, white season of first snow,
When Milton, bard of purity, was born.
When, like a snow-flake through the sky of morn,
His soul, descending, caught the sunrise glow.
And, flushed with beauty, reached the earth below.
There clad in flesh, whose features yet adorn
The halls of art, it dwelt till, toil-worn,
It sought again the skies it erst did know.
O Milton, thou hast only half thy praise
In having lowered the heavens within man's ken;
Thine other, equal labor was to raise
The human spirit up to heaven again;
So, underneath thy forehead's aureole blaze,
Thine awful eyes are mild with love to men.

WORK AND WAGES.

If there be any good
In the Devil's reward,
We may wish it, of course,
For the work of the Lord:

But the common demand
Puts all on a level,—
Claims the pay of the Lord
For the work of the Devil.

THE THREE STAGES.

FIRST I tried to live on faith,
Which brought me small hilarity,
And then I tried to live on hope,
And now I live on charity.

BEAUTY.

Her voice is like the sound that comes when bells
Have ended ringing. She has wondrous hands,
Which can make all things beautiful to see.
Her hair is like the darkness, and her eyes
Shine like two deep and starlit mountain lakes,
When the low moon is hid.

—A Woman's Will.

BROWNELL.

None e'er like him from war's resounding thong,
Loosed the lean, rhyme-winged, thought-barbed
shaft of song.

KEATS.

His name was writ in water,— and the dint
Of pity froze the fickle waves to flint.
His name was writ in water,— and has gone
To every shore the wide sea touches on.

PROPORTION.

'Tis distance lends proportion to the view,
And dwarfs all Asia to a suffering Jew.

CHARITY.

It was not always so.

There was a time when lameness leaped with joy
At sight of these same smokes; and nakedness
Was clad and sheltered in expectancy
Before it reached these halls; nor only so,
But found its hope of bounty realized,
Even upon the threshold.

— *Orestes, or The Avenger.*

GREATNESS.

Only when leagues of sea shut out the land,
Do men discern what mountains highest stand.

— *The Great Admiral.*

REST.

The head-drawn arrow sleeping on the string;
The sky-wrapt eagle hung on level wing.

— *Rest.*

MAY-FLOWER.

Thou hast a loveliness,
Thou ill can make no less,
And good can but enhance;
Not born of circumstance,
Or dress.

— *To the May-Flower.*

SWEDENBORG.

He trod with shodden feet God's altar floor,
With unanointed eyes
Looked on the Holiest, and forevermore
Discerned not truth from lies.

— *Swedenborg.*

DANDELION.

While, last of summer's tokens, new-born to feebler
glow,
Like love in old age quickened, the dandelions
blow.

— *Ebeme.*

LAND-LONGING.

Oh! when I was a little boy I loved the country so;
But now I've grown a big boy I may not thither go,
But I must'bide within the town, and toil and moil
and strive,

For just enough of misery to keep myself alive,
But when I get an old boy, maybe they'll send me
back.

Away from tears and toil and sin, from hearts and
heavens black,

And lay me down among the flowers, where long
ago I lay,

Beside the shining waters,—as free from toil as
they.

— *Land-Longing.*

W. T. W. BARBE.

W. T. W. BARBE is one of the most promising of the younger generation of American verse writers. He is a West Virginian, born near Morgantown, in Monongalia County, and is now about twenty-five years of age. He graduated in the class of 1884, in the West Virginia University, where his record is a creditable one and where he made many friends whose predictions of an honorable career have already been realized. In 1884 he took the Bachelor's degree, and three years later the Master's degree. Believing in laying as broad and firm a basis as possible for future building, he is now devoting his spare hours to studying, under the direction of the university faculty, for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Since Mr. Barbe's graduation he has been engaged in journalism, first at Morgantown for a short time, then in Cincinnati. He is now one of the editors of the *Daily State Journal* at Parkersburg, West Virginia. He is also the editor of the literary department of the *West Virginia School Journal*. While in Cincinnati he was invited to prepare and deliver a poem for the Centennial Celebration held at Morgantown in October, 1885, when that old college town completed its one hundredth year. This ode, which is now published in booklet form, was received with appreciation. Since the publication of this poem, "Song of a Century," Mr. Barbe has received a great many letters from prominent writers speaking of it in the most gratifying terms. He was elected to read the annual poem before the Alumni Association of his Alma Mater in June, 1887, and in the autumn of the same year he was elected Poet of the West Virginia Editorial Association.

Mr. Barbe is a diligent and appreciative student of Shakespeare, and cherishes a tender reverence for the life, character and poems of the great Southern poet, Sidney Lanier. He has had a number of poems published in leading periodicals, all striking for finish and originality of thought. Literature is with him a passion as well as a profession. Who would not wish to this leal young knight God-speed as he comes riding into the literary lists panoplied with high aims and pure desires, and the unsullied armor of a spotless life? May his good sword, the pen, win him many more bloodless victories and the guerdon of the laurel crown.

D. D.

A CORANACH.

A PILLOWED head on the cold, cold clay,
And a love and a life that died away!
Pray God the head that lies so low,
Under the sleet and the shrouding snow,

Has less of death and deathless care
Than the living-heart that's buried there!

For weary years the sun has lain
Below the dreary western plain,
And I have watched with lifted eyes
To see it gild the eastern skies;
But now I know that nevermore
Will light break on that distant shore.

Ah! nevermore! unless, perchance,
With richer, holier radiance,
It crown, through cycles all untold,
The turrets and towers of the City of Gold.
Oh, shall these years of rayless night
Unfit my eyes for scenes so bright?

AMID THE MOUNTAIN PINES.

The snows fall deep, the snows fall fast,
And the lights are out of the sky;
The moan, O the moan of the Winter wind,
And its wail as it skurries by!

The laurel-brake and maiden-hair
Seem dead as the hopes of May;—
I stand alone beneath the pines,
And the mountains stretch away.

The wolf's hoarse howl, the jackal's bay
Or the least of nature's signs,
Would music, welcome music be
Amid these mountain pines.

From the cold gray earth to the cold gray sky,
They reach like plummet-lines,
And I am but an unseen speck
Amid these mountain pines.

THE WINDS.

"A FLOWER! a flower!"
The South Wind cried;
And the violet blushed and bloomed
"A weed! a weed!"
The North Wind sighed;
And the violet's life was doomed.

Better things than summer flowers
Are cheered or killed by words of ours.

NOT TO THE STRONG.

I.

WEAK was her arm as a bruised reed
And her voice in whispers fell,
But the might of her love triumphant stood
O'er the powers of earth and hell.

II.
The very strength of Nature thrilled
Through all his sinewed frame,
But his love was like a broken reed
When the winds of testing came.

LIBERTY.

The City's great heart has a thousand full veins,
And it throbs with a strength all unknown;
But the Fields with their harpers full-feathered in
gold,

Have a thousand free hearts of their own.

— *The City and the Fields.*

PEARLS.

"A pearl! a pearl!" exclaimed a lad,
As he tracked by the surging sea
"Look what a wealth the wrinkled waves
Have washed ashore for me!"
And out upon the glassy deep
He tossed and skipped the shells
That round him lay, and laughed to hear
The billows moan their sad farewells;
But never dreamed that he had thrown
Into the mouth of a hungry sea
A pearl that far outworsheth the stone
That he had gathered in his glee.

— *Pearls.*

PIONEERS.

But just as he who watches from afar
The axe-man dealing sturdy strokes that jar
The very hills, can hear the final blow
When he no longer sees the gleam and glow,
So we, from this high-rising hill of time,
Look o'er to where these men were in their prime,
And hear the echo of their blows roll on,
Though woodman, axe and forest all are gone.

— *Song of a Century.*

CONTENT.

How like that wondrous plant of a wondrous clime,
The Century Plant, that takes its time with Time,
And strikes its roots and lifts its leaves in blind
Content a hundred years, before the wind
Has scent of bud or breath of blooming flower.

— *Ibid.*

THE LOVER AND THE BOOK.

Thousands of men have fallen in love
With Books, and, as Knights of old, obeyed them
And unto this day it has never been said
That their Mistress has ever betrayed them!

THE PLANE OF CLEAVAGE.

Society cleaves at the stratum of gold,
And it matters nothing at all
If the gold is washed in blood untold,
And tears as bitter as gall.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL* was born in Providence, R. I., Feb. 6, 1820. He was the second son of Dr. Pardon and Lucia Emilia D'Wolf Brownell; and a nephew of Bishop Thomas Church Brownell. His mother, a woman of rare qualities, and herself a poet, long survived him, dying in 1884 in her 89th year. The family moved to East Hartford, Conn., when Henry was four years old. At the age of fourteen or fifteen he spent a year in a commercial house in New York. Later he entered Washington, now Trinity, College, at Hartford, where he was graduated in 1841. He next taught for some months in Mobile, Ala., and then, returning home, began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1844, and opened practice in company with his brother, Charles D'Wolf Brownell. The winter of 1845-6 he spent in Cuba, going out in a sailing vessel. On this voyage and on others by steamer to New Orleans and Havana, between 1853 and 1860, he acquired that familiarity with the sea that is so conspicuous a feature of his poetry. About the year 1849 he gave up the practice of law, and thenceforth devoted himself to authorship.

His first literary venture had already been published in 1847, and contained poems written from his 18th to his 28th years. During the next eighteen years Brownell published occasional poems in newspapers and magazines, which he gathered successively into his "*Ephemeron*," "*Lyrics of a Day*," and "*War Lyrics*"; but for a time he gave most of his attention to the more profitable if somewhat less congenial form of literary work that he found in historical writing. His histories are not mere compilations, but the subjects are freshly treated in a spirited and attractive style that won for the books wide popularity. Brownell took a deep interest in the political questions that led up to the Rebellion, and when the war came it set on fire his whole being:—witness such poems as "*Coming*," "*Annus Memorabilis*," and "*April Nineteenth*." Then followed "*The March of the Regiment*," "*The Fall of Al-Accoub*," and other pieces, struck out at a white heat.

But Brownell's ardent nature could not rest content with the trumpeter's office of inciting others to battle. The naval service was his natural choice, and, in 1863, a correspondence with Admiral Farragut occasioned by the poet's version of his General Orders, resulted in Brownell's accepting the position of a master mate on board the *Hartford*. He was afterwards promoted to ensign. In this capacity Brownell was present at the fight in Mobile Bay, and was commended by the Admiral, in his official report, for coolness and accuracy in taking notes of the action. After the war he attended Farragut on

* Accented on the first syllable, like the names of the poets Tickell and Parnell.

his cruise to the principal ports of Europe, enjoying, throughout all their intercourse, the warm personal friendship of the Admiral. In 1868 he resigned his position, and returned to East Hartford, where he died, of cancer, Oct. 31, 1872, in the maturity of his powers, with his best work still before him.

There is no exaggeration in Aldrich's tribute to the personal character of Brownell. A soul of fire and dew, brave and gentle, he was beloved by all. His fortitude was unflinching. He loved all that is best in art and literature, and read widely and deeply; but, if he had a supreme devotion, it was to Nature.

Brownell's literary fame has suffered from the forgetfulness in which, until lately, his countrymen have been content to bury all subjects pertaining to the Civil War; but, at what a loss they include his poetry in that general neglect, the following extracts, though of necessity but few and short, will show more convincingly than the strongest words of commendation.

H. L. K.

FROM THE BAY FIGHT.

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,

The steady Trade blew strong and free,
The Northern Light his banners paled,
The Ocean Stream our channels wet,

We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
In the warm washing of the gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren reach
Of Santa Rosa's withered beach
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
From Brazos to San Blas that roll
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet, coast-wise as we cruised or lay,
The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,
By beach and fortress-guarded bay,
Sweet odors from the enemy's shore.

Fresh from his forest solitudes,
Unchallenged of his sentry lines—
The bursting of his cypress buds,
And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,
Nor bolder flag a foe to dare,
Had left a wake on ocean blue
Since Lion-Heart sailed *Trene-le-mer!*

But little gain by that dark ground
Was ours, save, sometime, freer breath
For friend or brother strangely found,
'Scaped from the drear domain of death.

And little venture for the bold,
Or laurel for our gallant Chief,
Save some blockaded British thief,
Full fraught with murder in his hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood --
Or dull bombardment, day by day,
With fort and earth-work, far away,
Low couched in sullen leagues of mud.

A weary time,—but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame.

"Man your starboard battery!"
Kimberly shouted —
The ship with her hearts of oak,
Was going, mid roar and smoke,
On to victory!
None of us doubted,
No, not our dying —
Farragut's Flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,
Morgan roared on our right —
Before us, gloomy and fell,
With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight!

* * * * *
Trust me, our berth was hot.
Ah, wickedly well they shot;
How their death-bolts howled and stung!
And the water-batteries played
With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung.

* * * * *
How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship!

* * * * *
Right abreast of the Fort
In an awful shroud they lay.
Broadsides thundering away,

And lightning from every port —
Scene of glory and dread!
A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red —
The thunder raging below,
And the forest of flags o'erhead!

So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

* * * * *
Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
Worth all the weary time —
Worth the woe and the peril,
To stand in that strait sublime!

Fear? A forgotten form!
Death? A dream of the eyes!
We were atoms in God's great storm
That roared through the angry skies.

One only doubt was ours,
One only dread we knew —
Could the day that dawned so well
Go down for the Darker Powers?
Would the fleet get through?
And ever the shot and shell
Came with the howl of hell,
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
And the long line of corpses grew —
Would the fleet win through?

* * * * *
Ended the mighty noise,
Thunder of forts and ships.
Down we went to the hold —
O, our dear dying boys!
How we pressed their poor brave lips,
(Ah, so pallid and cold!)
And held their hands to the last.
(Those that had hands to hold).

* * * * *
Our ship and her fame to-day
Shall float on the storied Stream,
When mast and shroud have crumbled away,
And her long white deck is a dream.

One daring leap in the dark,
Three mortal hours, at the most —
And hell lies stiff and stark
On a hundred leagues of coast.

* * * * *
Joy, O Land, for thy sons,
Victors by flood and field!
The traitor walls and guns
Have nothing left but to yield —
(Even now they surrender!)

And the ships shall sail once more,
And the cloud of war sweep on
To break on the cruel shore—
But Craven is gone,
He and his hundred are gone.

The flags flutter up and down
At sunrise and twilight dim,
The cannons menace and frown—
But never again for him,
Him and the hundred.

The Dahlgrens are dumb,
Dumb are the mortars—
Nevermore shall the drum
Beat to colors and quarters—
The great guns are silent.

O brave heart and loyal!
Let all your colors dip —
Mourn him, proud Ship!
From main deck to royal.
God rest our Captain,
Rest our lost hundred.

Droop, flag and pennant!
What is your pride for?
Heaven, that he died for,
Rest our Lieutenant,
Rest our brave threescore.

ALL TOGETHER.

OLD friends and dear! it were ungentle rhyme,
If I should question of your true hearts, whether
Ye have forgotten that far, pleasant time,
The good old time when we were all together.

Our limbs were lusty and our souls sublime;
We never heeded cold and winter weather,
Nor sun nor travel, in that cheery time,
The brave old time when we were all together.

Pleasant it was to tread the mountain thyme,
Sweet was the pure and piny mountain ether,
And pleasant all; but this was in the time,
The good old time when we were all together.

Since then I've strayed through many a fitful clime,
(Tossed on the wind of fortune like a feather.)
And chanced with rare good fellows in my time—
But ne'er the time that we have known together.

But none like those brave hearts (for now I climb
Gray hills alone, or thread the lonely heather.)
That walked beside me in the ancient time,
The good old time when we were all together.

Long since, we parted in our careless prime,
Like summer birds no June shall hasten hither;
No more to meet as in that merry time,
The sweet spring-time that shone on all together.

Nay, we shall never meet as in the time,
The dear old time when we were all together.

And some — above their heads, in wind and rime,
Year after year, the grasses wave and wither;
Aye, we shall meet! — 'tis but a little time,
And all shall lie with folded hands together.

And if, beyond the sphere of doubt and crime,
Lie purer lands — ah! let our steps be thither;
That, done with earthly change and earthly time,
In God's good time we may be all together.

THE RETURN OF KANE.

Toll, tower and minster, toll
O'er the city's ebb and flow!
Roll, muffled drum, still roll
With solemn beat and slow!—
A brave and a splendid soul
Hath gone — where all shall go.

Dimmer, in gloom and dark,
Waned the taper, day by day,
And a nation watched the spark,
Till its fluttering died away.

Was its flame so strong and calm
Through the dismal years of ice
To die 'mid the orange and the palm
And the airs of Paradise?

Over that simple bier
While the haughty Spaniard bows,
Grief may join in the generous tear,
And Vengeance forget her vows.

Ay, honor the wasted form
That a noble spirit wore —
Lightly it presses on the warm
Spring sod of its parent shore;
Hunger and darkness, cold and storm
Never shall harm it more.

No more of travel and toil,
Of tropic or arctic wild:
Gently, O Mother Soil,
Take thy worn and weary child.

Lay him — the tender and true —
To rest with such who are gone,
Each chief of the valiant crew
That died as our own hath done —
Let him rest with stout Sir Hugh,
Sir Humphrey, and good Sir John.

And let grief be far remote,
As we march from the place of death,
To the blithest note of the fife's clear
throat.
And the bugle's cheeriest breath.

Roll, stirring drum, still roll !
Not a sigh — not a sound of woe,
That a grand and glorious soul
Hath gone where the brave must go.

FROM THE EAGLE OF CORINTH.

'Tis many a stormy day,
Since, out of the cold, bleak North,
Our great War-Eagle sailed forth
To swoop o'er battle and fray.
Many and many a day
O'er charge and storm hath he wheeled,
Foray and foughten field,
Tramp, and volley, and rattle! —
Over crimson trench and turf,
Over climbing clouds of surf,
Through tempest and cannon-rack,
Have his terrible pinions whirled —
(A thousand fields of battle!
A million leagues of foam!)
But our Bird shall yet come back,
He shall soar to his Eyrie-Home —
And his thundrous wings be furled,
In the gaze of a gladdened world,
On the Nation's loftiest Dome.

GLORY.

Not a sob, not a tear be spent
For those who fell at his side —
But a moan and a long lament
For him — who might have died.
Who might have lain, as Harold lay,
A king, and in state enow —
Or slept with his peers like Roland
In the Straits of Roncesvaux.

POETRY.

Gone — ay me! — to the grave,
And never one note of song —

The Muse would weep for the brave,
But how shall she chant the wrong ?
For a wayward Wench is she —
One that would rather wait
With Old John Brown at the tree
Than Stonewall dying in state.
When for the wrongs that were,
Hath she lilted a single stave ?
Know, proud hearts, that, with her,
'Tis not enough to be brave.
By the injured, with loving glance,
Aye hath she lingered of old,
And eyed the Evil askance.
Be it never so haught and bold.
With Homer, alms-gift in hand,
With Dante, exile and free,
With Milton, blind in the Strand,
With Hugo, lone by the sea!
In the attic, with Beranger,
She could carol, how blithe and free!
Of the old, worn Frocks of Blue,
(All threadbare with victory !)
But never of purple and gold.
Never of Lily or Bee!

— *Suspicio Fincis.*

WAR.

Strange calm and peace' — ah! who could deem
By this still glen, this lone hill-side,
How three long summers, in their pride,
Have smiled above that awful dream ? —
Have ever woven a braver green,
And ever arched a lovelier blue;
Yet, Nature, in her every hue,
Took color from the dread Unseen.

— *The Battle Summers.*

CHARITY.

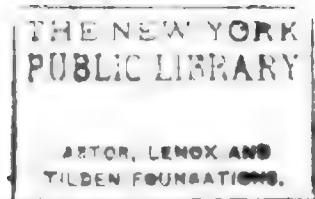
Ho, gentle maiden! that in warm and lighted
rooms displayst
The naked arm, the naked throat, the almost
naked breast!
Hast thou no angel-charity, no kindness to fulfil
For those on whom this winter storm beats down
more naked still ?

— *The Famine.*

SOLITUDE.

This narrow room — this narrow room,
Sad image of a future doom;
Silence, where all around is loud,
And loneliness amid a crowd.
On the free mountain could I stand,
Nor mark one trace of human hand,
Or steer my bark, where none might be,
Save mine old playmates of the Sea,
The winds and waves — 'twould ne'er impress
This sense of utter loneliness.

— *Solitude.*



EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON was born in London in January, 1845, and was educated mainly in France and Germany. In 1864 he was sent to the University of Oxford, and in 1869 entered the British diplomatic service. He was first attached to the Embassy at Paris, and took part in the Alabama arbitration at Geneva. Subsequently he was appointed secretary in the British Legation at Lisbon. He had to renounce this second position in 1873 in consequence of the first symptoms of the cerebro-spinal malady which has ever since forced him, as he expresses it in one of his own sonnets,—

"To keep through life the posture of the grave,
While others walk and run and dance and leap."

It was in order to while away the tedium arising out of this cruel malady which does not admit of his either reading to himself or of his being read to, that he first took to composing verse. All of his poetry has been composed without his touching pen or paper, and subsequently dictated.

Mr. Hamilton's first miscellaneous poems appeared in 1878, and attracted no notice whatever; and it was only with the publication of "The New Medusa" that his poetry began to receive attention. This volume was followed, in 1885, by one entitled "Apollo and Marsyas,"—and his last publication, entitled "Imaginary Sonnets," came out in the fall of 1888. As a writer of sonnets he is most remarkable.

Mr. Hamilton is the half-brother of "Vernon Lee," the well-known author. He resides with his mother and step-father at Florence, Italy.

C. W. M.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE was a captive once at Fenestré, To whom there came an unexpected love In the dim light which reached his narrow cell From high above.

No hinge had turned, no gaoler seen her pass; But when once there, she undisturbed remained; For who would grudge a harmless blade of grass To one long chained?

Between the flagstones of his prison floor He saw one day a pale green shoot peep out, And with a rapture never felt before He watched it sprout.

The shoot became a flower: on its life He fixed all hope, and ceased of self to think; Striving to widen with his pointless knife The cruel chink.

He bore great thirst when, parched, she drooped her head

In that close cell, to give her of his cup;
And when it froze, he stripped his wretched bed
To wrap her up.

Naming her Picciola; and week by week
Grew so enamored as her leaves unfurled
That his fierce spirit almost ceased to seek
The outer world.

Oh such another Picciola hast thou,
My prison-nurtured Poetry, long been;
Sprung up between the stones, I know not how,
From seed unseen!

This book is all a plant of prison growth,
Watered with prison water, not sweet rain;
The writer's limbs and mind are laden both
By heavy chains.

Not by steel shackles, riveted by men,
But by the clankless shackles of disease;
Which Death's own hand alone can sever, when
He so shall please.

What work I do, I do with numbed, chained hand,
With scanty light, and seeing ill the whole,
And each small part, once traced, must changeless stand
Beyond control.

The thoughts come peeping, like the small black mice
Which in the dusk approach the prisoner's bed,
Until they even nibble at his slice
Of mouldy bread.

The whole is prison work: the human shapes
Are such fantastic figures, one and all,
As with a rusty nail the captive scrapes
Upon his wall.

But if some shape of horror makes you shrink,
It is perchance some outline he has got
From nightmare's magic lantern. Do you think
He knows it not?

Scratched on that prison stone-work you will find
Some things more bold than men are wont to read.
The sentenced captive does not hide his mind:
He has no need.

Oh, would my prison were of solid stone
That knows no change, for habit might do much,
And men have grown to love their dungeons lone;
But 'tis not such.

It is that iron room whose four walls crept
On silent screws, and came each night more near
By steady inches while the victim slept,
And had no fear.

At dawn he wakes; there somehow seems a change;
The cell seems smaller; less apart the beams.
He sets it down to fancy; yet 'tis strange
How close it seems!

The next day comes; his narrow strip of sky
Seems narrower still; all day his strained eyes
sweep
Floor, walls, and roof. He's sure the roof's less
high;
He dares not sleep.

The third day breaks. He sees—he wildly calls
On God and man, who care not to attend;
He maims his hands against the conscious walls
That seek his end.

All day he fights, unarmed and all alone,
Against the closing walls, the shrinking floor,
Till Nature, ceasing to demand her own,
Rebels no more.

Then waits in silence, noting the degrees—
Perhaps with hair grown white from that dread
doubt
Till those inexorable walls shall squeeze
His strong soul out.

H. — — —
IPSISSIMUS.

THOU Priest that art behind the screen
Of this confessional, give ear:
I need God's help, for I have seen
What turns my vitals limp with fear.
O Christ, O Christ, I must have done
More mortal sin than any one
Who says his prayers in Venice here!

And yet by stealth I only tried
To kill my enemy, God knows;
And who on earth has e'er denied
A man the right to kill his foes?
He won the race of the Gondoliers;
I hate him and the skin he wears—
I hate him and the shade he throws.

I hate him through each day and hour;
All ills that curse me seem his fault;
He makes my daily soup taste sour,
He makes my daily bread taste salt;

And so I hung upon his track
At dusk to stab him in the back
In some lone street or archway vault.

But oh give heed! As I was stealing
Upon his heels, with knife grasped tight,
There crept across my soul a feeling
That I myself was kept in sight;
Each time I turned, dodge as I would,
A masked and unknown watcher stood
Who baffled all my plan that night.

What mask is this, I thought and thought,
Who dogs me thus when least I care?
His figure is nor tall nor short,
And yet has a familiar air.
But oh, despite this watcher's eye,
I'll reach my man yet by-and-by,
And snuff his life out yet, elsewhere.

And though compelled to still defer,
I schemed another project soon;
I armed my boat with a hidden spur
To run him down in the lagoon.
At dusk I saw him row one day
Where lone and wide the waters lay,
Reflecting scarce the dim white moon.

No boat, as far as sight could strain,
Loomed on the solitary sea;
I saw my oar each minute gain
Upon my death-doomed enemy,
When lo, a black-masked gondolier,
Silent and spectre-like, drew near,
And stepped between my deed and me.

He seemed from out the flood to rise,
And hovered near to mar my game;
I knew him and his cursed guise,
His cursed mask: he was the same.
So, balked once more, enraged and cowed,
Back through the still lagoon I rowed
In mingled wonder, wrath, and shame.

Oh, were I not to come and pray
Thee for thy absolution here
In the confessional, to-day
My very ribs would burst with fear.
Leave not, good Father, in the lurch
A faithful son of Mother Church,
Whose faith is firm and soul sincere.

Behind St. Luke's, as the dead men know,
A pale apothecary dwells,
Who deals in death both quick and slow,
And baleful philters, withering spells;

He sells alike to rich and poor,
Who know what knocks to give his door,
The yellow dust that rings the knells.

Well, then, I went and knocked the knock
With cautious hand, as I'd been taught;
The door revolved with silent lock,
And I went in, suspecting nought.
But oh, the self-same form stood masked
Behind the counter, and unasked
In silence proffered what I sought.

My knees and hands like aspens shook:
I spilt the powder on the ground;
I dared not turn, I dared not look;
My palsied tongue would make no sound.
Then through the door I fled at last
With feet that seemed more slow than fast,
And dared not even once look round.

And yet I am an honest man
Who only sought to kill his foe:
Could I sit down to see each plan
That I took up frustrated so,
When as each plan was marred and balked,
And in the sun my man still walked,
I felt my hate still greater grow?

I thought, "At dusk with stealthy tread
I'll seek his dwelling, and I'll creep
Upstairs and hide beneath his bed,
And in the night I'll strike him deep."
And so I went; but at his door
The figure, masked just as before,
Sat on the step as if asleep.

Bent, spite all fear, upon my task,
I tried to pass: there was no space.
Then rage prevailed: I snatched the mask
From off the baffling figure's face,
And oh, unutterable dread!
The face was mine, mine white and dead.
Stiff with some frightful death's grimace.

What sins are mine, O luckless wight,
That doom should play me such a trick
And make me see a sudden sight
That turns both soul and body sick?
Stretch out thy hands, thou priest unseen
That sittest there behind the screen,
And give me absolution, quick!

O God, O God, his hands are dead!
His hands are mine, O monstrous spell!
I feel them clammy on my head.
Is he my own dead self as well?

Those hands are mine—their scars, their
shape:
O God, O God, there's no escape,
And seeking Heaven, I fall on Hell!

TO THE MUSE.

I.

To keep through life the posture of the grave,
While others walk and run and dance and leap;
To keep it ever, waking or asleep,
While shrink the limbs which Nature goodly gave;
In summer's heat to breast no more the wave,
Nor tread the cornfield where the reapers reap;
To wade no more through tangled grasses deep,
Nor press the moss beneath some leafy nave;
In winter days no more to hear the ring
Of frozen earth, the creak of crisp, fresh snow;
No more to roam where scarlet berries cling
To leafless twigs, and pluck the ripe blue sloe—
'Tis hard, 'tis hard, but thou dost bring relief,
Fair, welcome Muse, sweet soother of all grief.

II.

Oh, were it not for thee, the dull, dead weight
Of Time's great coils, too sluggishly unrolled,
Which creep across me ever, fold on fold,
As I lie prostrate, were for strength too great.
For health and motion are not all that Fate
Has bid the passing seasons to withhold;
Alas! a nobler birthright yet was sold
For one small mess of pottage that I eat.
And, like the wretch who, shivering in the street
And gnawed by hunger, sees his haggard self
In some shop window piled with drink and meat,
I fix my hungry eyes where, cruelly near,
Are lying, closed and useless on the shelf,
The books I dare not read and dare not hear.

SEA-SHELL MURMURS.

THE hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' every shifting mood.
Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well.—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

IDLE CHARON.

THE shores of Styx are lone forevermore,
And not one shadowy form upon the steep
Looms through the dusk, far as the eye can
sweep,
To call the ferry over as of yore;
But tintless rushes all about the shore
Have hemmed the old boat in, where, locked in
sleep,
Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep
With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.

For in the world of Life strange rumors run
That now the Soul departs not with the breath,
But that the Body and the Soul are one;
And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,
The widow puts no obol, nor the son,
To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

WE touch Life's shore as swimmers from a wreck
Who shudder at the cheerless land they reach,
And find their comrades gathered on the beach
Watching a fading sail, a small white speck —
The phantom ship, upon whose ample deck
There seemed awhile a homeward place for each.
The crowd still wring their hands and still
beseech,
But see, it fades, in spite of prayer and beck.

Let those who hope for brighter shores no more
Not mourn, but turning inland, bravely seek
What hidden wealth redeems the shapeless shore.
The strong must build stout cabins for the weak;
Must plan and stint; must sow and reap and store;
For grain takes root though all seems bare and
bleak.

SUNKEN GOLD.

IN dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships,
While gold doubloons that from the drowned
hand fell
Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed by now
dead lips.
And round some wrought-gold cup the sea-grass
whips
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their
shell,
Where sea-weed forests fill each ocean dell,
And seek dim sunlight with their countless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes,
Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,
In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes.
They lie deep, deep; but I at times behold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

STRANGLED.

THERE is a legend in some Spanish book
About a noisy reveller who, at night,
Returning home with others, saw a light
Shine from a window, and climbed up to look,
And saw within the room, hanged to a hook,
His own self-strangled self, grim, rigid, white,
And who, struck sober by that livid sight,
Feasting his eyes, in tongue-tied horror shook.

Has any man a fancy to peep in
And see, as through a window, in the Past,
His nobler self, self-choked with coils of sin,
Or sloth or folly? Round the throat whipped fast
The nooses give the face a stiffened grin.
'Tis but thyself. Look well. Why be aghast?

LEONARDO DA VINCI ON HIS SNAKES.

(1480.)

I LOVE to watch them, trickling on the floor,
Like Evil's very oozings running free;
Now livid blue, now green as green can be,
Now almost white, though black an hour before.
Their undulation, trammelled by no shore,
Might be a ripple upon Horror's Sea;
The live meander moves so soundlessly —
Inscrutable as magic's very core.

What if I painted a Medusa's head,
Fresh severed, lying on its back, with brow
Convulsed in death, and wan as moonlit lead;
And made the snakes, still writhing in a slow
Death-struggle, round the temples that are dead,
Striving to quit them in a ceaseless flow?

LADY JANE GRAY TO THE FLOWERS
AND BIRDS.

(1553.)

TO-MORROW death: and there are woods hard by,
With restless spots of sunshine on the ground,
With bees that hum and birds that pipe all
round,
And beds of moss where sparkling dewdrops lie;

To-morrow death; and there are fields of rye
Where poppies and bright corn-flowers abound;
And there are fragrant grasses, where the sound
Of streamlets rises, where the mowers ply.

I wonder if the woodland bells will close
A little earlier on the day I end,
Tired of the light, though free from human woes;
And if the robin and the thrush will wend
A little sooner to their sweet repose,
To make a little mourning for their friend?

DOMINGO LOPEZ TO HIS SAVIOUR.

(1610.)

The cowardice of man who dares not do!—
For sixteen centuries since Jesus died
On Golgotha, we paint Him from dolls tied
On crosses, or from corpses stark and blue.
Has any painter ever dared to screw
A living model to the Cross, or tried
To seize the wriggles of the Crucified—
The twitches of the living hands nailed through?

O Christ, my Christ, Thou shalt be painted yet
In all Thy torture; and at last men's eyes
Shall see Thy cracking limbs, Thy crimson sweat!
I've trapped a Jew in cellars whence can rise
No yell. I'll work at leisure; and we'll set
The finished picture in St. Barnaby's.

BIJOU THE DWARF TO THE ELECTRESS MARY.

(1690.)

I AM the imp of stone that squats and leers
Upon the black cathedral front, up high;
With which they fright the children when they
cry.
All warped and hunchbacked, with the great bat's
ears,
And thou the beautiful straight queen that wears
The heavenly smile, while round her comes to
die
The yellow sunshine that clings lovingly
To the old statues in their rigid tiers.

I love thee; but thou canst not love me back:
Thine eyes are turned elsewhere and see me not,
Deep in the shadow, lonely, chill, and black.
Thou, bathed in sunshine, love a crooked blot?
Nature would shriek; the earth would quake
and crack;
And I should loathe thee as I loathe my lot.

HATE.

Oh, there is nothing like the panting love
With which the tigress closes round her prey!
Men call it hate; I call it love at play;
The yearning of the viper for the dove.
—Queen Eleanor to Rosamond Clifford.

STARS.

Night closes round. The burning stars flame out,
Intolerably many, and yet more.
—The King of Cyprus to His Queen.

HARVEST.

A rich warm scent
Of summer ripeness fills the fertile plain;
The ox, unyoked, kneels chewing near the wain;
In one sound blent
The voices of the insect-swarms that fill
Each furrow, indefatigably trill
And chirp and hum; until the bright day spent,
Invokes the dusk to make the lone fields still.
—Apollo and Marsyas.

TWILIGHT.

But the twilight
Makes all objects seem mysterious,
Like a conscious watcher each.

—Sister Mary of the Plague.

MORN.

Time wades slowly through the darkness
Till at last it reaches day,
And the city's many steeples
Buried in the starless heaven
Grow distinct in sunless gray.

—Ibid.

PURITY.

Upon my bridal morn my father's house
Was full of song; my heart was full of sun;
Yea, and of earnest love and brave intent:
Less snowy was the linen I had woven
With my own hands for thee; less fresh the wreaths
The bridesmaids still were twining; and less pure
The gold of bridal gifts which guest-friends
brought,
Than was the heart that waited to be thine.

—The Bride of Porphyron.

DOUBT.

The pillars of my faith in human good
Had given way; the roof had fallen in
Upon my life. Oh how I cursed the night
For dragging out its black and silent creep!
And when dawn came, oh how I cursed the dawn
For its intrusive stare! And yet that night
Was but the first of many equal nights;
That dawn was but the first of many dawns
In ushering in a loathed and lonely day.

—Ibid.

PORPHYRION.

Rock, hard and wind-swept, was my marriage bed;
The wilderness my bride; the starry sky
My roof; the distant, interrupted howl
Of beasts of prey my nuptial lullaby.
Before me lay the waste, strewn here and there
With ribs of men and camels, or the wreck
Of perished cities; yea, and thirst and pain
In vaguely measured sum. But in my soul
The voice of thunder cried: "Push on, push on
Into the waste, Porphyron! thou art still
Too near to human haunts, too far from God!"

—*Ibid.*

LIFE.

But oh the pleasant breath
Of life; the strong, strong stream of youth and
health
That bounds along the veins; the unused wealth
Of what we call the Future, with its schemes,
Emotions, friendships, loves, surprises, dreams;
The thing we call Identity, the I
To which the wretched cling, they know not why,
And which no evils press me to destroy;
The simple pleasures which I now enjoy—
What, give up all? What right has Fate, what
right,

To thrust me from Life's hearth into the night,
The darkness and the cold? What right or need
Has Fate to come, and while I sit and read
Life's pleasant page, to summon me to shut
The open book, and leave two thirds uncut?
Who dares to tell me that a living man
Whom God has made, who feels the cool winds fan
His heated brow, is not in God's sight worth
A thing that is man's work, upon this earth?

—*The Wonder of The World.*

REALITY.

Oh who shall have the courage to decide
Between the things that are and those that seem,
And tell the spirit that the eyes have lied?
Watch thy own face reflected in the stream;
Is that a figment? Who shall dare to call
That unsubstantial form a madman's dream?
Or watch the shadow on the sunlit wall,
If thou couldst clutch it great would be thy skill;
Thou'll feel a chilly spot—and that is all.
So may the spectres which, more subtle still,
Elude the feeble intellect of man,
And leave us empty-handed with a chill,
Be just as much reality. We spend
Life 'mid familiar spectres, while the soul
In fear denies the rest.

—*The New Medusa.*

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE is not a pen-name. For a real name, the Christian part of it sounds strange; but the surname is a well-known one in Virginia, the former bearers of it being near of kin to Martha Washington. The name "Danske" means "*the Dane*," and it was given to the daughter who was born to Henry Bedinger, when he was United States minister to Copenhagen just before the breaking out of our Civil War. The infant lived, but the father soon died. The mother, Mrs. Caroline Lawrence Bedinger, with her children,—she had three, of whom Danske was the youngest,—returned to the family country-seat at Shepherdstown, West Virginia. They lived there till the close of the war, when Mrs. Bedinger died. She, by the way, was a grand-daughter of Eliza Southgate Bowne, whose "*Letters of a Young Girl Eighty Years Ago*" were recently published. The orphan children were taken to the home of their grandfather, the Hon. J. W. Lawrence, in Flushing, L. I., and there Danske lived till 1877, when she married Stephen Dandridge and returned to Shepherdstown, West Virginia, to live. By the marriage she secured not only the sympathy, encouragement and criticism she needed, but the alliteration of name that is as much to an author as a title is to a book.

But why did the foreign-born girl, who was frail in health and nervous in temperament, need sympathy, encouragement and criticism? Simply because she was about to enter the lists in literature. She had scribbled verses since she was a child of eight. Her father before her wrote poems for *The Southern Literary Messenger*. But the morbid, sensitive, dreamy child had not attempted ambitious flights, nor did the woman, though aided and encouraged, so much as offer a poem to an editor till she had been married some years. Her first poem was published in *Godey's Lady's Book* for February, 1885. In June of the same year "*The Lover in the Woods*" appeared in *Lippincott's*, and in August "*Twilight in the Woods*" appeared in *The Independent*. Since then the name "Danske Dandridge" has appeared again and again in our magazines and periodicals. Most frequently have her poems appeared in *The Independent*, which has published no less than twenty-three of them during the past three years. In the spring of 1888 these poems, with the bloom of their youth fresh upon them, were gathered into a dainty, tiny volume called "*Joy, and Other Poems*." Few of our poets have put forth a sweeter, simpler first venture than this. None of the poems are profound, and none, perhaps, are great; but many are striking for thought and expression and they all have a delicate freshness. It is the fashion to try to develop or discover an

inspiration for every writer's characteristics, and so I suppose I must say that Mrs. Dandridge is devoted to the nature studies of John Burroughs, and to the nature poems of Wordsworth. But she is also a close reader of Shakespeare, who belongs no more to the woods and fields and hills than to courts, taverns and the high seas. I prefer to think that Mrs. Dandridge is a poet in herself and apart from the influence of books.

J. E. B.

THE RAINBOW.

TO A. S. D.

We are akin, dear soul:
 Akin as are the rainbow in the sky,
 The runnel on the knoll:
 We are akin in spirit, you and I.
 Ah! how serene and bright!
 You stand with shining feet,
 And lustrous arch complete
 Of rounded life upon the cloudy height:
 You catch the light of heaven and repeat
 All its transcendent splendor in your face,
 And beautify a place
 With radiance of a glory and a grace.
 Thus is your life, O soul!
 But I am like the stream
 That hurries down the knoll.
 As changeful as a dream:
 As restless and as wild
 As an impatient child:
 Yet thankful, dear, if in some tranquil space,
 I may reflect the radiance of your face.

TO A POET.

If thou art a poet-son of God
 Fix upon the heights thy steadfast glance;
 Listen with quick ear to catch His word;
 Speak, as He shall give thee utterance.

Speak what earth unseals to thee,
 And the sky reveals to thee;
 What the hoarse wind shrieks;
 And the dark tide speaks;
 What the storm-clouds thunder
 In their meeting crash;
 What—the lurid wonder
 Of the lightning flash.

Why the strong sun sets
 And the planets rise;
 Why the rainbow spans
 The wet summer skies;

What the forests utter,
 With incessant sound;
 What the caverns mutter,
 Rumbling underground.
 What the crag reveals
 Where man never trod:
 What the abyss conceals
 Of the ways of God.

What the eagle calls
 To the wild glen:
 What the waterfalls
 Answer again.
 What the snake hisses;
 What the wolf yells;
 What, to the nestling,
 The owl's hooting tells.

What the hawk screameth
 Over her nest:
 What the heart dreameth
 In mother's breast.
 What the streams are gurgling
 In a pleasant voice;
 Why the lambs are racing;
 Why the birds rejoice.
 What thrushes sing to thee;
 What church bells ring to thee:

Why the flowers fade;
 Why the earthworm dies;
 While the chrysalids
 Change to butterflies.
 What the message of the rose,
 Or the violet;
 Why each sweetest thing that grows
 Is with tear-drops wet.

What the mind guesses,
 Day after day,
 Through dim recesses
 Groping its way.
 What the stars show
 Each unto each;
 What the moon answers
 In silver speech.
 What of joy reaches thee;
 What thy pain teaches thee
 That do thou teach.

Let thine inspiration,
 Thy wisdom, be
 What all God's Creation
 calleth to thee.

AN AUTUMN ANNIVERSARY.

O BEAUTY, Beauty, thou wilt drive me mad!
Where shall I turn, or whither shall I flee?
Thou dost oppress the very soul of me
With hauntings of the dear delights I had.

In all the red and orange pomp I see,
In all the glory of the gold and green,
Naught but what is not, and what once hath
been,
And all the pain that is and should not be.

Alas! alas! by all our power of bliss;
By all the fleeting splendor of the day;
By the last rosy cloud that fades away;
There is no sadder loveliness than this.

O mist upon the valley, rise and rise,
And draw the moon within thy silver fold;
The day of my despair is dead and cold;
And all the stars are shining in the skies.

SIDNEY LANIER.

DEAR brother, thou who grandly didst aspire
To holy beauty, yet didst meek obey
The voice from heaven that called thee "Come
up higher";
Thou who our listening hearts didst greatly
sway
With magic of thy flute-toned, artful lay:
When, like thy Master, thou wast "clean fore-
spent,"
Laidst calmly down thy clear-voiced instrument.
How grandly now thy spirit, with no clod
Of frail and feeble flesh to hold her back,
Will follow through eternity thy God
In his vast, glorious, and harmonious track!

PLEASURE.

Alas! I have an ancient enemy,
Whose robes are tinsel, and her face a lie,
Men call her Pleasure, but I know her twin
Is Pain; their age, Remorse; their shadow, Sin.

MOON.

We dart through the void;
We have cries, we have laughter;
The phantom that haunts us
Comes silently after.
This Ghost-lady follows,
Though none hear her tread;

—Joy.

On, on, we are flying.

Still tracked by our Dead;
By this white, awful Mystery,
Haggard and dead.

—*The Dead Moon.*

PRIMROSE.

Humbly I bend upon the greening sod
To welcome thus the latest gift from God,
That was not yesterday and is to-day.

—*The Pale Primrose.*

DESIRE.

Come, dear Desire, and walk with me;
We'll gather sweets, and rob the bee;
Come, leave the dimness of your room,
We'll watch, how since the morning rain
The spider sitteth at her loom,
To weave her silken nets again.
I know a field where bluets blow
Like frost from fingers of the night,
And in a sheltered coppice grow
Arbutus trailers, blush and white.

—*Desire.*

POETRY.

Then let a song for soothing float
From out the hermit thrush's throat.
Upon a mountain side apart,
Where blows no breath of earthly care,
There let him cheer his gentle heart,
And drink him drunk with mountain air.

—*Paganus.*

DEATH.

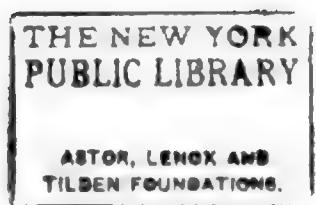
Ah! for lost joy, and scent of fading rose;
And tender memories at a sad life's close;
And pain of lonely hearts, forlorn, bereft,
When one is taken and the other left:—
No more:—there is a silence in the years;
And the old Moon recalls her youth with tears.

—*The Endymion of Keats.*

LOVE.

By all the many signs of Love;
By all Love's truth, I know
Your spirit cleaves to mine—and yet—
I pray you tell me so.
We meet by day, we part by night;
We join our clinging hands;
And still, between us and delight
A spirit barrier stands.
Alas! these phantoms should not be,
That keep our souls apart;
My friend, my lover, and my love—
Let down the bars, dear heart.

—*Let Down the Bars.*



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE was born May 31, 1847, in Queen's County, Ireland, a most auspicious soil for a poet. Through his father, Edward Roche, Esq., an able mathematician and scholar, still living and occupying the office of Provincial Librarian in Prince Edward Island, he inherits the literary quality dominant in his temperament and his art. The family settled in Prince Edward Island in the same year. The boy was educated by his father, and later in St. Dunstan's College. Here, at the age of fifteen, foreshadowing his career, he turned journalist and proudly edited the college weekly "unto the urn and ashes" of its infant end. His youth had a fair share of spirited adventure, an encountering of odd characters and scenes, a sharp observance of events, and a close, rapid, honest mental life. In 1866 he strolled alone into the open gates of Boston, fell into the clutches of commerce, and prospered there, yet with revertings thenceforward to literature, his early love and first unconscious choice, keeping up, in print, a running fire of the arch, absurd, unique humor which has since given his name its note. Already married, in 1883, he shifted into his natural posture and became assistant editor of the Boston *Pilot*, a position entirely to his mind, which he still fills. A man of activity, eminently social, interested in all public matters, sensitive and independent, he has done, without any premeditation, much energetic and brilliant work, of which a "History of the Filibusters in Spanish America," a novel, and a drama are yet in manuscript. In 1886 he published "Songs and Satires," a distinct success, and an earnest of healthful and unhurried growth.

Nothing injures Mr. Roche's fun so much as his seriousness. When a throat is able to give out a ringing bass song of sport or war, we cease to demand falsetto of it, however quaint and dexterous. It is, perhaps, an unhappy gift, this of divided skill, for it sometimes necessitates a pause, an adjustment, a choice. It is a grim truth that the humorous has no place on the top peaks of Parnassus: to be great, one must be grave. But Mr. Roche, of all men, can afford to let his lighter talent, exquisite as it is in kind, go by, so long as he can throw into his metrical narratives the same keenness and decisiveness of thought, the same life and grace of phrase, which have glorified his cap-and-bells. Something in the generous and symmetrical air of to-day has colored his verses, ever and anon, with a light, humanitarian and revolutionary; but his protests, made as they are of beautiful philosophy, come from him with an odd grace only, and belie Timon's part with a look of Mercutio. A poet, as a poet merely, had best sing out his unregenerated music

and leave great causes alone, unless they have overwhelmed him of his nature and their own will. The witty secretary of the Papyrus Club is undedicated, however he should deny it, and liegeman to no theory, at heart. He sends his gallant and unbookish fancies on profane errands.

"Some to the wars, to seek their fortune there,
Some to discover islands, far away."

Mr. Roche is, first, a scrivener and chronicler, utterly impersonal, full of joy in deeds, a discerner between the expedient and the everlasting right, wholly fitted to throw into enduring song some of the simple heroisms of our American annals. We bid fair to have in him an admirable ballad-writer, choosing instinctively and from affection "that which lieth nearest," and saying it with truth and zest. His Muse, like himself, is happy in her place and time; none too much at the mercy of sentiment; coming through sheer intelligence, to the conclusion of fools, and going her unvexed gypsy ways with an "All's well!" ever on her lips.

L. I. G.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The hands of the King are soft and fair;
They never knew labor's stain.
The hands of the Robber redly wear
The bloody brand of Cain.
But the hands of the Man are hard and scarred
With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
As white as a king's may be.
Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands,
For the world has made him free.
But thy palms toil-worn by nails are torn,
O'Christ, on Calvary!

THE WATER-LILY.

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
With nought of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye,—
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey-bee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven, and no man know,
Seeing the coarse vile stem below.
How God hath seen the crown.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

From the noisome garrets and cellars,
From the kennels and dens of shame,
The city's wild cavern-dwellers
One day into sunlight came;
For a magic singer had found him
A song with a new refrain,
And the outcasts thronged around him
And took up the mighty strain.—
Aux armes, aux armes, Citoyens!
Formez, formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abrira
nos sillons !

He had lain on the rocky shingle
By the rim of the sounding sea,
Where the warring voices mingle
And melt into harmony;
And he listed the note that lingers
In eternal monotone,
When the sea with his strong white fingers
Beats on the keys of stone.

Breakers twain, and another,
And the third is a vengeful cry;
Ever the same, nor other
Shall be till the seas be dry:
The first bids the slave awaken;
The next is a call to fight;
The thrones at the third are shaken,
And the People is king by right.

The gilded court's shrill babble
Was stilled when the dumb ones spoke,
And the grand, sad, patient rabble
From its sleeping ages woke.
Then the wrongs that were built of granite
Were weak as a lie laid bare;
No room for wrong on the planet
When Oppression begets Despair.

Ah! new bastiles have been builded,
And tyranny grows again.
But the freedom-song that thrilled it
Dies not from the heart of men;
For prisons will crumble under
The spell of a magic word,
And fetters shall fall asunder
When the Song of the Sea is heard.—

Aux armes, aux armes, Citoyens!
Formez, formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abrira
nos sillons !

BABYLON.

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jewelled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
Her mart is a robbers' den,
With the wrested toll of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and the West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy.—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

SIR HUGO'S CHOICE.

It is better to die, since death comes surely,
In the full noontide of an honored name,
Than to lie at the end of years obscurely,
A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

* * * * *

Sir Hugo lived in the ages golden,
Warden of Aisne and Picardy:
He lived and died, and his deeds are told in
The Book immortal of Chivalrie:

How he won the love of a prince's daughter—
A poor knight he with a stainless sword—
Whereat Count Rolf, who had vainly sought her,
Swore death should sit at the bridal board.

"A braggart's threat, for a brave man's scorning!"
And Hugo laughed at his rival's ire,
But courier's twain, on the bridal morning,
To his castle gate came with tidings dire.

The first a-faint and with armor riven:
 "In peril sore have I left thy bride,—
 False Rolf waylaid us. For love and Heaven!
 Sir Hugo, quick to the rescue ride!"

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy;
 He sprang to horse and he flashed his brand,
 But a hand was laid on his bridle slowly,
 And a herald spoke: "By the king's command

"This to Picardy's trusty warden:—
 France calls first for his loyal sword,
 The Flemish spears are across the border,
 And all is lost if they win the ford."

Sir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen,
 His white lips trembled in silent prayer—
 God's pity soften the spirit's passion
 When the crucifixion of Love is there!

What need to tell of the message spoken?
 Of the hand that shook as he poised his lance?
 And the look that told of his brave heart broken,
 As he bade them follow, "For God and France!"

On Cambray's field next morn they found him,
 'Mid a mighty swath of foemen dead;
 Her snow-white scarf he had bound around him
 With his loyal blood was baptized red.

It is all writ down in the book of glory,
 On crimson pages of blood and strife,
 With scanty thought for the simple story
 Of duty dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended
 By warrior scribe or monk perchance,
 Saith: "The good knight's ladye was sore offended
 That he would not die for her but France."

Did the ladye live to lament her lover?
 Or did roystering Rolf prove a better mate?
 I have searched the records over and over,
 But nought discover to tell her fate.

And I read the moral.—A brave endeavor
 To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
 Is better than life with love forever—
 And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

ANDROMEDA.

THEY chained her fair young body to the cold and
 cruel stone;
 The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her
 for his own'

The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her
 there alone.
 Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who
 denied her,
 Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy
 pain;
 The night that hath no morrow was brooding on
 the main:
 But lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
 'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day
 proclaiming
 Across the western main.
 O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy
 chain!

THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
 The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
 In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
 The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
 Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo.—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * *

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
 Who blushing said: "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
 And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
 To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise
 She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
 The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpas,
 Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
 Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

*Dies erit praeligata
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

IF.

OH, if the world were mine, Love,
I'd give the world for thee!
Alas! there is no sign, Love,
Of that contingency.

Were I a king — which is n't
To be considered now—
A diadem had glistened
Upon thy lovely brow.

Had Fame with laurels crowned me,—
She has n't up to date,—
Nor time nor change had found me
To love and thee ingrate.

If Death threw down his gage, Love,
Though life is dear to me,
I'd die, e'en of old age, Love,
To win a smile from thee.

But being poor we part, Dear,
And love, sweet love, must die —
Thou wilt not break thy heart, Dear;
No more I think, shall I.

"DON'T."

YOUR eyes were made for laughter,
Sorrow befits them not;
Would you be blithe hereafter,
Avoid the lover's lot.

The rose and lily blended
Possess your cheeks so fair;
Care never was intended
To leave his furrows there.

Your heart was not created
To fret itself away,
Being unduly mated
To common human clay.

But hearts were made for loving —
Confound philosophy!
Forget what I've been proving,
Sweet Phyllis, and love me.

POVERTY.

What matter if king or consul or president holds
the rein,
If crime and poverty ever be links in the bond-
man's chain?
What careth the burden-bearer that Liberty packed
his load,
If Hunger presseth behind him with a sharp and
ready goad?

—*For the People.*

REBELLION.

Natchieff is dead, your Majesty.
You knew him not. He was a common hind,
Who lived ten years in hell, and then he died —
To seek another hell, as we must think,
Since he was rebel to your Majesty.

—*Natchieff.*

TIME.

The future lies beyond the rounded rim;
The present beats before our puny feet;
The past was washed out on the morning tide;—
Past, Present, Future are as one to Him
Who bids the wave advance, be still, retreat,
And mercifully doth the future hide.

—*Egypt.*

BOSTON.

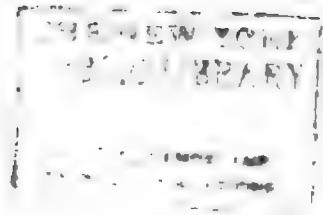
I caught the words "Orchestra chair—
Be sure you get the right one—
See the harp-tuner; and take care
The halo is a bright one.
Look lively, too," St. Peter said,
"The gentleman is waiting."
"Please register"—he bent his head,
The great book indicating.
The stranger wrote. I read the scrawl
The sacred page engrossed on;
The name was nought, the place was all,—
"J. Winthrop Wiggins, Boston."

—*A Title Clear.*

DAVY CROCKETT.

God! how they cheered to welcome him, those
spent and starving men!
For Davy Crockett by their side was worth an
army then.
The wounded ones forgot their wounds; the dying
drew a breath
To hail the king of border men, then turned to
laugh at death.
For all knew Davy Crockett, blithe and generous
as bold,
And strong and rugged as the quartz that hides its
heart of gold.
His simple creed for word or deed true as the
bullet sped,
And rung the target straight: "Be sure you're
right, then go ahead."

—*The Men of the Alamo.*



JULIA H. THAYER.

JULIA H. THAYER was born in Keeseville, N. Y., a romantic village near Lake Champlain, where mountain scenery and beautiful natural surroundings lent their charm to the first ten years of her life. Since then Illinois has been her home, and a most quiet and secluded life, as pupil and teacher in her father's school, at Morgan Park, has been the background of her achievements. The sensitiveness peculiar to the camera-like mind of a poet, long impelled her to hide as a defect the promptings of her nature. To a loved brother she first entrusted the fateful secret, "I wrote it," as she placed under his eye one of her earliest attempts. A grandmother of cultivated taste was next lured into the critic's corner by an ingenious device of the little authoress, who, to beguile the invalid's weary hours, read to her many articles of various hues, and deftly slipped her own among them. To her horror the unsuspecting victim too often pronounced her precious musings as but "silly trash," and but rarely ascribed the meagre praise of "very good," or, "I like that sentiment." She first published her verses anonymously. Very gradually did she allow herself to be lured into plainer sight, but from 1870 until the present time the productions of her pen, chiefly poetical, and hallowed ever by an abiding Christian element of thought and purpose, have appeared in various papers and magazines. Her harp is not of narrow compass, but holds in silken meshes the human heart, and sets its tremulous chords in tune with genuine human impulses. To those who know Miss Thayer, whose features, sweet and refined as any home-saint's, have, nevertheless, a merry, wholesome spirit of humor pervading them, deepening most suggestively in the keen gray eyes, her humorous poems would seem inevitable.

Miss Thayer has found her prose writing drudgery, but Nature, in every poetic phase, is her chosen ideal. A beautiful theme is suggested to her by an "Island Spring," as one example of such lessons. But turning from all her other poems, we yield ourselves, in closing, to the spell of the song called "Submission." We gaze into depths of being calmed and chastened until God's own glory is reflected therein. M. E. N.

THROUGH THE MIST.

THROUGH the mist the sounds come clearest;
Through the heavy, cloudy air
I can hear in tones severest
Myriad voices everywhere:

Ringing bells that no winds smother,
Childish laughter, loud and sweet,

Toilers calling to each other,
And the tread of hidden feet.

Stir of life remote, that never
Crosses when the day is clear,
Flies on spirit-pinions ever
Through the ghostly atmosphere.

Through the mist the sounds come clearest;
Through the hours weighed down with pain
I can hear again the merest
Voices of the restless brain.

Silent words ring, yearning after
Echoes that were once so sweet,
Then come back old talk and laughter,
Then come back the hidden feet.

Far-off sounds of life eternal
Touch me, as I, shrouded, list,
With a depth of tone supernal
That comes only through the mist.

ON MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS.

As one who, mid the wintry surge
Of Alpine winds that round him blow,
Delays beside the dizzy verge
O'erlooking tropic life below,
And cries with rapture as he sees
Its glowing beauties manifold,
And seems to feel its perfumed breeze,
Unconscious of benumbing cold:—

So often on some ledge of Time
That overhangs the steep of Years,
I gaze upon another clime
Where Youth's luxuriant bloom appears.
With hearing deaf to clamorous wind,
With vision blind to hostile skies,
I only know that there I find
Again my vanished paradise.

It seems so long, so long ago,
Since upward from that region sweet
I wandered through the fading glow,
Unmindful of my straying feet
Till rude airs bade my soul resist,
And emerald paths grew bare and brown,
Till shrouded in a world of mist
And lost, at times, I sank me down.

I know I now breathe purer air
And tread the firm, unyielding rock,
Above the storms of impulse where
The lightnings blind and thunders shock;

And yet upon this mountain height
My homesick heart so often turns
To view that scene of lost delight
Whereon a deathless glory burns.

OLD WINE.

THE life that was and the life that is,
How strangely blended they seem to be!
But the Past holds the prisoned wine of its cup
To lips that thirst for the mockery.

I could shatter that beautiful cup in the dust,
And smile at the ruin and stain at my feet;
I could pay the price of a hopelessness
Could I lose what is lost—the sight of things sweet.

But the crystal lining it holds it well,
And vexes the eyes with the sparkle divine,
Not a drop can color the pallid lips
With the red, new life of the old, strong wine.

We may drink of the purple grape of To-Day,
That has slumbered in suns of the royal gold,
And rocked in the warm, tender arms of the
South,
But the wine of our dreams is always the old.

MISSING.

LATE at night I saw the Shepherd
Toiling slow along the hill,
Though the flock below were gathered
In the fold so warm and still.

On His face I saw the anguish,
In His locks the drops of night,
As He searched the misty valleys,
As He climbed the frosty hight.

Just one tender lamb was missing
When He called them all by name;
While the others heard and followed,
This one only never came.

Oft His voice rang thro' the darkness
Of that long, long night of pain;
Oft He vainly paused to listen
For an answering tone again.

Far away the truant, sleeping
By the chasm of Despair,
Lay, unconscious of its danger,
Shivering in the mountain-air.

But at last the Shepherd found it
Found it ere in sleep it died.
Took it in His loving bosom,
And His soul was satisfied.

Then I saw the eastern spaces
Part before a shining throng,
And the golden dome of morning
Seemed to shatter into song.

SUBMISSION.

NOT on seas of wild commotion,
When the crazy tempest raves,
And the savage voice of Ocean
Challenges his clamoring caves.

Not on such the mirrored glory
Of the great, protecting sky;
Not a billow tells the story
In reflective sympathy.

Even when, in broken spirit,
Waves but sigh along the shore,
Still their motion must inherit
Shattered, shifting lights—no more.

But, when every sound is muffled,
And repose, as calm as death,
Rests upon a sea unruffled
By a faint, disturbing breath.

Then the image of its glory
Answers all the watching sky;
Humbled waves repeat the story
In adoring ecstasy.

YOUTH.

O Spirit of Youth, that oft comes back
In a flash of light or bloom or song,
I may hush you to rest like a crying child,
But you sob in your sleep the whole night long.
—*The Spirit of Youth.*

LOSS.

All is well? the soul re-echoes,
For, like some unmeaning strain,
Still those mystic words are sounding
Through and through the troubled brain.
How the sea of Loss encroaches
On the crumbling land of Time,
Sweeping down her pride and beauty,
And her towers of strength sublime.
—*Anonym.*

AUTUMN.

A softening light hath made her bright eyes meek
With dreams pathetic of eternal sleep.

—*Indian Summer.*

HUMBLENESS.

We look too high for our daily needs;
God trusts them not to the faithless air—
Our truest blessings are those within
Our closest reach, and are everywhere.
The infinite heavens refuse to hear
Our cries, and the silence that bids retreat
Should send us back with humbled hearts
To our own good world, here, under our feet.

—*Under Our Feet.*

BEAUTY.

To me the deepest pathos dwells
Where beauty wears its smile supreme.
It tantalizes like a dream,
But never unto mortal man
Its secret tells.

—*Summer Days.*

BORROW.

A tragic sorrow glooms the face
Forevermore that dares to see
Too much of God's infinity—
That peers behind the veil that hides
His holy place.

—*Ibid.*

EXALTATION.

On the height of Exaltation,
Where no mortal foot hath trod,
Oft the soul's transfigured being
Keeps a holy tryst with God.

—*The Mountain Apart.*

SONG.

Go sing to others all the songs
The angels sing to you—
The unused voice will lose its power,
Its tones will not be true.
Transpose for weak, unskilful hands,
In all the easy keys,
The cheering strains, the soothing calm
Of heavenly melodies.

—*A Commission.*

EASTER.

God grant that all who watch to-day
Beside their sepulchres of Loss
May find the great stone rolled away—
May see, at last with vision clear,
The shining angel standing near,
And through the dimly-lighted soul
Again may Joy's evangel roll—
The glory of the Cross!

—*Easter Morning.*

MARIA LOUISE EVE.

MISS MARIA LOUISE EVE was born near Augusta, Georgia. Her father, Dr. Edward Armstrong Eve, was one of many of the same name who have adorned the medical profession. Her great-great-grandfather, Oswell Eve, commanded a man-of-war, "The Roebuck," under George III, in ante-revolutionary days. Upon the opening of hostilities, he requested "to be sent on other service, as he had many friends in the Colonies." The family afterward came to America, locating first in Philadelphia, drifting thence to Charleston, S. C., and finally to the neighborhood of Augusta, Georgia. Miss Eve, from childhood, aspired to poesy, but her first literary success was a prose essay, for which she was awarded a prize of one hundred dollars, in 1866. The *Mobile News*, in 1879, offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best poem expressing the South's gratitude for Northern aid in the yellow fever epidemic of the preceding year. Miss Eve won this prize, and her noble verses, overflowing with grace and tenderness, were widely reproduced here and abroad.

Miss Eve has been specially honored by the Peace Society of this country and England because of her poetry bearing upon the subject of peace. Her pure and gentle spirit is naturally attuned to unwarlike settlement of controversies.

Of Miss Eve's poems the best known are "Conquered at Last," "Woes of Ireland," "Unfilled," "Filling his Place," "Easter Morning," and "The Lion and the Eagle." She has written poetry for the love of it, while striving for successful recognition in the field of letters in order to uplift humanity and alleviate its woes. While true to this mission, she has carried out in her daily occupation the virtues that shine in her verses. In all the arduous duties and trials of life she has been ever unselfish, sacrificial, charitable and devoted. Her personal example is itself a poem and her presence betokens the interior peace that dwells in consecrated natures. The talents given her by heaven she has used to the utmost, with a generous yet modest persistence. Possibly her life work is more distinct and individual because of its limitations. She has made the South respected and loved, and, with her woman's hand unbarred many a door to love which political disturbers had closed with hate.

J. R. R.

THE LION AND THE EAGLE.

On reading the dispatch announcing the coming of the English Peace Deputation to America.

Come over, come over the waters so dark,
O white-winged ship, as the dove from the ark

Returning at eve, to her master's hand,
With an olive leaf plucked in the far-off land—
A greeting of peace from our motherland—
Thrice welcome, the men, with their mission grand!
Ah well, there are many to-day that are wearing
Their badges of honor, for deeds that were daring;
But these are the men who have dared to fight
'Gainst a glittering wrong, for a trampled right.
And these are the names, in song and in story,
Shall stand on the roll of honor and glory.
Ay, peace with our kindred in blood and in creed,
Who have the same words for every need—
For mother and home, for love and for heaven;
Who sing the same songs, at morning and even;
Whose forefathers played 'neath the same roof-tree,
And lisped the same prayers at the same mother's
knee.
The Lion and Eagle, for peace, would convene,
In the grandest of Councils, the world has yet seen;—
Ye nations, be still, and know that the day
Is coming apace, when love shall hold sway;
The old flags of war forever be furled,
And "Peace" be the watchword over the world.

CONQUERED AT LAST.

Shortly after the last yellow-fever scourge swept up the Mississippi Valley the "Mobile News" offered a prize for the poem by a Southern writer which should best express the gratitude of the Southern heart towards the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so nobly and freely displayed during the pestilence. This offer called forth seventy-seven compositions from various parts of the South, and the prize was finally awarded Miss Maria L. Eve, of Augusta, Georgia, the author of "Conquered at Last."

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.
You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart,
So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain
Their heads in the dust and their branches broke;
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?
You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing;
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.
We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our heart of heart was unconquered still.
"We are vanquished," we said, "but our wounds
must heal;"
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.
"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were
sore,
And "Woe to the conquered" on every door.
But the Spoiler came and he would not spare.

The angel that walketh in darkness was there;—
He walked through the valley, walked through the
street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet
In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.
From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part:—
You heard it, O brothers!—with never a measure
You opened your hearts and poured out your
treasure.
O Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these!
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.
Your pity was human, but O! it was more,
For you shared our cross and our burden bore.
Your lives in your hands you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives—you laid down and died.
And no greater love hath a man to give,
Than to lay down his life that his friends may live.
You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.
You conquered us once, our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.
Our last trench was there, and it held out long:
It is yours, O friends! and you'll find it strong.
Your love had a magic diviner than art,
And "Conquered by Kindness" we'll write on our
heart.

FILLING HIS PLACE.

YOUNG Rip Van Winkle took into his head
To go on a cruise round the world, he said;
And in three years' time he would come once more,
And all would go on as it did before.
What a blank he left, alack and alack!
But the years went round till they brought him
back.
And one lazy day in the last of June
Stood a sunburnt sailor, humming a tune,
And watching them play on the cricket-ground.
He was champion once of the country round;
But that brawny lad with the laughing face,
It was plain to see, was filling his place;
And with half a sigh he turned him away,
Saying, "It matters not, it is naught but play."
And he took the road to the old grist-mill,
Where his place, he knew, they could never fill;
For he'd miss him sore, the miller declared,
And his own right hand could be better spared.
The miller had found, on the day he sailed,
A good honest lad, who had never failed.
"Well, all men can work, but all cannot sing.
I'll sit in the choir; and they'll know the ring
Of my voice again, for the girls did say



Maurice Thompson

"Twould break up the choir when I went away."
 Has it lost the ring that it had of old?
 For they look askance, and with glances cold;
 And the girls declare, with a pretty pout,
 That the stranger there, he has put them out.
 What matters it, though, when trifles befall?
 One sweet hope is left, that is better than all:
 His neighbors and friends may all have forgot,
 But sweet Mary Ann, he is sure, has not.
 She gave him a rose, when he sailed away:
 He'll show her that rose when he goes to-day.
 How glad she will be, after waiting so long,
 To see him again so hearty and strong!
 Alas for the sailor! alas for the rose!
 They've gone round the world, and this is the
 close:
 " You have stayed too long, you have stayed too
 long,
 Had you come before,"—this was all her song.
 " You had found my heart but an empty nest,
 And ready to welcome its truant guest.
 Go, bring the dead rose to life if you can,
 But your place is filled by a better man."
 And sadder and wiser he went his way,
 But he kept that rose to his dying day.

DOUBT.

O, children beloved, will you not understand
 'Tis the doubt in the heart that unnerves the hand;
 To the arm of a child, that would trust me all,
 With never a doubt of what would befall.
 I could give the strength and the courage and skill
 Of the mightiest angel that does my will.

—Doubt

MEMORY.

We may leave the garden, and bar the gate;
 Put an angel there, with a sword, to wait;
 But what can the bars or the angel do
 To keep all the fragrance from stealing thro'?
 Then who would not turn at the rose's wooing,
 And look once again to his heart's undoing.
 O, wishes that kiss us, but to betray!
 For they always send us empty away,
 And they stab our hearts with their beauty, so.
 And yet it may be, like the delicate snow,
 Or the burnished dust of the butterfly's wing.
 They'd turn, at our touch, to a different thing.

—Unfulfilled

EASTER.

As children that have sobbed themselves to sleep.
 Remember not, at morning, why they weep,
 Our eyes that folded with the lashes wet
 Will wake and all their tearfulness forget

On Easter morning.

—Easter.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

NOT every writer puts as much of his personality into his work as does Maurice Thompson. A reader of his books may guess correctly as to his physical appearance, mental calibre, and moral character. And, seeing him, taking him as he appears, one may guess with equal certainty as to the kind of literary work he would produce. Mr. Thompson is not a typical Western man, though his childhood was passed in his native state, Indiana. His youth and early manhood, from 1854 until the close of the war, was spent in the valley of the Oostenaula River, in Georgia. In many ways he shows his sympathy with the South, and his love for it, but this sectional predilection is rather romantic than real. It is a graft, not a natural growth. Student though he is, Mr. Thompson is eminently an out-of-doors man. The charm of the change from our variable climate to that of one near the sea shore, may have done much to foster this trait. The removal from flat, swampy Indiana to the hills of Georgia may have quickened the latent vein of gypsy blood which we all possess in greater or less degree. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, a crack shot with rifle, pistol and shot-gun, and as an archer has surpassed every authentic record in wing shooting. He is also an expert tricyclist. His education was obtained through private tutors, and at twenty-four he had a fine knowledge of the ancient classics, some acquaintance with Hebrew and its cognate oriental languages, and could read five tongues. He is a ready and accurate sketcher, and from his long excursions into unfrequented regions he brings back pencilings of birds, plants, animals, bits of landscape, persons and places, which serve to enrich his written memoranda.

Knowing of Mr. Thompson's admiration for the South, and for much pertaining to Southern people, an observer will more readily understand his manner; otherwise, many of his poses give the impression that he learned to dance late in life and has never fully assimilated his Terpsichorean training. In person he is tall, though not noticeably so, with dark hair, eyes and complexion. A phrenologist would say, "His language is small"; and his "Cracker" neighbor in Georgia would say, "He has no great gift of gab"; nevertheless, his work is praised for its purity and elegance of expression. This estimate is partially correct; but sometimes he sacrifices force of expression for elegance.

Although Mr. Thompson is chiefly known through his prose, perhaps his best work is his poetry. Here his love of musical and liquid sounding words assists the flow of his lines. His "Songs of Fair Weather" are fresh and breezy as a May morning. He reminds us in one instance

of Hypatia's longing for a manifestation from the gods:

"Now I would give (such is my need)
All the world's store of rhythm and rhyme
To see Pan fluting on a reed
And with his goat-hoof keeping time!"

"Between the Poppy and the Rose" is a gem of a poem, not only because it is so finely descriptive, and because of its perfect measure, but for the warmth of heart that breathes in every line. "Ceres" is another fine piece of versifying. In some instances Mr. Thompson ruthlessly sacrifices rhyme, rhythm, and strength for the sake of airing one of his well-appareled pet words.

Mr. Thompson is a many-sided man. His literary work is probably his recreation indoors. His real work is his law practice. He has been a member of the lower house of the Indiana Legislature, and has lately resigned the office of State Geologist of Indiana.

M. H. B.

A FLIGHT SHOT.

We were twin brothers, tall and hale,
Glad wanderers over hill and dale.

We stood within the twilight shade
Of pines that rimmed a Southern glade.

He said: "Let's settle, if we can,
Which of us is the stronger man."

"We'll try a flight shot, high and good,
Across the green glade toward the wood

And so we bent in sheer delight
Our old yew bows with all our might.

Our long keen shafts, drawn to the head,
Were poised a moment ere they sped.

As we leaned back a breath of air
Mingled the brown locks of our hair.

We loosed. As one our bow-cords rang,
As one away our arrows sprang.

Away they sprang; the wind of June
Thrilled to their softly whistled tune.

We watched their flight, and saw them strike
Deep in the ground slantwise alike.

So far away that they might pass
For two thin straws of broom-sedge grass!

Then arm in arm we doubting went
To find whose shaft was farthest sent,

Each fearing in his loving heart
That brother's shaft had fallen short.

But who could tell by such a plan
Which of us was the stronger man?

There at the margin of the wood,
Side by side our arrows stood,

Their red cock-feathers wing and wing,
Their amber nocks still quivering,

Their points deep-planted where they fell
An inch apart and parallel!

We clasped each other's hands; said he,
"Twin champions of the world are we!"

THE MORNING HILLS.

I.
He sits among the morning hills,
His face is bright and strong:
He scans far heights, but scarcely notes
The herdsman's idle song.

He cannot brook this peaceful life
While battle's trumpet calls;
He sees a crown for him who wins,
A tear for him who falls.

The flowry glens and shady slopes
Are hateful to his eyes;
Beyond the heights, beyond the storms,
The land of promise lies.

II.
He is so old and sits so still,
With face so weak and mild,
We know that he remembered naught
Save when he was a child.

His fight is fought, his fame is won,
Life's highest peak is past;
The laurel crown, the triumph-arch,
Are worthless at the last.

The frosts of age destroy the bay,—
The loud applause of men
Falls feebly on the palsied ears
Of three-score years and ten.

He does not hear the voice that bears
His name around the world;
He has no thought of great deeds done
Where battle-tempests whirled;

But evermore he is looking back,
Whilst memory fills and thrills
With echoes of the herdsman's song
Among the morning hills.

BETWEEN THE POPPY AND THE ROSE.

How tired! Eight hours of racking work,
With sharp vexations shot between!
Scant wages and few kindly words.—
How gloomy the whole day has been!
But here is home. The garden shines,
And over it the soft air flows;
A mist of chastened glory hangs
Between the poppy and the rose.

The poppy red as ruby is,
The rose pale pink, full-blown, and set
Amid the dark rich leaves that form
The strong vine's royal coronet;
And half-way o'er from this to that,
In a charmed focus of repose,
Two rare young faces, lit with love,
Between the poppy and the rose.

Sweet little Jessie, two years old,
Dear little Mamma, twenty-four,
Together in the garden walk
While evening sun-streams round them pour
List! Mamma murmurs baby-talk!
Hush! Jessie's talk to laughter glows!
They both look heavenly sweet to me,
Between the poppy and the rose.

Two flakes of sunshine in deep shade,
Two diamonds set in rougher stone,
Two songs with harp accompaniment
Across a houseless desert blown,—
No, nothing like this vision is;
How deep its innocent influence goes,
Sweeter than song or power or fame.
Between the poppy and the rose.

Between the poppy and the rose,
A bud and blossom shining fair,
A childlike mother and a child,
Whose own my very heart-throbs are;
Oh! life is sweet, they make it so;
Its work is lighter than repose;
Come anything, so they bloom on
Between the poppy and the rose.

SOLACE.

THOU art the last rose of the year,
By gusty breezes rudely fanned:
The dying Summer holds thee fast
In the hot hollow of her hand.

Thy face pales, as if looking back
Into the splendor of thy past
Had thrilled thee strangely, knowing that
This one long look must be the last.

Thine essence, that was heavenly sweet,
Has flown upon the tricksy air:
Fate's hand is on thee; drop thy leaves,
And go among the things that were.

Be must and mould, be trampled dust,
Be nothing that is fair to see:
One day, at least, of glorious life
Was thine of all eternity.

Be this a comfort: Crown and lyre
And regal purple last not long;
Kings fall like leaves, but thy perfume
Stays through the years like royal song.

BEFORE DAWN.

A KEEN, insistent hint of dawn
Fell from the mountain height;
A wan, uncertain gleam betrayed
The faltering of the night.

The emphasis of silence made
The fog above the brook
Intensely pale; the trees took on
A haunted, haggard look.

Such quiet came, expectancy
Filled all the earth and sky;
Time seemed to pause a little space;
I heard a dream go by!

SILENCE.

I heard a whisper sweet and keen
Flow through the fringe of rushes green,
The water saying some light thing,
The rushes gayly answering.

—*Death of the White Heron.*

HERON.

Where water-grass grows overgreen
On damp cool flats by gentle streams,
Still as a ghost and sad of mien,
With half-closed eyes the heron dreams

—*The Blue Heron.*

BLUEBIRD.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears aweary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow:

Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be,—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

—*The Bluebird.*

DIANA.

She had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.
She had three arrows strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.
Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;
Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bow-string should sever it.
Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair pure gold blown hinden-wise
Across her face like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.
Her limbs! how matched and round and fine!
How free like song! how strong like wine!
And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!
Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land.
No man (or king or lord or churl)
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

—*Diana.*

EROS.

O, naked baby Love among the roses,
Watching with laughing gray-green eyes for me.
Who says that thou art blind? Who hides from thee?
Who is it in his foolishness supposes
That ever a bandage round thy sweet face closes
Thicker than gauze? I know that thou cans see!

—*Garden Stars.*

PSYCHE.

Thine is the way of happiness and truth,
And all thy movements are as swift and smooth.
As through the air the strongest-flying bird's
Infinite joy about thy presence clings.
Unspeakable hope falls from thy going wings!

—*Thui.*

POETRY.

He is a poet strong and true
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew;
And like a brown bee works and sings,
With morning freshness on his wings,
And a gold burden on his thighs,—
The pollen-dust of centuries!

—*Wild Honey.*

DREAMS.

Was it a dream? We call things dreams
When we must needs do so, or own
Belief in old, exploded myths,
Whose very smoke has long since flown.

—*Clio.*

JANE MARIA READ.

MISS JANE MARIA READ, daughter of Rev. William Read, a Baptist clergyman, was born in Barnstable, Mass., Oct. 4, 1853. From her childhood she was always busy with work or thought. She was a close and sympathetic observer of nature, almost every phase of which had a voice for her. From her sixth to her twelfth year she resided on the coast of Maine, where she became imbued with a warm love for the ocean and delighted to watch its changing moods. Her literary taste began early to be developed in her home, where she was wont to listen absorbed to the reading of history, travels, and Scott's poetical works, when too young to enjoy reading them alone. Later, for several years, she was a student at the Coburn Classical Institute, in Waterville, Maine, though ill health compelled her to leave during the last year of her course, without graduating. During her school life, and subsequently, her love of poetry increased year by year. Having been presented with a copy of Longfellow's poems, it became for months her constant companion, the more so because the state of her health at that time prevented her mingling much in society. Many of the poems she read and re-read until she could easily repeat them, and all became quite familiar. These gave impulse and shaping to her native poetic tendencies. In one of them she read:

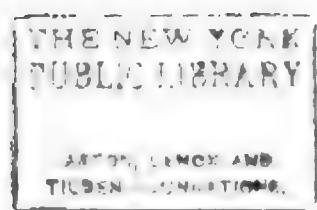
"O thou sculptor, painter, poet,
Take this lesson to thy heart —
That is best which lieth nearest —
Shape from that thy work of art."

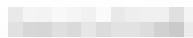
This she accepted as a great truth, and has ever, in her writing, looked within her own heart for its teachings, and for the lessons reflected there from nature. Brought up in a family where she was forced to see the burdens of others, she has written for burden-bearers, and has sought to show the brighter side to those whose lives are shaded. Many of her poems are luminous with the calm, soft light of her own Christian faith. For years she has written for many publications. In 1887 selections from her poems were gathered into a volume under the title of "Between the Centuries, and Other Poems."

Miss Read resides at Colebrook Springs, Mass., where her father has a pastoral charge. J. U.

PROEM.

For those who think life's common thought,
Who claim no learnéd, massive mind,
These fading, wildwood flowers are brought,
May-flowers and violets, here entwined.
I see the common toil, and tear,
And hear the tread of plodding feet;





Thus come to me, through eye and ear,
Impressions which my songs repeat.
If humble men may pause, to heed
The transient fragrance of these flowers;
If those who toil may pause to read,
And find a rest in weary hours,
It is enough; no more I ask.
Since Fancy's dream, or earnest thought,
Have cheered the toiler at his task,
I have attained the good I sought.

THE TWO VESSELS.

Two vessels sail adown the bay;
Around them both the small waves play.
They pass beyond the silent fort
As if they sought one common port;
As if they ne'er should parted be,
By widening distance, on the sea.

But one to sunny lands will go,
While one will seek the clime of snow;
And who can tell, if, side by side,
Those vessels e'er again shall ride;
If both shall come, from far away,
To rest together in the bay.

Two lives are passing side by side,
And o'er the tide of time they glide;
But duty, soon, apart shall rend
The clasping hands of friend from friend;
And none may say what change shall be
For hearts that sail life's restless sea.

But when, in years to come, at night
The fires are burning warm and bright,
Oh! tell me! to the port of home—
Where oft, in thought, each heart will roam—
Will both return to meet us there,
And leave no void, no vacant chair?

The breeze blows freshly o'er the bay;
The elm's long boughs above me sway;
A bird, in plaintive music, grieves,
Far up amid the rustling leaves; *
But while yon snow-white sails recede,
Nor waves, nor birds, my question heed.

FIRESIDE SCENES.

BESIDE the glowing flames we sat,
Which on the hearth-stone rose and fell;
The purring of the dozing cat
Was like the droning of a shell.

The embers into houses grew
And thrones and armies doomed to fall;
Without, the dreary wind, that blew,
Beat wildly on the cottage wall.

We sung and laughed in merry cheer;
We told strange stories, fancy dressed;
And, if we wiped away a tear,
No soul-felt grief our hearts oppressed.

O, happy time, from sorrow free!
O, childhood, with thy golden hours!
Stay yet a little while with me,
Nor fade, as fade the summer flowers.

Long years have glided to their grave:-
Again around the fire we sit,
And on the wall the shadows wave,
While, in the coals, strange phantoms flit

'Tis like the "scene to memory dear,"
Until we see a vacant chair;
A woman and an infant here,
Where sat a child with golden hair;

A manly form, so boyish then;
And one with beard of silver white,
Which had the hue of midnight, when
We sat and talked that autumn night.

Yet not to thee would we return,
O, Past, with scenes of careless mirth;
Though, from experience, we would learn
How little all thy dreams are worth.

NEAR OR FAR.

NEAR, near, so near,
The love we seek through weary years,
That, trusting, knows no change,
And feels no fear!
It trembles on the eyelid moist with tears,
We see it in the smile that lights the face;
But soon we miss again that tender grace,
And sadly sigh, "So near
And yet so far away!"
We catch a glimmer 'mid the shadows gray,
Then starless hours of disappointment teach
That what we seek is just beyond our reach.

Far, far, so far,
The God who made the earth and sky,
And stars that roll and roll,
We know not why!
We hear the thunder of his voice on high,
We could not live and look upon his face;

And yet he smiles upon us in his grace.
Our glad hearts thrill, and say,
"He is not far away."
His love streams round us like the sunrise ray;
Though far above us, past the azure sky,
Yet, with the love we long for, he is nigh.

JUSTICE.

Yet ever the same is the reaping
As the seed that was strewn abroad;
Some gather the harvest with weeping,
Some in gladness receive the reward.
—*As Ye Sow Ye Shall Reap.*

SEA.

Throb on, O Sea, in solemn woe,
Throb on, while storms shall o'er thee blow;
Throb on, while suns shall on thee glow.
Deep hidden 'neath thy heaving breast,
There seems a longing after rest,
However rough thy tossing crest.
Throb on! an emblem true thou art
Of changing tides, whose waves upstart
And fill the restless human heart.
Man reaches out his soul to thee
And, moved by thy rich melody,
His lips reply, "Throb on, O Sea!"

—*Throb on, O Sea.*

PAST.

Oh! for the years to live again—
Those years which never backward turn—
That we might nobler things attain,
And wisdom's lessons learn!

—*Departing Days.*

FRIENDSHIP.

With wisdom's words I have not power,
And yet some tribute I would bring;
If not a gem, at least a flower,
Which bears the freshness of the spring.

—*Friendship's Token.*

VIOLETS.

Oh! sweet are summer roses;
Her lilies, too, are sweet;
And so are all her blossoms
Which bloom around our feet;
But, tell me if you ever
Felt half the joyful thrill
To gather summer roses,
As violets, by the rill?
The modest azure violets,
Sweet daughters of the spring;
What memories of childhood
Those little blossoms bring!

—*Violets.*

JAMES B. KENYON.

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON was born at Frankfort, Herkimer County, N. Y., April 26, 1858. His boyhood was passed amid the delightful scenery of the Mohawk Valley. The high hills, wooded from base to crown, with intervals of grain fields and pasture-lands, and the fertile valley with the Mohawk winding through, were all indelibly stamped on the mind of the poet. And now, when he describes a landscape in his poems, it is from memory, and he paints in words some picture of the Mohawk Valley.

Mr. Kenyon graduated from the Hungerford Collegiate Institute, at Adams, in New York state, July 2, 1874. For three seasons following he taught in the common schools. In April, 1878, being just twenty years old, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. With the exception of two years spent in New York City as manager of a lecture bureau, Mr. Kenyon has been in the pastorate since the time when he first received a license to preach. He has been successful in the pulpit, having rapidly risen from the poorest to the best appointments in his Conference. He usually preaches without notes and his manner and matter are impressive and admirable. He is highly esteemed at Watertown, N. Y., where he is now preaching.

Mr. Kenyon has published four volumes of poems, the first volume appearing when he was only sixteen years of age. It should be a warning to all young aspirants to literary honors that every poet who has issued a volume of poems before he attained his majority has invariably regretted it. Mr. Kenyon is no exception to this rule. The title of his first book was "The Fallen, and Other Poems." It was published at Utica. "Out of the Shadows" followed in 1880, "Songs in All Seasons," in 1885, "In Realms of Gold," in 1887. Mr. Kenyon has been a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Century*, *Lippincott's*, *Manhattan*, and *American* magazines, and to *Outing*, *The Current*, and other publications.

He was married January 2, 1878, to Margaret Jane Taylor, a lady of sterling Scotch ancestry, and they have two children, a boy and a girl. Socially he attracts much attention by his manner and intellectual attainments. Mr. Kenyon is of medium height and fair complexion. He has a broad, high forehead, sensitive lips, and a somewhat square chin. The poet in him is greater than the preacher, however great the preacher may be. On Poetry he has set his heart, and if he be as faithful to her in the future as he has been in the past, clinging to her through all vicissitudes, I shall not doubt that she will lead him to even higher honors than he has yet won.

H. A.

PAN.

I'll seek him yet: in some warm nook
 He lies asleep beside the brook,
 Drugged by the spicy gales that pass;
 His pipe beside him on the grass
 Lies but half trimmed,—just as it fell
 When Sleep past o'er him her soft spell.
 I'll seek him yet: he does not hear
 The bee that drones beside his ear,
 Half buried in the nectared gloom
 Of some sweet-burdened, purple bloom.
 Above him droop the cooling leaves;
 His shaggy bosom falls and heaves,
 In his deep slumber's quietness;
 He will not hear me, though I press
 Through woven bough and vine and flower,
 Quite into his sleep-charmed bower.
 Ah me, how soundly he has slept!
 How well the mossy wood hath kept
 Its secret old! The popped gales,
 Blown softly by, have told no tales
 Of sleeping Pan, while far astray
 His white flock goes this many a day.
 I'll seek him yet: somewhere he lies
 Well screened from peering human eyes;
 And though his hoof-marks, as I know,
 From mortal sight passed long ago,
 Still I will tread the sylvan aisles
 And sunny meadows, miles and miles;
 I'll follow hard the dragon-fly,
 As down the stream he circles by;
 I'll track the wild-bee from its home
 To that fair place whence it had come,
 Where, hoarding still their honeyed store,
 Bloom such rare flowers as starred of yore
 The shining slopes of Arcady.
 So I will seek him yet; ah me!
 Though human foot hath never trod
 The leafy bair where lies the god,
 Who knows but by some happy chance
 I yet may rouse him from his trance!

A MAID OF SICILY.

SHE heard the waves creep up the sand;
 Her hair, by roving sea winds blown,
 And careless of the prisoning band,
 Down fluttered to the azure zone
 Girt lightly round her perfect form,
 And clasped beneath her bosom warm
 Which like twin lilies shone.

The dew gleamed on her sandalled feet;
 Her clinging robe around her trailed;

Her eyes with morning light were sweet;
 And on her brow, that flushed and paled,
 As love and fear passed o'er her face,
 Was throned a rare and virgin grace,
 Such as earth's dawn first hailed.

Her face was seaward turned; her eyes
 Looked southward, where the amber light
 Was mixed with purple in the skies,
 And one fair hand, to shade her sight,
 Against her chaste young brow was raised;
 And so she stood, and seaward gazed
 Across the waters wide and bright.

She saw the level sunrays burn
 Along the midsea's heaving breast;
 She saw the circling heavens spurn
 The utmost billow's tossing crest
 Where, on the blue horizon's rim,
 A galley's sails rose, white and dim,
 And all her blood leaped with unrest.

She knows that sail; love's eyes are keen;
 She knows yon dancing bark is his;
 From distant coasts where he has been,
 From Cyprus, Tyre, and Tripolis,
 Her lover brings the alien freight
 She prizes not; to those who wait
 More precious is love's first warm kiss.

He homeward brings the costly dyes
 The Romans love, and nard, and myrrh,
 And unguents which the Emperor buys,
 And silks, and spice, and fruits which were
 Sun-steeped on far Phoenician hills;
 But not of these she recks; love fills
 Alone the happy heart of her.

So let her watch, while clearer rise
 The sails which she has waited long;
 The sun climbs higher up the skies;
 The sea-wind greets her, salt and strong;
 Her robe from one white shoulder slips;
 Her breast is bare; and from her lips
 Half tremble little waifs of song.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

SHE came and went, as comes and goes
 The dewdrop on the morning rose,
 Or as the tender lights that die
 At shut of day along the sky.
 Her coming made the dawn more bright;
 Her going brought the somber night;
 Her coming made the blossoms shine,
 Her going made them droop and pine.

Where'er her twinkling feet did pass,
Beneath them greener grew the grass;
The song-birds ruffled their small throats
To swell for her their blithest notes.
But when she went, the blushing day
Sank into silence chill and gray,
The dark its sable vane unsurled,
And sudden night possessed the world.
O fond desires that wake in vain!
She ne'er will come to us again;
And now, like vanished perfume sweet,
Her memory grows more vague and fleet.
Yet we rejoice that morn by morn
The sad old world seems less forlorn,
Since once so bright a vision came
To touch our lives with heavenly flame,
And show to our bewildered eyes
What beauty dwells in paradise.

A ROMAN QUEEN.

IMPERIOUS on her ebon throne
She sits, a queen, in languid ease;
Her lustrous locks are loosely blown
Back from her brow by some stray breeze
Lost in that vast, bright hall of state,
Where thronging suppliants fear and wait.

A dreamy fragrance, fine and rare,
Of sandal, nard and precious gum,
With balmy sweetness fills the air,
And minglest with the incense from
A quaint and costly azure urn,
Where Indian spices ever burn.

A jeweled serpent, wrought in gold,
Coils round her white and naked arm;
Her purple tunic, backward rolled,
Reveals the full and regal charm
Of her fair neck, and ivory breast,
Half veiled beneath her broidered vest.

Her eyelids droop upon her eyes,
And curtained by the silken lash,
The smoldering fire that in them lies
Is scarcely seen, save when a flash,
Like that which lights the polar snow,
Gleams from the dusky depths below.

Her proud, cold lips are lightly wreathed
In smiles, as if with high disdain
She scorns to show her hate is sheathed,
And that he sues not all in vain
For favors of her haughty will,
Or e'en love's rarer guerdon still.

He stands before her white and fierce:
His bosom with swift passion shakes;
His burning vision seeks to pierce
Her very soul; he pleads; he wakes
Within her heart a wild desire,
That flames and mounts like sudden fire.

A subtle glance, a whispered word,
A waving of her perfumed hand.
He feels his secret prayer is heard—
That she will know and understand;
The queen is hid, and for a space
A love-swayed woman holds her place.

He bows, he leans toward the throne;
Her breath is warm upon his cheek;
She murmurs, and in every tone
He hears the love she dares not speak;
What though the surging hundreds press?
No eye shall see her swift caress.

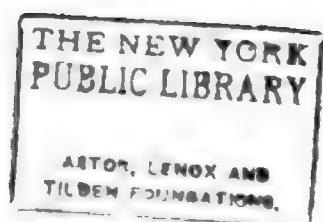
Let him beware; he toys with fate;
False as the glittering serpent is
On her white arm, her love to hate
Shall change eftsoons; then every kiss
She gives him with her fickle breath
Shall be surcharged with secret death.

VANISHED.

IT was but yesterday I saw his sheep,
The while he led them up the height to feed,
And heard him merrily pipe upon his reed,
And mock the echoes from yon rocky steep;
'Twas yesterday I found him fast asleep,
His flock forgot and wantoning in the mead,
His pipe flung lightly by with idle heed,
And shadows lying round him, cool and deep.
But though I seek I shall not find him more,
In dewy valley or on grassy height;
I listen for his piping—it is o'er,
From out mine ears gone is the music quite
There on the hill the sheep feed as before,
But Pan, alas, has vanished from my sight!

IF IT WERE.

LOVE, that thou lov'st me not, too well I know;
Yet shouldst thou look to-night on my dead face
For the last time on earth, and there shouldst
trace
The silent meaning of a heavy woe,
Wouldst thou not feel a pang that it were so?
Would not regret within thy heart find place,
That thou didst stay the guerdon and the grace





[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Thy lover so besought thee to bestow?
 Wouldst thou not feel a want unknown before?
 A something gone familiar grown so long?
 A vanished light—a ship gone from the shore—
 A presence past from out the world's great
 throng?
 O Love, wouldst thou not miss the voice of yore?
 The song-bird flown, wouldst thou not miss the
 song?

JOY IN SORROW.

THE wan November sun is westerling;
 The pale, proud year puts all her glory by:
 Beneath her blue, bare feet her vestures lie,
 And white and faint she stands a-shivering
 And yet the world's great heart is quickening
 Beneath dead leaves and grass grown sere
 and dry.
 And through the silence of the somber sky
 Throb swift pulsations of a forefelt spring.
 So all our sorrow hath a core of bliss;
 Some prophecy of pleasure tempers pain
 In every heart, and through our bitterness
 Strikes a fierce joy that not a pang is vain;
 Life hath no hidden good that life shall miss,
 For with all loss is mixed some god-like gain.

ELUSION.

Ah, happy poet who may guess
 The ever-changing loveliness,
 The lightsome grace, the airy wiles
 Wherewith coy nature masks her smiles,
 And, stealing on her unaware,
 Behold her when she is most fair!

—*Elusion.*

ECHO.

Ah! when the large, cool-breasted Night hath drawn
 Her star-wrought mantle from the waking world,
 And on the hills, where gleam the feet of Dawn,
 The trailing banners of the mist are furled,
 Then, O Narcissus, while the woodlands ring,
 Dost thou not miss me by thy silver spring?

—*Echo's Lament.*

SYMPATHY.

She would not stir a single jetty lash,
 To hear me praised; but when my life was blamed
 Her parian cheeks were kindled like a flash,
 And from her heart a sudden love upflamed.

—*Quatrain.*

PRESENT.

Though faded joys shall nevermore return,
 Neither shall faded griefs, the first or last,
 And time's true heir is of the present born.

—*The Present.*

CALLIE L. BONNEY.

CALLIE L. BONNEY was born in Peoria, Ill., where her father, Hon. C. C. Bonney, was a young lawyer just beginning practice, who shortly afterward removed to Chicago, where he has since resided. Miss Bonney is of Anglo-Norman origin, being descended from the noble De Bon family, who figured in the days of William the Conqueror. Afterward the spelling of the name became De Bonaye, and later assumed its present form. Miss Bonney attended the best schools of Chicago, and afterward graduated from the famous Chestnut Street Seminary for young ladies, then located in Philadelphia, but since removed to Ogontz. While purely, almost divinely feminine in every respect, she yet inherits from her legal ancestry a mental strength that is very decided, though not masculine.

She has published two prose works, "Wit and Wisdom of Bulwer" and "Wisdom and Eloquence of Webster." She is a proficient French scholar, and has made translations of many of Victor Hugo's shorter works. Her first writing for periodicals was a story, which was printed serially in a Chicago Masonic magazine; and since then she has written poems, sketches, and stories for a great number of periodicals. She has written the words of a number of songs that have been set to music by F. Nicholls Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," Eben H. Bailey, and W. H. Doane. She has written two operettas, one set to music by Mr. Bailey, and the other by Mr. Doane, and has dramatized the "Rienzi" of Bulwer, an author who retains a very warm spot in her affections.

Miss Bonney has been in delicate health for many years. Several Chicago physicians having expressed the belief that she could not live another winter in Chicago, or indeed anywhere in the east, which opinion was endorsed by Boston medical authorities, she removed to California in 1887, and spent the winter in San Diego, and the subsequent spring located in San Francisco, where the climate evidently agrees with her so well that she thinks she is reasonably certain of a further lease of life for a few years.

Miss Bonney's features are very fair and delicate, her hair is of a changing brown, bronze in shadow, and full of tints of unwashed gold where the sunlight seeks kinship in its meshes. She has what are known as "Irish eyes," violet at times, and again darker, with very full, decided eyebrows.

Although Miss Bonney did not begin writing till the year 1882, and the most of her work has been done while in bed or on her lounge, she has accomplished a great deal, and has gained a recognition that is general and gratifying, among the letters of compliment and praise she has received being several from Lord Lytton, John G. Whittier, and others.

E. M.

AT VESPERS.

WHERE fair Ancona lifts her walls
On Adriatic waters blue,
And sunset's last departing ray
Glints with red gold cerulean hue
O'er foam-kissed wave, there floats a song
From sweet-voiced women on the main,
Italian heart-song, thrilling clear,
That echoes back a glad refrain.

Mio caro, night draws near,
Twilight lets her curtain fall;
Yet, though heavy seas divide,
Heart to heart may softly call.
Saints preserve my sailor lad
As he roams o'er silvery sea;
Night wind, take my message hence,
Bear his answer back to me.

The song floats on, its music swells,
Then dies away in echo sweet,
While murmuring wind and singing wave
The happy cadence soft repeat;
And o'er the gold-touched billows fair
Then sailor voices take the strain,
And answer comes through gloaming mist,
In second stanza's sweet refrain.

Mio caro, though apart,
Close your eyes in happy sleep;
Bending from the land of dreams,
Angels fair love's vigils keep.
Stars shine softly through the blue,
Faded is the sunset light,
Yet o'er darkling waters wide
Heart to heart may say good-night.

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME.

HEAVEN'S fairest star
Trembled a moment in the gold-flecked blue;
Then, earthward dropped,
Was in an empty cradle lost to view,
Till angel came,
And, softly parting back the curtains, smiled.
While hosts proclaimed
The birth of Bethlehem's King in new-born child.

AN EASTER CUSTOM.

I MET her Easter morning
In the old Cathedral aisle,
And, early at the service,
She gave me bow and smile.

The sexton old had vanished,
The organist asleep:
I asked if ancient customs
It were not well to keep.

"Oh, yes!" she gravely answered:
"To which do you refer?"
"T one the Greeks now practice:
'T is pleasing, I aver."

"Oh! something quaint and olden!
And could we do it here?"
Slyly I glanced about us,
And saw no one was near.

"I think we might," I answered;
For how could I resist? . . .
I wonder if the preacher
Knew some one had been kissed!

AN OLDEN LEGEND.

THE Rabbi Judah and his brethren wise
Disputed in the temple what was Rest;
And as in turn the learned fathers spoke
Each one the burthen of his heart confess'd.
One said, "'t was to gain sufficient wealth."
Another, "that 'twas fame and worldly praise."
The third sought Rest "in power to rule the state."
Another claimed, "'twas ease and length of
days."
One Rabbi thought these baubles all in vain,
The brother found in Home the blissful rest,
While Judah, tallest of the wise men, held
Keeping tradition of the elders best.
Silent till then there sat within the court,
A fair-haired boy with lilies in his hand,
Too young, unlearned, the reverend fathers thought
The import of their talk to understand.
"Nay, nay, my fathers, he alone finds Rest
Who loveth God with his whole soul and heart,
And," the child added, reverently and low,
"His brother, as of his own life a part:
He greater is than wealth, or power, or fame,
Better than happy home, than honored age,
Above tradition, to himself a law—"
Thus holy child instructed Rabbi Sage.

SUNSET.

The golden gleam of the Western sun,
In a flood of amber light,
Streamed softly in at the window, where
It lingered to say "Good-night."

—*Good-Night.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE delightful story of "Tom Brown at Rugby," by which Thomas Hughes won a unique and lasting fame, and made every schoolboy his debtor for life, would hardly have been written but for the character given that school by Dr. Thomas Arnold from 1828 to 1842, and the most celebrated teacher of boys the English-speaking world has known. A native of the Isle of Wight, and graduate, in 1811, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Mr. Arnold, in 1820, married Miss Mary Penrose, the daughter of a clergyman, and settled as a private tutor at Laleham, a Middlesex hamlet of half-a-thousand souls. Here, on December 24, 1822, his son, Matthew, was born. The father was best known in after years as an essayist, educator, preacher and historian. Yet the passion of poetry was very strong within him and, although he did little if any work in that field, his own poetic spirit, developed in his son, has left us a rich legacy of verse.

Laleham was a fit cradle for the infant poet. It reposes in picturesque beauty on a green bank of the Thames, opposite that Chertsey whither Cowley fled from the bustle of the little London of his day to enjoy the literary leisure of which cities are the foe. Here, in the quietude of Laleham, the first six years of Matthew Arnold's life were passed. In 1828 his father having been ordained, the removal of the family to Rugby changed its life from rest to action. It was the opposite of Laleham—no dreamy contemplation there, but, instead, the busy routine of the school for boys. The outward life of Matthew Arnold at Rugby was that which we read of in Mr. Hughes's wonderful tale, doubtless somewhat modified by his relationship to the head master. His first poetic triumph worthy of note occurred on his leaving school, when he won the prize poem and was elected to a scholarship at Balliol. These Balliol scholarships always have been hard to win, and at no time were they enjoyed by a more remarkable set of men than in 1840-44. Among them Matthew Arnold easily held his own. Although disappointed of a first-class, he won the coveted Newdigate prize for English verse in 1843, his theme being, "Oliver Cromwell," and was elected Fellow of Oriel College, March 28, 1845—just thirty years after his father received the same fellowship.

In 1847, Mr. Arnold became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, whom he served until 1851, when he married and was appointed a Lay Inspector of Schools under the Committee of Council on Education. In 1848 the poet published his first collection of verse, "The Strayed Revellers, and Other Poems," veiling his identity under a modest initial A. Four years later, "Empedocles on

Etna" appeared, but was soon withdrawn from circulation, though afterwards acknowledged and reprinted in "New Poems." About 1853 Mr. Arnold published the first series of his poems, selected from these volumes with fresh additions, and followed it with a second series of a similar character. In these collections the world saw that a new poet had arisen to whom it must listen. He was welcome. The poems were republished in 1856, and Mr. Arnold was elected to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, following the Rev. Thomas Leigh Claughton, and contesting the election with the Rev. John Ernest Bode, one of the most distinguished members of the University. This professorship Mr. Arnold held for ten years, doing much in poetry and criticism beside discharging his official duties for which, perhaps, no incumbent was ever better qualified. "Merope," the most classical of all Mr. Arnold's poems, appeared in 1858, but was not successful at the time. "Atlanta in Calydon" followed, creating a stir in the literary world by its force and power, no less than by its violations of some of the fundamental laws of tragedy.

In 1859-60, Mr. Arnold was sent abroad by the Government as an assistant to the commission to inquire into the state of education in France, Germany and Holland, upon which he submitted an elaborate report. The next year he published his lectures on translating Homer, which involved him in a spirited controversy with professor Newman, whose translation Mr. Arnold had sharply criticised. In 1865, his "Essays in Criticism" appeared, after which he again visited the Continent on an errand similar to his first journey. In 1867 he published "New Poems," followed by a volume on Celtic literature. In this year Mr. Arnold relinquished the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, to give himself entirely to the criticism and lectures which, with miscellaneous work, occupied the later years of his life. The degree of Doctor in Laws was conferred upon him by Edinburgh University, in 1869, and by his own college in 1870. In 1876 he was made a Commander of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his services to the young Duke of Genoa, who made one of Mr. Arnold's family while pursuing his studies in England.

Mr. Arnold visited America in 1884, and again two years later. His frank criticisms upon our ways were not relished by many although his strictures were far less severe than those to which he habitually treated his own nation.

On Sunday, April 17, 1888, while walking in Liverpool after church—to which city Mr. Arnold had gone to meet his daughter on her return from America, he was suddenly stricken down by disease, and died. He was interred in the little churchyard at Laleham, amid the peaceful scenes of his early childhood.

A. G. B.

AUSTERITY OF POETRY.

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sate with his bride to see a public show.
Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong—
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,

Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off—and
found

A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.
Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

A FAREWELL.

MY horse's feet beside the lake,
Where sweet the unbroken moonbeams lay,
Sent echoes through the night to wake
Each glistening strand, each heath-fringed bay.

The poplar avenue was pass'd,
And the roof'd bridge that spans the stream;
Up the steep street I hurried fast,
Led by thy taper's starlike beam.

I came! I saw thee rise!—the blood
Pour'd flushing to thy languid cheek.
Lock'd in each other's arms we stood,
In tears, with hearts too full to speak.

Days flew;—ah, soon I could discern
A trouble in thine alter'd air!
Thy hand lay languidly in mine,
Thy cheek was grave, thy speech grew rare.

I blame thee not!—this heart, I know,
To be long loved was never framed;
For something in its depths doth glow
Too strange, too restless, too untamed.

And women—things that live and move
Mined by the fever of the soul—
They seek to find in those they love
Stern strength, and promise of control.

They ask not kindness, gentle ways;
These they themselves have tried and known;
They ask a soul which never sways
With the blind gusts that shake their own.

I too have felt the load I bore
In a too strong emotion's sway;
I too have wish'd, no woman more,
This starting, feverish heart away.

I too have long'd for trenchant force,
And will like a dividing spear;
Have praised the keen, unscrupulous course,
Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear.

But in the world I learnt, what there
Thou too wilt surely one day prove,
That will, that energy, though rare,
Are yet far, far less rare than love.

Go, then!—till time and fate impress
This truth on thee, be mine no more!
They will!—for thou, I feel, not less
Than I, wast destined to this lore.

We school our manners, act our parts—
But He, who sees us through and through,
Knows that the bent of both our hearts
Was to be gentle, tranquil, true.

And though we wear out life, alas!
Distracted as a homeless wind,
In beating where we must not pass,
In seeking what we shall not find;

Yet we shall one day gain, life past,
Clear prospect o'er our being's whole;
Shall see ourselves, and learn at last
Our true affinities of soul.

We shall not then deny a course
To every thought the mass ignore;
We shall not then call hardness force,
Nor lightness wisdom any more.

Then, in the eternal Father's smile,
Our soothed, encouraged souls will dare
To seem as free from pride and guile,
As good, as generous, as they are.

Then we shall know our friends!—though
much
Will have been lost—the help in strife,
The thousand sweet, still joys of such
As hand in hand face earthly life—

Though these be lost, there will be yet
A sympathy august and pure;
Ennobled by a vast regret,
And by contrition seal'd thrice sure.

And we, whose ways were unlike here,
May then more neighboring courses ply;

May to each other be brought near,
And greet across infinity.

How sweet, unreach'd by earthly jars,
My sister! to maintain with thee
The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea!

How sweet to feel, on the boon air
All our unquiet pulses cease!
To feel that nothing can impair
The gentleness, the thirst for peace—

The gentleness too rudely hurl'd
On this wild earth of hate and fear;
The thirst for peace a raving world
Would never let us satiate here.

PHILOMELA.

HARK! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world
 pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass.
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony.
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the
 leaves!
Again—thou hearest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

URANIA.

SHE smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turn'd upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She look'd, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labor'd, puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet show her once, ye heavenly Powers,
One of some worthier race than ours!
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry: *Long, long I've look'd for thee.*

Then will she weep; with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then, her lovely eyes maintain
Their pure, unwavering, deep disdain.

TOO LATE.

EACH on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul that halves their own.
And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.
—*Thy heart is mine!—True, true! ah, true!*
—*Then, love, thy hand!—Ah no! Adieu!*

SELF-DECEPTION.

SAY, what blinds us, that we claim the glory
Of possessing powers not our share?
—Since man woke on earth, he knows his story,
But, before we woke on earth, we were.

Long, long since, undower'd yet, our spirit
Roam'd, ere birth, the treasures of God;

Saw the gifts, the powers it might inherit,
Ask'd an outfit for its earthly road.

Then, as now, this tremulous, eager being
Strain'd and long'd and grasp'd each gift it saw;
Then, as now, a Power beyond our seeing
Staved us back, and gave our choice the law.

Ah, whose hand that day through Heaven guided
Man's new spirit, since it was not we?
Ah, who sway'd our choice, and who decided
What our gifts, and what our wants should be?

For, alas! he left us each retaining
Shreds of gifts which he refused in full;
Still these waste us with their hopeless straining.
Still the attempt to use them proves them null.

And on earth we wander, groping, reeling:
Powers stir in us, stir and disappear.
Ah! and he, who placed our master-feeling,
Fail'd to place that master-feeling clear.

We but dream we have our wish'd-for powers,
Ends we seek we never shall attain.
Ah! some power exists there, which is ours?
Some end is there, we indeed may gain?

PERSISTENCY OF POETRY.

Though the Muse be gone away,
Though she move not earth to-day,
Souls, erewhile who caught her word,
Ah! still harp on what they heard.

A CAUTION TO POETS.

WHAT poets feel not, when they make,
A pleasure in creating.
The world, in its turn, will not take
Pleasure in contemplating.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;

Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll:
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

LOVE.

Their love, let me know, must grow strong and
yet stronger,
Their passion burn more, ere it ceases to burn.
They must love—while they must! but the hearts
that love longer
Are rare—ah! most loves but flow once, and
return.

—*A Modern Sappho.*

POETRY.

In the day's life, whose iron round
Hems us all in, he is not bound;
He leaves his kind, o'erleaps their pen,
And flees the common life of men.
He escapes thence, but we abide—
Not deep the poet sees, but wide.

—*Resignation.*

CHANCE.
Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquer'd fate.

—*Ibid.*

FATE.

For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea.

Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

—*Sohrab and Rustum.*

DEATH.

Better to live a serf, a captured man,
Who scatters rushes in a master's hall,
Than be a crowned king here, and rule the dead.

—*Balder Dead.*

SYMPATHY.

Her look was like a sad embrace;
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathize.

—*Tristram and Iscuit.*

INCONSTANCY.

To the lips, ah! of others
Those lips have been prest,
And others, ere I was,
Were strain'd to that breast;
Far, far from each other
Our spirits have grown.
And what heart knows another?
Ah! who knows his own?

—*Switzerland.*

ISOLATION.

Yest' in the sea of life enlisted,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.

—*Ibid.*

ABSENCE.

But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must
And not because we will.

—*Ibid.*

GRIEF.

Vain is the agony of grief.

—*Faded Leaves.*

DOUBT.

He treats doubt the best who tries to see least ill.

—*Empedocles on Etna.*

JUSTICE.

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do.
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through;
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier
powers.

—*Ibid.*

WEARINESS.

Nor does being weary prove that he has where to
rest.

—*Ibid.*

MAN.

A wanderer is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

—*The Future.*

SUMMER.

Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

—*Thyrsis.*

HEINE.

The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile.
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!—for its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled; now 'tis pass'd away.

—*Heine's Grave.*

PRESENT AGE.

But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?
Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds, before
We have had time to breathe.
Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain.

—*In Memory of Obermann.*

POETRY.

No painter yet hath such a way,
Nor no musician made, as they,
And gather'd on immortal knolls
Such lovely flowers for cheering souls.
Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare, teach.
To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place;
And brightest is their glory's sheen,
For greatest hath their labor been.

—*Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön.*

ARTHUR W. GUNDRY.

ARTHUR W. GUNDRY was born of English parents in the city of Montreal, Canada, on December 13, 1857. His father's duties as bank manager entailed frequent change of residence, so that the only son spent his early youth sojourning for a time in Toronto, Chicago and New York, and ultimately in 1870 in London, England, where a more permanent home was established. After studying for a while with a private tutor, a term was put in at London University College School, followed by several years at Eastbourne College, where rapid progress in all matters of general education was made. During this period Mr. Gundry's literary proclivities first manifested themselves in frequent contributions to the *Eastbournian*, the college organ, and for some time before leaving the college he was editor of that journal. The family returning to Canada in 1875 and taking up their abode in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Mr. Gundry attended two sessions at Dalhousie University, and at the same time kept his pen busy in the love of both prose and poetry, most of his writings finding their way into print through the local press. Going to Toronto to study law he soon became editorially connected with the *Canadian Monthly*, now defunct, but then in its prime. The pages of this periodical contain many signed and unsigned contributions from Mr. Gundry of a high order of merit. Other work from his pen appeared in the *Toronto Nation*, *Montreal Spectator*, and *Canadian Illustrated News*. Having been admitted to the bar Mr. Gundry went to Europe for a year, and on his return accepted a position in a large Wall street firm in New York, remaining there until 1884, in which year his translation of the Abbé Prévost's classic "Manon Lescaut" was published in sumptuous form and received very warm praise from the press. In 1884 a return was made to Canada, and the practice of his profession entered upon at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. Mr. Gundry has filled in the chinks of leisure by doing excellent poetical work for *Life*, *Puck*, *Weekly Graphic*, *Belford's Magazine*, *New York Tribune*, *Evening Post*, and other periodicals. Much as Mr. Gundry has written he can hardly be said to have yet done justice to himself. He is his own severest critic, and very hard to please. He has not attempted flights such as he is nevertheless well able to undertake. J. M. O.

SONNET: "THE POETRY OF EARTH."

THE poetry of earth, and of the sky,
The lazy, sighing rhythm of the sea,
The heavenward roll of verse that ne'er can die,
The lover's ballad troll'd beneath a tree,—
I love them all! — I love the feathered throats

That warble joyous treble in the choir
Of universal melody, and notes

That music-loving Nature did inspire
Give back to her, in praises for the gift.

Nor less the humbler voices do I love
That lowlier creatures of her making lift
With jealousy of none that are above
In giving thanks; for even that poor skill
They make sufficing by sufficient will.

UNPROFITABLE.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

A HOPELESS, heartless human life,
Nerved with no valor for the strife
Against the evil that is rife,

And wasting in soul-sloth its lease
Of precious years, — nor finding peace
In such half-death, but strange increase

Of discontent and vague unrest,
Of listlessness and lack of zest, —
The self-tormentings of a breast

That findeth not its task — can feel
No honest warmth, no tireless zeal
For change of others' woe to weal:

A life of aspirations furled,
Of Self in petty Self deep-curled
Amid the struggles of a world:

A narrow mind; a gleamless eye
That hath no glance on earth, on high,
Save for the pleasure passing by:

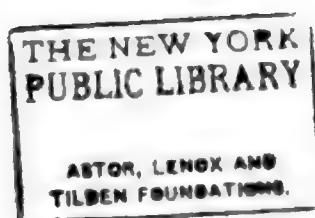
A godless soul cased in a creed
Of specious form and barren deed,
Transgressed for Lust, subserved for Greed,

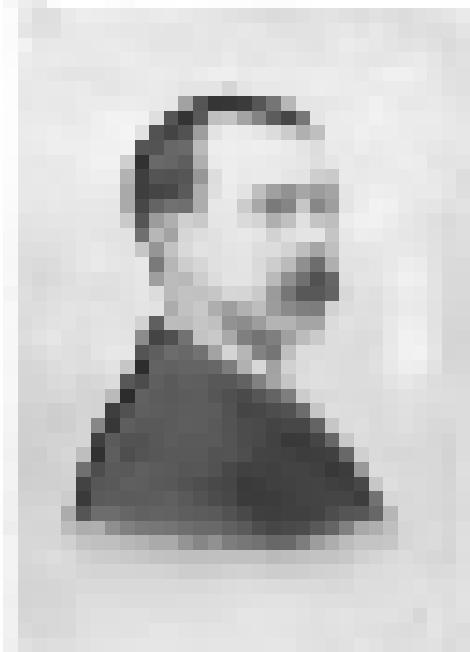
Safe hid in which it findeth well
To cry that all who doubt, rebel;
To brand the Thinker, infidel:

A life like this, and thousands, aye!
And millions like it here to-day
Stand in the way! Stand in the way!

LOVE'S LARCENY.

As Cupid, on a summer's day,
In idle sport was flitting
From place to place, he chanced to stray
Near where my love was sitting.





John C. [redacted]
[redacted] [redacted]
[redacted] [redacted]

" Now, here's a face," Dan Cupid cried,
 " To shake my filial duty,
 " For mother Venus founds her pride
 " On far inferior beauty:

" I'll paint a picture, ere I go,
 " Of these enchanting features,
 " And thus admiring Gods shall know
 " The loveliest of their creatures!"

From out his quiver then he drew
 His palette and his brushes;
 Then from a rose-leaf stole the hue
 To paint my lady's blushes;

To catch the color of her eyes
 He hesitated whether
 To rob the violet, or the skies,
 Or blend their tints together.

That problem solved, another vexed
 His mind, and set him racking
 His feather-brains, for sore perplexed,
 He found his canvas lacking.

Impatient to display his art
 (His subject well excused it),
 The roguish God purloined my heart
 And as a canvas used it!

TALENT.

It is really most distressing
 That, although my needs are pressing,
 I cannot make the money that inferior fellows can;
 Nor find an occupation
 In this Philistinish nation,
 Congenial to a college-bred and cultivated man.
 My talents—they are many—
 Do not bring me in a penny,
 While the unenlightened vulgar go on heaping up
 their gains;
 I can do so much that they can't,
 But all "situations vacant"
 Are reserved, as I discover, for the men of vacant
 brains.

—“Wanted: A Situation.”

AMBITION.

Yet this much heed—that if Ambition seek
 To shut out Love, or wither it by scorn—
 Then may Love come, and such harsh vengeance
 wreak,
 As soon to make
 Ambition slave, in servitude forlorn.

—Conquered.

THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK.

THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK was born at Cambridge, Ohio, April 16, 1852. He is the fourth child of Thomas William Peacock. His paternal grandfather was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland. Mr. Peacock is related, though distantly, to Thomas Love Peacock, an intimate friend of Shelley's. It is said that the name "Peacock" originated in the "Pea Mountains" of Scotland, where peacocks were found in large numbers. Mr. Peacock's ancestry can be traced back to King William of Holland, and he is one of the many heirs to the Trinity Church property, commonly known as the Anneke Jans estate. His mother's maiden name was Naomi Carson, and her parents were among the earliest settlers of Guernsey County, Ohio.

When Mr. Peacock was seven years old, his parents moved to a farm near Cambridge. Two years later the family moved to Zanesville, Ohio. Mr. Peacock *per se* purchasing *The Aurora*, the leading democratic paper of Zanesville, his son Thomas, then a lad in his teens, delivering the paper to their city subscribers. Mr. Peacock's education was obtained mainly at Zanesville, Ohio. From this place the family moved to Dresden, Ohio, where the father and son together edited the *Monitor*. In 1870 the boy, allured by the glowing accounts given through advertising pamphlets and letters received from friends living in Texas, determined to try his fortune in the southwestern wild. He remained in Texas two years and it is quite probable that these two years were the most eventful of his life. His first year he taught school, and the second kept a hotel. During the last year of his stay, he was compelled to entertain such characters as "Cole Younger," "Wild Bill," and "Jesse James," and from them seems to have derived his inspiration by which the "Poems of the Plains" were written. In 1872, Mr. Peacock moved to Independence, Kan., making the trip by wagon team, a distance of eight hundred miles. Two years after he moved to Topeka, Kan., in which place he has since resided. For eight years he was associate editor of the *Kansas Democrat*.

Mr. Peacock's "Star of the East" was written at the age of sixteen. His "Vendetta" and some minor poems were written during his stay in Texas. The "Rhyme of the Border War," "The Doomed Ship Atlantic" were written in Kansas.

In 1880, Mr. Peacock married Miss Ida E. Eckert, daughter of Daniel S. Eckert, a retired farmer. His wife is a woman of fine literary taste.

Mr. Peacock published his first volume of verse in 1872, which was so favorably received that he published, in 1876, a larger volume containing some of the old poems revised and many new ones. He is printing the third edition of

his poems, entitled "Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes," together with "The Rhyme of the Border War." This edition, revised, includes his complete poetic works which are being translated into German.

Mr. Peacock is of a domestic nature and derives great pleasure from the company of his sympathetic wife and little son.

N. L. M.

THE OUTLAW.

I.

It is the starry hush of night,
When Hope's sweet madness thrills the heart,
That coming days shall all be bright—
When happiness comes, ne'er to depart:
With golden, glorious, and immortal beam,
Like radiant light of poet's deathless dream.

II.

'Tis midnight! and the month of June;
The music of the heavenly spheres
Breathes out a sweet and wondrous tune,
Heard seldom by man's longing ears—
So sweet that listen all the lovely flowers,
And on their way the silent roving hours.

III.

But vexed in soul, yon man of crime
Nor heeds nor feels the witching hour,
All beauty and all things sublime
Upon this wight have lost their power;
His steed impatient at his long delay,
Hangs on the bit and chafes to flee away.

IV.

But hark! from yonder forest dun
The sound of horses' hoofs are heard!
A hundred clattering racers run!
The outlaw flies like some swift bird!
But close behind his foes him press full sore,
Their cries of vengeance on the night-winds roar!

V.

He halts! the outlaw halts to hear!
A moment in the stirrup stands—
His soul is centered in his ear,
O'er his hot brow he draws his hands—
His sinewy hands which oft had choked death back,
When foes were close upon his dreaded track.

VI.

He spurs his steed, and onward flies
Beneath the stars' and moon's soft light;
Like some swift comet down the skies,
He passes through the shades of night;
Flies onward toward the yellow sea away,
Where cloud on cloud pavilioned, darkling lay.

VII.

He spurs his steed, whose sides are wet
With foam which shames the whitest snow—
His eyes blaze fire, his teeth are set,
He's armed and ready for the foe,
As e'er he'd been, when far and fierce and free,
He roamed a pirate, dreaded, o'er the sea,

VIII.

Ah! fast and well his foes must run
To overtake him in his flight;
His courser is the swiftest one
Whose feet spurn earth's brown breast this
night—
This night of June, when Nature's fair and grand,
When summer laughs along the lovely land.

IX.

His foes knew not the cost of hate
When hunting down this man of crime—
This son of war, this child of fate,
Who'd hurled scores to etern from time;
Whose spirits rose when armies greatest warred,
When blood flowed most and battle loudest roared.

X.

He long defied both death and time,
Though none saw why, how it was so—
For with a boldness rash, sublime,
He reckless rushed upon the foe—
He whom some power unknown protected well!
Some power unseen! some power of Heaven or
Hell!

XI.

Lo! headlong falls the outlaw's horse
To rise no more—'tis his last fall!
The outlaw's flight now ends perforce,
And he alone must fight them all!
On come the mad, exultant, angry press—
Men come to death! men die in wild distress!

XII.

His foes all dead, none now debar
The outlaw from his wonted way;
He stays as though in blood of war
His soul exulted mad alway—
But ah! one foe he slew not, though five-score;
Death's iron grasp he can escape no more.

SONNET TO MILTON.

MILTON! thou Titan of the epic song,
Majestically thy verse moves on sublime,
Above the wrecks and ruins old of time;
In stately numbers, thrilling, grand, and strong,
High o'er the singers of the lower throng.
Reared on the loftiest pinnacle, thy voice

Wakes the wide world, and nations now rejoice!
And weary hearts grow fresh through ages long.
Life's plane is elevated by thy lay—
The world made better by thy poesy,
Which soars so high—thought's radiant rosary.
Before thy mighty march the night gives way,
O minstrel of the glorious epic flame—
O great protagonist on the field of fame!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

BEAUTIFUL woman, thou art,
True to womanhood, sweet!
God places in thy heart
A wealth of love that's meet.

And why, I cannot tell!
But oh, thy voice to me
Sounds like some far-off bell
That wakes sweet memory!

FORGIVE THIS TEAR.

FORGIVE! forgive! this burning tear,
Now wrung in memory from my heart—
In memory of the past, so dear,
That far hath gone from me — apart

Of heaven I'll see on earth no more—
A long'd-for joy forever flown,
Like some fair phantom we adore,
It mocks me with a glimpse alone.

I trust the golden days we lose,
Will bloom in beauty once again;
I trust that past, on which I muse,
Beyond will live, no more to wane.

MY LOST GEM.

I MOURN the gem I might have had,
I saw it erst in crystal wave;
I touched it not, my heart was glad,
'T was mine whene'er I wished to have.

For long, long years, 't was only mine,
For me God kindly placed it there;
I took it not — it was divine,
For mortal hand it was too fair!

One who had looked on it with me,
And knew 't was mine, oft said: "So fair,
I e'er would leave it in the sea,
'T is far too bright for man to wear!"

I said, e'en while my heart did doubt:
"Yes! yes! I will! I'll leave it there!"
A broken spell — he snatched it out!
And I am wild in my despair.

MORE LIGHT.

O WILDERNESS of worlds! ye stars!
Could man but read you once aright,
The mystery that ever mars
Our hopes would clear — lo! God and Light!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A light above time's ruins, dark and low,
To evermore in deathless beauty burn!
I sing thy praise—had I thy rhythmic might
The saints of Heaven would listen with delight!

—Sonnet to Matthew Arnold.

TIME.

As th' snow-flake lives in ocean, life lives in the
sea of Time,
Man lives, dies soon, and sinks in ages' oblivious
slime.
In nation's storm, a flash! — in ages' night, a
dawn —
Life on waves of ages rises, a bubble that bursts—
is gone!

—The Vendetta.

MIGNONETTE.

Where waves kiss shore as oft they've met,
There nods the sweet wild mignonette
To gentle zephyr floating nigh,
Or breath of Heaven when passing by.

—Ibid.

TWILIGHT.

The day orb sinking in the west,
Seems like a golden realm of rest,
Till light takes wings and flies away.

—The Star in the East.

SUNRISE.

Sol, suddenly 'rous'd, peer'd from th' east, and
espied
Ten thousand horsemen, that swiftly now ride
Toward land of the Turks.

—Ibid.

RARITY.

God secretes in places lone and still
The rarest products of His will.

—The Rhyme of the Border War.

WOMAN.

Whether the cause is right or wrong,
Whether the man is weak or strong,
Woman goes where her heart dictates;
The rest she leaves unto the fates.

—Ibid.

JOHN HUGH McNAUGHTON.

JOHN HUGH McNAUGHTON is of Scottish parentage. His father and mother came from Perthshire, and settled in Caledonia, New York; and there the subject of this sketch was born July 1, 1829, and has since resided. His home, midway between Caledonia and Avon, in the beautiful Genesee Valley, secluded among the maples and evergreens, is indicative of the poet's reticacy; and from that charming retreat, with his family and occasional literary visitors, he looks out on the busy world serenely and contentedly.

Mr. McNaughton's first work was a scientific treatise on music—a subject to which he had devoted much attention, contributing papers to Foreign and American journals, on harmony, rhythm, and kindred subjects. These were germane to the song-writer's art, into which he soon entered. Mr. Sheppard, the veteran music-publisher, used to relate an incident that doubtless led the young theorist into song-writing:

"One morning," says Mr. Sheppard, "I was sitting in the back part of my store, wondering at the sudden influx of music-buyers calling for a certain song sung at a concert the previous evening. I noticed a stranger, quite a tall, slim young man, pacing back and forth with folded arms, between the files of music-buyers and casting furtive glances at the busy clerks. Presently he walked up to me, his steel-blue eyes glittering, and said:

"Will the proprietor tell me what he pays for the MS. of such a song as that those people are buying?"

"A good deal," said I, "for a song that will make an audience cry as that did; but let me tell you, young man, not one song-writer in a hundred makes such a hit."

"Ah, indeed?"—that was all he said, and passed out of the store. A few days after I received a MS. song, the handwriting of which I recognized, and with it this laconic note:—"That other song of mine I gave you. If you want this one, the price is marked in the corner. Yours, etc., J. H. McNaughton."

"The price," (continued Mr. Sheppard,) "was outrageous, but I paid it, and never regretted it."

Mr. McNaughton's first volume of poems, "Babble Brook Songs," was issued in 1864. In it are included the poems which drew from Mr. Longfellow that remarkable letter printed in "Final Memorials of H. W. Longfellow," and beginning, "Your poems have touched me very much. Tears fell down my cheeks as I read them."

Many of Mr. McNaughton's songs in sheet music form have won a phenomenal success. Of "Faded Coat of Blue," "Belle Mahone," "Jamie True," "As We Went a-Haying," and "Love at Home," an aggregate of 450,000 copies has been published

He has also written a set of twelve songs with music by V. Gabriel, issued simultaneously in London and New York.

Mr. McNaughton has contributed to the leading reviews articles on various subjects. One of these papers, "The Red Man," in *The Nineteenth Century*, for May, 1885, occasioned much comment. Of its effect Mr. Labouchere, Member of Parliament, wrote thus broadly (in *London Truth*, May 14, 1885.) "I am glad to find that everybody is reading or talking about Mr. McNaughton's article in *The Nineteenth Century* on the 'Red Man.'"

Mr. McNaughton's chief work, by which he will doubtless be best known, is his poetic romance "Onnalinda" which has already won recognition in the highest literary circles, and of which an illustrated American edition has been lately issued.

S. A. L.

THE DOOR AJAR.

(Song with Music.)

I.

THE summers come—the summers go—
They fly unheeded past my door;
One star in heaven is all I know—
On it I gaze forevermore!
The sun may gild the clouds with gold,
Beyond them still I gaze afar
To one who flew to Heaven's fold,
And left for me the door ajar.

II.

I heed no more the blossoms fall
Nor listen when the robins sing,—
I only hear a sweet voice call:
"Come upward to the Endless Spring!"
I wander o'er the meadows green
But only see the Blue Afar,
Where my sweet own hath entered in
And left for me the door ajar.

WHEN THE PALE MOON.

(Song with Music.)

I.

WHEN the pale, pale moon arose last night
Its cold light fell on my silent floor,
And I thought of a face so pure and white,
That vanished in years that will come no more.
O pale, sweet face—sweet face! I said,
Come, sit by the window still as of yore;
O pale, sweet face, so dear—and dead!—
Come, look from the moon on my silent floor.

II.

And a voice I heard—Oh sweet and dear!—
That hushed the stir of the rustling bough:

From my window in heaven I lean, I hear,
The moonlight I see on thy pale, pale brow.
O pale, sweet face—sweet face! I said,
Come sit by the window evermore!
Look down, dear eyes, so long, long fled.
Come look from the moon on my silent floor—
Silent, silent forevermore!

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

I'm weary of gazing into the dark—
O the dreary night! O the silent street!
I start when I hear the watchdog bark,
And I trembling hark for the sound of feet.
My boy!—will he come to-night to me?
I strain my eyes in the dark to see,—
Through the night so dreary, dreary!
Gazing south, thro' the mist, till my eyes grow dim,
I sit by the window awaiting for him
O the night so weary, weary!

Does he dream, as he lies by his camp-fire low,
How I watch and wait for my boy to come?
When he paces his lonely rounds in the snow
Does he long for the blazing hearth at home?
O what if he's sentry this night so bleak,
And the chill wind freezing the tear on his cheek
Through the drifting night so dreary, dreary!
—Gazing south, in the dark, till her eyes grow dim
She sits by the window awaiting for him,
Through the night so weary, weary!

BELLE MAHONE.

(Song with Music.)

I.

Soon beyond the harbor bar,
Shall my bark be sailing far,—
O'er the world I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
O'er thy grave I weep good-bye,
Hear, oh hear my lonely cry,
O without thee what am I,
Sweet Belle Mahone?

CHORUS.

Sweet Belle Mahone!
Sweet Belle Mahone!
Wait for me at Heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Mahone!

II.

Lonely like a withered tree,
What is all the world to me?
Life and light were all in thee,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Daisies pale are growing o'er
All my heart can e'er adore,
Shall I meet thee nevermore,
Sweet Belle Mahone?

III.

Calmly, sweetly slumber on,
(Only one I call my own!)
While in tears I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
Faded now seems ev'ry thing,
But when comes eternal spring,
With thee I'll be wandering,
Sweet Belle Mahone!

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

(Song with Music.)

I.

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat
so true;
He sank faint and hungry among the famish'd
brave,
And they laid him sad and lonely within his name-
less grave.

CHORUS.

No more the bugle calls the weary one,
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown!
I'll find you, and know you, among the good and
true.
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat
of blue.

II.

He cried—"Give me water and just a little crumb,
And mother she will bless you through all the
years to come;
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my faded coat
of blue."

III.

He said—"My dear comrades, you cannot take
me home.
But you'll mark my grave for mother, she'll find it
if she'll come;
I fear she'll not know me, among the good and
true,
When I meet her up in heav'n, in my faded coat
of blue."

IV.

Long, long years have vanished, and though he
comes no more,
Yet my heart will startling beat with each footfall
at my door;
I gaze o'er the hill where he waved a last adieu,
But no gallant lad I see, in his faded coat of blue.

V.

No sweet voice was there, breathing soft a mother's prayer,
But there's One who takes the brave and the true
in his tender care,—
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and
true,
In his lonely grave he sleeps, in his faded coat of
blue.

ONNALINDA.

Alone she stood, a maiden sweet,
Within the woodland's deepening shade;
One beam of sunset through the glade
Glimmered in gold about her feet.
Musing, she lingered in covert there,
Far from the clamor of camp's alarms;
Above her a beech flung out his arms
As if to shield a form so fair.
A winsome girl of native grace
And moulded form the comeliest;
Scarce two and twenty Junes had kiss'd
With breath of rose her charming face—
Brunette with crimson tinged and blent,
As if 'neath Saxon face there glowed
The warm maroon of Indian blood
And stirred a doubt of her descent.
Around her bodice trimly laced
Fell glossy falls of raven hair,
Half-veiling, half-revealing there
The zone that clasped her lissom waist.
One hand to ear, to catch alarm,
Showed jeweled wrist and rounded arm.
In purple folds her kirtle fell—
The rimpling hem just kissed her feet
In shoon of chamois fitted neat
As glove and palm of courtly belle.
Deep in her dark eyes' lustrous glance
Glistened the star of bright romance.
The charms of youth and beauty met
In ONNALINDA—sweet brunette!

—*Onnalinda.*

JEALOUSY.

Mistrust! an ever-tattling brook
That winds through all Love's heritage;
Or headlines in a lover's book
Creeping along from page to page.

—*Ibid.*

ALLUREMENT.

Woman's eyes
Still lure a thousand Antonies,
And half mankind is still beset
With Cleopatras of brunette!

—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

O woman! wisest, brightest, best!
Knows all man knows—she'll guess the rest!—
Knows all man knows, and, in addition,
Knows everything by intuition.
And be she aborigine,

Or Saxon blonde, or arch brunette,
She'll teach a man in love that he
Not even knows his alphabet!

—*Ibid.*

PERSPECTIVE.

The epochs in our lives are three;
And here we grope in rifts between
The IS, the WAS, the MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
From gleaming hills of youth we see
The glorious lands of Is to Be;
In twilight vale of Is we pause
To mourn the fading light of Was;
Then midnight glooms the earth and sky:
Alas!—it Might Have Been—we sigh.

—*Ibid.*

SPRING.

She loved to tell of paths that wound
The heathery mountain sides around;
Of hedgerows sweet that lined her way
Thro' blooming lanes of daisied May.

—*Ibid.*

THE FAIR ACCOMPLICE.*

Now faintly pales the eastern sky
When lo! from bower above ravine
Descending covertly, unseen,

Glides Onnalinda warily;
The craggy steep dim-lit with glow
Of lurid camp-fire from below,
That tinges with a sanguine light
Each jutting rock and shelvy height.

Upgazing as if to her were sent
A message from the firmament,
Like herald of heaven, august she stands
With palms outspread 'gainst friends and foes,
One palm to these, one palm to those—
A barrier twixt the hostile bands.

—*Ibid.*

WARNING.

Wind the clock—it striketh ten;
Heed the alarm—fools and sages!—
Clicking out the lives of men
Marching down the road of Ages.
Soon the "eleventh hour" will chime
Stilling all the wheels of men
Lay new hold of Life and Time—
Wind the clock—it striketh ten!

—*Rabble Brook Songs*

* See illustration, p. 248

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE was born at Mishawaka, Indiana, July 18th, 1850. When eleven years of age, her parents removed to Hillsdale, Michigan, where the shy, reserved school girl grew into the quiet, modest woman, and where at the age of twenty-one she was married to Edmund C. Thorpe. This was just at the time when her poem, "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night," had carried her name into thousands of homes, and won for the young writer a most generous meed of honor. The poetic gift of Mrs. Thorpe is truly a *bona fide* gift—none of it coming by right of inheritance, unless you consider it another form of expressing the artistic talent of her father. To her only daughter, just entering young womanhood, descended the fondness for brush and pencil.

Mrs. Thorpe commenced writing at an early age, though extreme diffidence and lack of confidence in herself caused her to consign most of her productions to the obscurity of her portfolio. Her first publication, a prose sketch, appeared in her eighteenth year. Her since celebrated poem, had then been written more than a year, but its literary value not dreamed of by the author. In 1870 "Curfew Must not Ring To-night" was published by the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser* and was widely copied. Gaining confidence by the unexpected and highly flattering reception of that poem, others were offered to the local press. Among these were "The Station Agent's Story," "In a Mining Town," "Red Cross," and various others.

Mrs. Thorpe has been a busy writer for some years, though sadly hindered during the past few years by ill health. Under the sunny skies of California and within sound of the ocean, she is regaining health and finding increased demand for her pen pictures.

Mrs. Thorpe is essentially a home woman, finding great pleasure in the practical details of house-keeping, and frequently writing her best poems while watching the dinner. She is a close reader of all that pertains to her art, and while her real talent lies in her poetry, she is a successful writer of healthy stories for the young. Several of these have been published in book form. She has also published a book of poems, styled "Ringing Ballads."

A. B. L.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day:
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—

He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy,—moss-grown walls, dark, damp, and cold,—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her lips grew strangely white
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart
Like a gleaming death-winged arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart).
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old I will not miss it: Curfew bell must ring to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep center Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
One low murmur faintly spoken, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming, slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before.
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro;

As she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell no ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging! 'tis the hour of curfew now!
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with sudden light.
As she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a speck of light below,
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro.
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell;
Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair face white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er! — the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before, Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires, with heads of white, Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell. Bessie sees him, and her brow, Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces now. At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands, all bruised and torn; And her sweet young face, still haggard with the anguish is sad worn, Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light. "Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell. "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner forth to die, All his bright young life before him, 'neath the darkening English sky. Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with lovelight sweet, Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his feet. In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face upturned and white, Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me! curfew will not ring to-night."

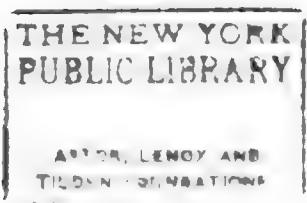
THE SOLDIER'S REPIEVE.

"My Fred! I can't understand it,"
And his voice quivered with pain,
While the tears kept slowly dropping
On his trembling hands like rain.
"For Fred was so brave and loyal,
So true — but my eyes are dim,
And I cannot read the letter,
The last I shall get from him.
Please read it, sir, while I listen —
In fancy I see him — dead;
My boy, shot down like a traitor,
My noble, my brave boy Fred."

"Dear Father," — so ran the letter, —
"To-morrow when twilight creeps
Along the hill to the churchyard,
O'er the grave where mother sleeps,
When the dusky shadows gather,
They'll lay your boy in his grave
For nearly betraying the country
He would give his life to save.
And, father, I tell you truly,
With almost my latest breath,
That your boy is not a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death."

"You remember Bennie Wilson?
He's suffered a deal of pain.
He was only that day ordered
Back into the ranks again.
I carried all of his luggage,
With mine, on the march that day;
I gave him my arm to lean on,
Else he had dropped by the way.
'Twas Bennie's turn to be sentry;
But I took his place, and I —
Father, I fell asleep, and now
I must die as traitors die."

"The Colonel is kind and generous,
He has done the best he can,



And they will not bind or blind me—
I shall meet death like a man.
Kiss little Blossom; but, father,
Need you tell her how I fall?"
A sob from the shadowed corner.—
Yes, Blossom had heard it all!
As she kissed the precious letter
She said with faltering breath,
"Our Fred is never a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death."

And a little sun-brown maiden,
In a shabby time-worn dress,
Took her seat a half-hour later
In the crowded night express.
The conductor heard her story
As he held her dimpled hand,
And sighed for the sad hearts breaking
All over the troubled land.
He tenderly wiped the tear drop
From the blue eyes brimming o'er,
And guarded her footsteps safely
Till she reached the White House door.

The President sat at his writing:
But the eyes were kind and mild
That turned with a look of wonder
On the little shy-faced child.
And he read Fred's farewell letter
With a look of sad regret.
"Tis a brave young life," he murmured,
"And his country needs him yet.
From an honored place in battle
He shall bid the world good-by;
If that brave young life is needed,
He shall die as heroes die."

DRUNKARD.

I have mixed my drinks well,—rum, beer, and
champagne:

Strong drink in the stomach is death to the brain,
And death to affection. Deny it, who can?
A drunkard has only the semblance of man,
The form of his Maker, degraded, accursed,
The vilest of all living things, and the worst.

—*Drinking Annie's Tears.*

AGE.

Within its portals stood a man
Like some grim shadow on Time's shore,
Gray as the walls about him, and
Like them a memory, nothing more.—
A page from out the deathless past!

—*Remember The Alamo.*

GEORGE HINES GORMAN.

GEORGE HINES GORMAN is the second son of Alexander M. Gorman, and Mary Edmonds Jordan, and was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 29th of July, 1861. Both of his parents were persons of culture and literary distinction, and from them the son has inherited his love of literature. His father followed the profession of letters, and owned, and ably edited the *Spirit of the Age*, up to the time of his death in 1865. In addition to the literary work of his own publication, he was a contributor to other periodicals. Mr. Gorman's mother, who is still living, is a writer of merit. Young Gorman received his early education entirely at the hands of his mother, and, indeed, could be induced to receive instruction from no other source; and the devoted love for her which was thus early manifested in his life, has but grown the stronger with the passing years. During his school life he belonged to several literary and debating societies, and on two public occasions had awarded to him gold medals for oratory and eloquence. He was a student at the Raleigh Military Academy, and Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Virginia. He was graduated from the university with distinction, in June, 1884, bringing from thence, as evidences of his ability, the University Orator's Medal, and a prize essay medal—the highest honors which the university could bestow on a student. After graduating, Mr. Gorman located in Norfolk, Virginia, and practiced his profession, the law. Family influence, the young man's own worth, and his undoubted talents, soon brought him a large and varied practice, into which he entered with all the ardor of youth and ambition. He remained in Norfolk two years, but at the end of that time was obliged to seek a more healthy climate. He removed to St. Paul, Minn., where he now resides.

M. E. W.

CLING TO THE LORD.

WHEN thy life is bright
With joyous sweet light
That shines like the glorious sun,
And the path you tread
With pleasure is spread,
Remember the All-Giving One.

When praises resound
And efforts are crowned
With success, and fortune is won;
Forget not to raise
Thy voice in thy praise
And thanks to the Bountiful One.

Throughout all the while
That fortune shall smile,
Then still cling to the Changeless One;
Nothing else is true
Or constant to you,
So cling to the Most Holy One.

In moments of grief,
Still cling for relief
To the One of Mercies above:
And cling in thy pain,
For He will sustain
And bless with abundance of love.

In sorrow and woe
That burdens thee so,
O! cling to the Beautiful One;
For He gives relief
And anguish will cease
At the touch of the Healing One.

When burdened with care,
Wellnigh to despair,
Then cling to the Crucified One;
For clouds disappear
And skies become clear
With the smiles of the Purified One.

When poor or in wealth,
In sickness or health,
Still cling to the Comforting One;
And constantly pray,
By night and by day,
For blessings from Father and Son.

On land or at sea,
Where'er you may be,
Still cling to the Merciful One;
If pleasures caress
Or sorrows distress,
Still cling to the All Holy One.

GRIEVE.

Common griefs are the strongest chains
That friendship e'er employs;
And they bind our hearts far closer
Than do our common joys.
—*Poetic Aphorisms.*

CHEERFULNESS.

Is there a sweeter thing on earth
Than pleasant thoughts, I wonder,
Or a happier man than he
Who has the greatest number?

—*Ibid.*

THE EDITOR AND THE POETS.

SONG OF THE PRINTING-PRESS.

I AM silent to-night in the basement dim,
And the shadows around me are vague and grim;
But my nerves they reach out where the home-groups are,
Where the home-lights are flickering near and far;
And I feel a glad thrill in my iron heart
For the gladness and cheer that I there impart;
For although I am only a dumb machine,
I can move with a wonderful power, I ween!

There are beautiful stories that I can tell,
And that fall on the ear like a magic spell;
And I whisper them sweetly to one and all —
So sweetly that even the tear-drops fall —
To the maiden who sits in the cottage low,
To the lover who longeth her heart to know,
To the poet who dreams, and the child who waits
For the Princess to open the fairy gates.

I am King, and my subjects are scattered wide.
But, wherever they be, they are leal and tried;
And though other kings fall and their kingdoms wane,

Forever and aye must my own remain.
It is one to grow greater with lapse of time,
And to tower through ages to heights sublime;
While the cry of my subjects for aye shall be:
"Vive la PRESS! for our King is he!"

"Vive la PRESS!" a prophetic cry,
For it tells that the glorious By and By
Shall be nearer each other by the rule it owns,
And that all of mankind, on the earth's broad zones,
Shall the Gospel of Liberty plainly hear;
And that darkness and error shall disappear;
That the poor and the lowly, the weak, oppressed,
Uplifted shall be, and supremely blest!

Though I'm silent and lone in my basement dim,
I am singing a sweeter and grander hymn
Than was ever breathed forth by an earthly choir,
And it thrills like the thrill of a living fire!
Aye, it rings up the vales, and across the plains,
And it bears a bright hope on its sweet refrains;
For the beautiful theme of my thrilling song
Is that Right shall be victor at last o'er Wrong!

There are monarchs who quake at the power I hold,
And who fear that the years of their reign are told.

Who would hamper me down as with iron bands,
And would make me a slave to their base commands;

There are vices that hide from my sight away.
As they shrink from your gaze in the glare of day;
There are follies that render a people weak,
And tremble with fear at the words I speak;

There are sorrows that ever unwept shall sleep,
Till the story I tell shall a world make weep;
There are crimes that forever unknown shall rest,
Till arraigned before me they may stand confessed;
And the mightiest truths that a world shall own,
Shall be only as myths till I make them known;
And the good that is coming shall wait its prime,
While I make for the nations a grander time!

I have quickened the pace of the waning years,
And the far-away Future at hand appears—
The far-away Future the ancients saw,
When earth should smile under a nobler law,
When the light that all over the world should
stream,
Should be "full of His glory" who reigns supreme:
When the tumult of battle and strife should cease,
And the march of the years should be crowned
with peace.

Oh, I day after day at my labor sing,
For I know of the gladness I widely fling
With my fingers of iron across the earth—
At the grate of the rich, and the cottage hearth—
And I feel that the living of all who live
Will be richer by far for the gifts I give;
And that millions of hearts shall look up and bless,
With the truest of blessings, the PRINTING-PRESS.

ALPHONSO A. HOPKINS.

THE FAIR COPY-HOLDER.

YON window frames her like a saint
Within some old cathedral rare;
Perhaps she is not quite so quaint,
And yet I think her full as fair!

All day she scans the written lines,
Until the last dull proof is ended,
Calling the various words and signs
By which each error may be mended.

An interceding angel, she,
'Twixt printing-press and author's pen—
Perhaps she'd find some faults in me!
Say, maiden, can you not read men?

Forgive me, gentle girl, but while
You bravely work I've been reflecting

That somewhere in this world of guile,
There's some one's life needs your correcting.

Methinks 'tis time you learned this art,
Which makes the world's wide page read better;
For love needs proving, heart with heart,
As well as type with written letter.

C. H. CRANDALL.

IN ADVANCE.

Now Winter is fighting his battles
With many an icy lance,
But I'm writing a "gentle spring" poem
Which the editors wish "in advance."

It is full, as is usual, of "violets,"
It alludes to the "robin's first peep,"
Though a blizzard's a daily occurrence
And the snow-drifts are seven feet deep

But the editors—singular creatures,
To whom I am bound hand and foot—
Grasp at Father Time's typical forelock,
Till it's nearly pulled out by the root.

For they get 'way ahead of the season,
In a manner most wily and arch;
So that while you are reading December
They finish the number for March.

And he who would hope for acceptance
Must strike up betimes with his tune,
And sing Harvest Home in Mid-Winter
And jingle his sleigh-bells in June.

So when my spring poem is finished,
No rest does my weary pen get;
I must write a review of a novel
Which isn't itself written yet!

BESSIE CHANDLER.

RUNNING THE WEEKLY.

In the twilight, in his sanctum sat the editor alone.
And his mighty brain was throbbing in a very
lofty tone;
But he checked a deathless poem, that was fraught
with fancies dim,
And he thought of Quill, his "e. c.," and contrived
a pit for him.

Then he stopped right in a leader on the European
war,
While he wrote a puff for Barleycorn's new family
grocery store:

And just as he got started on the "Outlook of To-day."

The foreman came to say the "comps." had struck for higher pay.

Then he started on a funny sketch, a fancy bright and glad,

When Slabs, the undertaker, came to order out his "ad.";

He smiled and wrote the title, "The Reflections of a Sage,"

When the panting devil broke in with—"They've pied the second page!"

He sighed, and took his scissors when the ever funny bore

Said, "Ah, writing editoria—" then he weltered in his gore.

And as the scribe was feeling happy, writing up the fray,

His landlord came to know if he "could pay his rent to-day."

In deep abstraction then he plunged the paste brush in the ink,

And stammered, "Thank you, since you will insist on it, I think —"

When from the business office came the cashier, "Here's a mess!

Composish & Roller's put a big attachment on the press."

Then broke the editorial heart; he sobbed and said, "Good-by!"

And forth he went, to some far land, from all his woes to fly.

But ere the second mile was flown, he sank in wild despair—

The Wabash line took up his pass and made him pay his fare.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

SEBASTIAN MOREY'S POEM.

THE 'Lantic an' the Century, an' Lippincott's, an' Harper's,

Scribner's, an' all the rest of 'em, is all a set er sharpers,

W'en they fin' a son er genius, an' a reg'lar ten-stroke poet,

An' a close chum er the Muses, they don't know enough to know it!

I writ a roarin' poem, and I sent it to the 'Lantic. An' then, w'en it come back nex' mail, it nearly driv' me frantic.

I sent it then to all the rest, to see how they would find it,

But they with their durned printed slips "respectfully declined" it.

W'en I got up that poem, in a wild, divine afflatus, My whole brain was runnin' over like a heaped up hill er taters;

An' I rushed aroun' permis'cus like, an' not at all partic'lar,

With my coat-tails horizontal, an' my hair perpendic'lar!

An' I tore aroun' in frenzy, like a dog that's taken pizen;

I was 'feared I'd knock the stars out, an' collide with the horizon;

For all out-door warn't big enough for old Sebastian Morey,

For I could shin a rainbow, right into the streets of glory!

W'y! all space was stuffed with rainbows, hung with pots of gold to capture,

An' all the everlastin' hills were bustin' into rapture;

The birds, the frogs, the grasshoppers, all sung their loud hazanner,

An' every single forest tree turned into a pianner?

If there was ever a poem foun' I had a chance to git it;

An' heaven was blin'in in my soul, w'en I sat down an' writ it.

The angels told it to me, sir, an' it would make me famous,

If every tarnel editor warn't such an ignoramus!

Wal, let 'em print their sappy stuff; but I can do without it.

I've shet off my subscription, an' now let 'em squirm about it;

The 'Lantic, an' the Century, an' Lippincott's, an' Harper's,

Scribner's, and all the rest of 'em, is all a set er sharpers.

S. W. Foss.

READING PROOF.

A PRINTER and his proof this thought suggest:

That, though at first unblemished it appears,

Subjected to the keen-eyed reader's test,

The proof full soon a different aspect wears.

With errors marred and marked, the unskilled eye

Looks on despairing, seeing no avail;

But, mark the change, when, printed, by and by,

The blotched offenses into order pale.

So may some life, we, superficial, scan,

Seem pure and true; but, changing as we look,

We read the uncorrected proof of man,
And mark the margin as a page of book;
Some more, some less; but, 'neath correction wise,
'Twill all read rightly in the last revise.

BENJAMIN PENHALLOW SHILLABER.

THE EDITOR.

YES, 'mid unceasing worry and turmoil,
To serve that Heart, the Editor must toil;
Under Its bidding must his efforts be;
It forms part of "the editorial We."
Why do the papers gossip, would you know?
Because — the public ear would have it so.
Our journal's not a favorite breakfast-dish,
Unless it gossips to the public wish;
And even they who call "the stuff absurd,"
Will sit and groan, and — read it every word.
Why do we thread men's motives thro' and thro'?
Because our king, The Public, tells us to!
Why do we quote the wedding chimes, and hues?
Because our Queen is waiting for the news.
Why do we type on useless stories waste?
To please some portions of the public taste!
Why do we into secret haunts repair?
Because a curious public sends us there!
Why do we tell the crimes of all the lands?
Because The Public Heart their tale demands!
Why are we deep in politics immersed?
Because The Public fought and quarreled first!
Why do we toil with all that we possess?
Because The Public Brain will take no less!
Acknowledged let our proud position be:
The Public Heart's prime-ministers are we!

Men of the Press! to us is given, indeed,
To shape the growing appetites we feed!
We must from day to day and week to week,
To elevate our Monarch's motives seek,
That he may, with an open, liberal hand,
Higher and higher things of us demand!
So let us cut our own progressive way —
So onward toil, through darkness and through day;
So let us in our labor persevere,
Unspoiled by praise — untouched by blame or fear;
Learn to distinguish, with true, patient art,
The private pocket from The Public Heart;
Learn how to guide that Heart, in every choice,
And give its noblest thoughts its purest voice!
Till so The Press The Public Heart may move,
That day by day they mutually improve;
That higher and higher each the other bring,
Till God Himself shall be The Sanctum King!

WILL CARLETON.

—From "The Sanctum King."

SINGLE POEMS.

LEONA.

LEONA, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've awaited so long.
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace giving breath,
The curtain half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow,
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are
fled,
And raised the last roses of youth from the dead
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's
dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we
kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That death is but action begun:
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and
fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has
caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled.
Down the broad-breasted mountains away,
E'er sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the
world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

O! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth,
And I sometimes have thought that my being would
yearn
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last,
But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to
play—
Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye; should the grief
That is gathering now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief.
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is
brief,
Over lowland and river to me.

JAMES G. CLARK.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE NAUTILUS AND THE AMMONITE.

THE nautilus and the ammonite
Were launched in friendly strife;
Each sent to float, in its tiny boat,
On the wide wild sea of life.

For each would swim on the ocean's brim,
And when wearied its sail could furl;
And sink to sleep in the great sea deep,
In its palace all of pearl!

And theirs was bliss more fair than this,
Which we taste in our older clime;

For they were rife in a tropic life,
A brighter and better clime.

They swam 'mid the isles whose summer smiles
Were dimmed by no alloy;
Whose groves were palm, whose air was balm,
And life — one only joy!

They sailed all day, through creek and bay,
And traversed the ocean deep;
And at night they sank on a coral bank,
In its fairy bowers to sleep!

And the monsters vast, of ages past,
They beheld in their ocean caves;
They saw them ride in their power and pride,
And sink in their deep sea graves.

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,
They sailed in mirth and glee;
These fairy shells, with their crystal cells,
Twin sisters of the sea!

And they came at last, to a sea long past,
But as they reached its shore,
The Almighty's breath spoke out in death,
And the ammonite lived no more!

So the nautilus now, in its shelly prow,
As over the deep it strays,
Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,
Its companion of other days.

And alike do we, on life's stormy sea,
As we roam from shore to shore,
Thus, tempest-tost, seek the lov'd, the lost —
But find them on earth no more!

Yet the hope how sweet, again to meet,
As we look to a distant strand.
Where heart meets heart, and no more they part,
Who meet in that better land.

G. F. RICHARDSON.

FREE-WILL.

STRENGTH of the beautiful day, green and blue and white!
Voice of leaf and of bird;
Low voice of mellow surf far down the curving shore;
Strong white clouds and gray, slow and calm in your flight,
Aimless, majestic, unheard,—
You walk in air and dissolve and vanish for evermore!

Lying here 'midst poppies and maize, tired of the loss and the gain,
Dreaming of rest, ah! fain
Would I, like ye, transmute the terror of fate into praise.

Yet thou, O earth, art a slave, orderly without care,
Perfect thou know'st not why,
For He whose Word is thy life has spared thee the gift of Will!
We men are not so brave, our lives are not so fair,
Our law is an eye for an eye;
And the light that shines for our good we use to our ill,
Fails boyhood's hope ere long, for the deed still mocks the plan,
And the knave is the honest man,
And thus we grow weak in a world created to make us strong.

But woe to the man who quails before that which makes him man!
Though heaven be sweet to win,
One thing is sweeter yet — freedom to side with hell!
In man succeeds or fails this great creative plan:
Man's liberty to sin
Makes worth God's winning the love even God may not compel.
Shall I then murmur and be wroth at Nature's peace?
Though I be ill at ease,
I hold one link of the chain of his happiness in my hand.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

LIVING WATERS.

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever Summer saw;
And cool their water is, — yea, cool and sweet; —
But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveler strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give; —

Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
Feeding and bearing all;
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
That takes, again to give;—
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live.

CAROLINE S. SPENCER.

SUNLIGHT.

Beyond the edge of the mountain
The sun sank out of sight;
And clover leaves were closing
At the first cool kiss of night.

The clover was deep in shadow
While roses were yet aglow;
And maples flamed with sunshine
When roses went out below.

My little boy with his arrows
Had busily been at play,
But now stood thoughtfully watching
The sunbeams climb away.

He watched the rising shadow
Till the tallest elms were dark,
And over the dewy grasses
Wandered the fire-fly's spark.

Then seizing a feathered arrow,
He raised his bow on high,
And shot it up from the darkness
Into the evening sky.

It rose till it pierced the sunlight,
And glittered a moment there,
As the arrow of old Acestes
Burst into flame in air.

Then he shouted aloud: "Come, father!
And see this wondrous sight;
The earth is all in darkness,
But the sky is full of light."

"Yes, child, and above the darkness
That fills the world with care,
A heaven of happy sunshine
Is resting everywhere.

" May thine be the white-winged arrows
Of faith and prayer and love,
That fly from the gloom about us
To the infinite light above."

HARLAN H. BALLARD.

GOLDEN SILENCES.

THERE is silence that saith, "Ah me!"

There is silence that nothing saith;
One the silence of life forlorn,
One the silence of death;
One is, and the other shall be.

One we know and have known for long.
One we know not, but we shall know,
All we who have ever been born;
Even so, be it so.—
There is silence, despite a song.

Sowing day is a silent day,
Resting night is a silent night;
But whoso reaps the ripened corn
Shall shout in his delight,
While silences vanish away.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

A HARVEST SONG.

I.

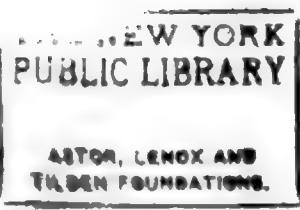
"THE corn, oh, the corn, 'tis the ripening of the
corn!
Go unto the door, my lad, and look beneath the
moon,
Thou canst see, beyond the woodrick, how it is
yellow;
'Tis the harvesting of wheat and the barley must
be shorn.

CHORUS.

"The corn, oh, the corn, and the yellow mellow
corn!
Here's to the corn, with the cups upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we'll reap
again the morn,
And fetch it home to mow-yard, and then we'll
thank the Lord.

II.

"The wheat, oh, the wheat, 'tis the ripening of
the wheat!
All the day it has been hanging down its heavy
head,
Bowing over on our bosoms with a beard of red;
'Tis the harvest, and the value makes the labor
sweet.



CHORUS.

"The wheat, oh, the wheat, and the golden, golden wheat!
Here's to the wheat, with the loaves upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we never will be beat,
But fetch it all to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

III.

"The barley, oh, the barley, and the barley is in prime!
All the day it has been rustling with its bristles brown,
Waiting with its beard a bowing, till it can be mown!
'Tis the harvest and the barley must abide its time.

CHORUS.

"The barley, oh, the barley, and the barley ruddy brown!
Here's to the barley, with the beer upon the board!
We'll go a-mowing, soon as ever all the wheat is down;
When all is in the mow-yard, we'll stop and thank the Lord.

IV.

"The oats, oh, the oats, 'tis the ripening of the oats!
All the day they have been dancing with their flakes of white,
Waiting for the girding-hook, to be the nags' delight:
'Tis the harvest, let them dangle in their skirted coats.

CHORUS.

"The oats, oh, the oats, and the silver, silver oats!
Here's to the oats, with the back-stone on the board!
We'll go among them when the barley has been laid in rotes;
When all is home to mow-yard, we'll kneel and thank the Lord.

V.

"The corn, oh, the corn, and the blessing of the corn!
Come unto the door, my lads, and look beneath the moon.
We can see, on hill and valley, how it is yellowon,
With a breadth of glory, as when our Lord was born.

CHORUS.

"The corn, oh, the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Thanks for the corn with the bread upon the board!
So shall we acknowledge it before we reap the morn,
With our hands to heaven, and our knees unto the Lord."

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,—
Little grains of sand,—
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity!

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our pleasant earth below
Like the Heaven above.

JULIA A. FLETCHER CARNEY.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;

One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand had rested there,—
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wasted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart,
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

MARIE R. LACOSTE.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

BE LIKE THE SUN.

Be like the sun, that pours its ray
To glad and glorify the day.
Be like the moon, that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night.
Be like the stars, that sparkle on,
Although the sun and moon are gone.
Be like the skies, that steadfast are,
Though absent sun and moon and star.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

Cash prizes to the amount of Three Hundred Dollars will be awarded by the Publisher to the persons who will name the author of the greatest number of the Prize Quotations. Rules for Competitors may be found on another page.

69.

Because she looked upon the land with me,
Because she looked upon it with her eyes,
It seemed to me a land of sweetest guise,
From savage mountain top to savage sea.

70.

Ah! now I know why fair young days were dark.
Why piteous tears of youth fell swiftly down,
Why at the dawning sang no morning lark,
Why sullen afternoons were full of frown.
I had not reached thy being's larger arc,
Nor worn, as thy great gift, Love's sacred crown.

71.

Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And self disown:
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

72.

Nature lives on, though king or statesman dies;
Thus mockingly these little lives of ours,
So brief, so transient, seem to emphasize
The immortality of birds and flowers!

73.

Hail, Prince of Peace! hail, King of Kings!
Who would not hail thy day of birth,
Sunshine with healing in his wings,
Light, love, and joy to all on earth!
Once more let all men be enrolled,
Thou the One Shepherd — in our fold.

74.

These are the men,—
The men who cleave, with sturdy stroke,
A fallen giant's heart of oak,
Now build for life, and life's demands,
And fill with bread the waiting hands.

75.

We love our dead, and hold their memories dear;
But living love is sweeter than regret;
God's ways are just; and, though they seem severe,
He can give back with blessings greater yet
Than we have lost. He chastens for some good
That in our weakness is not understood.

76.

What silence we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear:
We live beside each other day by day,

And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach
Beneath the commonplace or common speech.

77.

Work is the holiest thing in earth or heaven;
To lift from souls the sorrow and the curse,
This dear employment must to us be given,
While there is want in God's great universe.

78.

But ever I hear an undertone —
A subtle, sorrowful, wordless moan;
The dying note of a funeral bell;
The faltering sigh of a last farewell:
And ever I see through lurid haze,
The sober phantoms of other days —
In light that's sad as the ruin it frets,
The solemn light of a sun that sets.

79.

What will it matter by and by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh? —
All will be elsewise, by and by!

80.

No generous action can delay
Or thwart our higher, steadier aims,
But if sincere and true are they,
It will arouse our sight and nerve our frames.

81.

A bird sang on the swinging vine, —
Yes! on the vine, —
And then, — sang not;
I took your little white hand in mine;
Twas April; 'twas Sunday; 'twas warm sunshine, —
Yes! warm sunshine:
Have you forgot?

82.

Deaf to the roar are those who make their home
Where sheer Niagara jars the primeval rock:
Let them but go and come: the awful boom
Strikes on their new-born ears with thund'rous
shock!

Blind are these eyes, except they note some change
They cannot see, until by contrast taught,
Then how obtuse, how narrow in their range
Are human senses and is human thought.

83.

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great! — what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

84.

In Youth's glad morning, when the rising East
 Glows golden with assurance of success,
 And life itself's a rare continual feast,
 Enjoyed the more if meditated less,
 'Tis then that friendship's pleasures chiefly bless,
 As if without beginning,— ne'er to end.

85.

When maids scold,
 With looks that pardon, lover may be bold.

86.

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all
 fun;
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
 of all.

87.

In form and feature, face and limb,
 I grew so like my brother,
 That folks got taking me for him,
 And each for one another.
 It puzzled all our kith and kin,
 It reached a fearful pitch;
 For one of us was born a twin,
 And not a soul knew which.

88.

In vain do ye seek to behold Him;
 He dwells in no temple apart;
 The height of the heavens cannot hold Him,
 And yet he is here in my heart—
 He is here, and He will not depart.

89.

Let my life pass in healthful, happy ease,
 The world and all its schemes shut out my door:
 Rich in a competence, and nothing more,
 Saving the student's wealth—"Apollo's fees"—
 Long rows of goodly volumes to appease
 My early love and quenchless thirst of lore.

90.

O! not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that he hath given us
 To pour our hearts in prayer.

91.

'Tis not enough to worship God alone,
 Deep in the closet of a hidden nook;
 'Tis not the low, self-abnegated groan
 That reads aright the great life-giving Book.
 Love born in darkness shrinks from honest light;
 In secret misers hug their sordid gain;
 A Christian is of brightness, not of night—
 A smiling Abel, not a frowning Cain.

92.

Truth keeps the bottom of her well,
 And when the thief peeps down, the thief
 Peeps back at him, perpetual.

93.

I can feel no pride, but pity
 For the burdens the rich endure;
 There is nothing sweet in the city
 But the patient lives of the poor.
 Oh, the little hands too skilful,
 And the child-mind choked with weeds!
 The daughter's heart grown wilful,
 And the father's heart that bleeds!

94.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
 And so make Life, Death, and that vast For-Ever
 One grand, sweet song.

95.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast.

96.

I had a seeming friend;— I gave him gifts, and he
 was gone;
 I had an open enemy;— I gave him gifts, and won
 him.

97.

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
 In naked ugliness. He was a man
 Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
 To serve the devil in.

98.

. . . . The bridegroom sea
 Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
 And in the fullness of his marriage joy,
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
 Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
 Then proud, runs up to kiss her.

99.

In this wide world the fondest and the best—
 Are the most tried, most troubled, and distrest.

100.

Immodest words admit of no defense,
 For want of decency is want of sense.

101.

Once my soul was fondly plighted
 To a holy one of earth—
 Like two music-notes united,
 Notes that sever in their birth.

102.

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most that have the least to say.

103.

No thought within her bosom stirs,
But wakes some feeling dark and dread;
God keep thee from a doom like hers,
Of living when the hopes are dead.

104.

No pent up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

105.

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud.
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

106.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease,—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

107.

And should fortune prove cruel and false to the
last,
Let us look to the future and not to the past.

108.

Thou art beautiful, young lady,—
But I need not tell you this;
For few have borne, unconsciously,
The spell of loveliness.

109.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

110.

Then came the parting hour and what arise
When lovers part! expressive looks, and eyes
Tender and tearful,—many a fond adieu,
And many a call the sorrow to renew;
Sighs such as lovers only can explain,
And words that they might undertake in vain.

111.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel
tyrant,
With all his guards of tools and power about him,

Is meditating new, unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

112.

You may break, you may shatter
The vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses
Will cling round it still.

113.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!

114.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindle to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your
store."

115.

Near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait
Expectant of her.

116.

Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.

117.

The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

118.

There is no vacant chair. The loving meet—
A group unbroken—smitten. Who knows how?
One sitteth silent only; in his usual seat
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

119.

Old sorrow I shall meet again,
And joy, perchance—but never, never,
Happy childhood, shall we twain
See each other's face, forever!
And yet I would not call thee back,
Dear childhood, lest the sight of me,
Thine old companion, on the rack
Of age, should sadden even thee.

120.

The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

121.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams like picture in its frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that "imperial palace" whence she came;
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because—she is a daughter of the king!

122.

"My life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread.
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
The chain in wool be wed."

123.

Steadily up from their swampy forge, the sparks of
fireflies rise
In the pool where the wading lilies make love
through half-shut eyes
To the whippoorwill who scolds, like a shrew, at the
fluffy owl!
While the night hawk shuffles by, like a monk in a
velvet cowl,
And the bat weaves inky west, thro' the white
star beams that peep
Down through the cypress boughs, where the frogs
all sing "knee deep!"

124.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumbers seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven.

125.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

126.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures,—love,
and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

127.

What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

128.

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,

My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

129.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
True love to us, and love undying.

130.

Close his eyes, his work is done;
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow.
What cares he?—he cannot know;
Lay him low.

131.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

132.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynherr Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candel.
Strange all this difference should be
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

133.

In melancholy fancy
Out of myself,
In the vulcan dancy,
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping,
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

134.

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall shall linger near.

CURRENT POEMS.

BALLAD OF THE BIRD-BRIDE.

(ESKIMO.)

THEY never come back, though I loved them well.
I watch the south in vain;
The snow-bound skies are blear and gray,
Wild and wide is the wan gull's way,
And she comes never again.

Years agone, on the flat white strand,
I won my wild sea-girl;
Wrapped in my coat of the snow-white fur,
I watched the wild birds settle and stir,
The gray gulls gather and whirl.

One, the greatest of all the flock,
Perched on an ice-floe bare,
Called and cried as her heart were broke,
And straight they were changed, that strange
bird-folk,
To women young and fair.

Swift I sprang from my hiding-place
And held the fairest fast;
I held her fast, the sweet, strange thing.
Her comrades skirled, but they all took wing,
And smote me as they passed.

I bore her safe to my warm snow house;
Full sweetly there she smiled;
And yet, whenever the shrill winds blew,
She would beat her long white arms anew,
And her eyes glanced quick and wild.

But I took her to wife, and clothed her warm
With skins of the gleaming seal;
Her wandering glances sank to rest
When she held a babe to her fair, warm breast,
And she loved me dear and leal.

Together we tracked the fox and the seal,
And at her behest I swore
That bird and beast my bow might slay
For meat and our raiment, day by day.
But never a gray gull more.

A weariful watch I keep for aye
'Mid the snow and the changeless frost:
Woe is me for my broken word!
Woe, woe's me for my bonny bird,
My bird and the love-time lost!

Have ye forgotten the old keen life?
The hut with the skin-strewn floor?
O wild white wife, and bairnies three,

Is there no room in your hearts for me,
Or our home on the low sea-shore?

Once the quarry was scarce and shy,
Sharp hunger gnawed us sore,
My spoken oath was clean forgot,
My bow twanged thrice with a swift, straight shot,
And slew me sea-gulls four.

The sun hung red on the sky's dull breast,
The snow was wet and red;
Her voice shrilled out in a woful cry,
She beat her long white arms on high,
"The hour is here," she said.

She beat her arms, and she cried full fain
As she swayed and wavered there.
"Fetch me the feathers, my bairnies three,
Feathers and plumes for ye and me,
Bonny gray wings to wear!"

They ran to her side, our bairnies three,
With the plumage black and gray,
Then she bent her down and drew them near,
She laid the plumes on our bairnies dear,
And some on her own arms lay.

"Babes of mine, of the wild wind's kin,
Feather ye quick, nor stay!
Oh, oho! but the wild winds blow!
Babes of mine, it is time to go:
Up, dear hearts, and away!"

And lo! the gray plumes covered them all,
Shoulder and breast and brow.
I felt the wind of their whirling flight:
Was it sea or sky? was it day or night?
It is always night-time now.

Dear, will you never relent, come back?
I loved you long and true.
O winged white wife, and our bairnies three,
Of the wild wind's kin though ye surely be,
Are ye not my kin too?

Ay, ye once were mine, and till I forget,
Ye are mine forever and aye.
Mine, wherever your wild wings go,
While shrill winds whistle across the snow
And the skies are blear and gray.

GRAHAM R. THOMSON.
—*Harper's Magazine, January, 1880.*

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

"THE wind wears roun', the day wears doun',
The moon is grisly gray;

There's nae man rides by the mirk muirsides,
Nor down the dark Tyne's way."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"And winna ye watch the night wi' me,
And winna ye wake the morn?
Foul shame it were that your ae mither
Should brook her ae son's scorn."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"O mither, I may not sleep nor stay,
My weird is ill to dree:
For a fause faint lord of the south sea-board
What win my bride of me."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"The winds are strang, and the nights are lang.
And they ways are sair to ride;
And I maun gang to wreak my wrang,
And ye maun bide and bide."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"Gin I maun bide and bide, Willie,
I wot my weird is sair:
Weel may ye get a light love yet,
But never a mither mair."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"O gin the morrow be great wi' sorrow
The wyt be yours of a';
But though ye slay me that haud and stay me,
The weird ye will maun fa'."
In, in, out and in
.Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

When cocks were crawling and day was dawning,
He's boun' him forth to ride;
And the ae first may he's met that day
Was faus Earl Robert's bride.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

O blithe and braw were the bride-folk a',
But sad and saft rode she;
And sad as doom was her fause bridegroom.
But fair and fain was he.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"And winna ye bide, sae saft ye ride,
And winna ye speak wi' me?
For mony's the word and the kindly word

I have spoken aft wi' thee."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"My lamp was lit yestreen, Willie,
My window-gate was wide;
But ye camena nigh me till day came by me,
And made me not your bride."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

He's set his hand to her bridle-rein,
He's turned her horse away;
And the cry was sair, and the wrath was mair,
And fast and fain rode they.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

But when they came to Chollerford,
I wot the ways were fell;
For broad and brown the spate swang down,
And the lift was mirk as hell.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

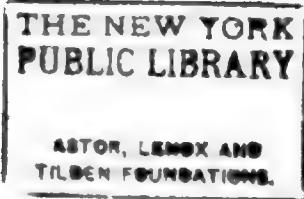
"And will ye ride yon fell water,
Or will you bide for fear!
Nae scathe ye'll win o' your father's kin,
Though they should slay me here."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

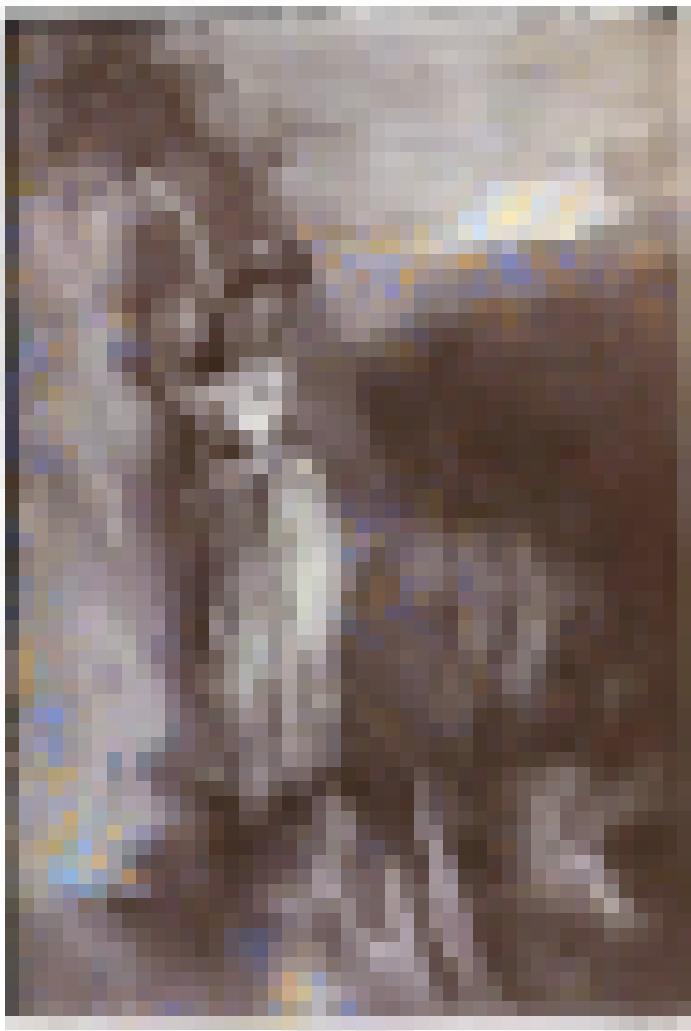
"I had liefer ride yon fell water,
Though strange it be to ride,
Than I wad stand on the fair green strand
And thou be slain beside."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"I had liefer swim yon wild water,
Though sair it be to bide,
Than I wad stand at a strange man's hand,
To be a strange man's bride."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

"I had liefer drink yon dark water,
Wi' the stanes to make my bed,
And the faem to hide me, and thou beside me,
Than I wad see thee dead."
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

He's kissed her twice, he's kissed her thrice,
On cheek and lip and chin;
He's wound her rein to his hand again





And lightly they leapt in.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

Their hearts were high to live or die;
Their steeds were stark of limb;
But the stream was starker, the spate was darker,
Than man might live and swim.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

The first ae step they strode therein,
It smote them foot and knee;
But ere they wan to the mid water
The spate was as the sea.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

But when they wan to the mid water.
It smote them hand and head;
And nae man knows but the wave that flows
Where they lie drowned and dead.
In, in, out and in,
Blaws the wind and whirls the whin.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

—*Athenaeum.*

MARCH.

He's a rude fellow. When I meet him he
Doth frown at, growl at, yea, e'en buffet me;
But one I love he e'er brings in his wake,
And I forgive him for sweet April's sake.
—*America, March 7, 1889.* SANDA ENOS.

HER LIKENESS.

Her eyes are bright as bright can be,
Like sun-rays on a summer sea!

Her hair is like a sunset crown
O'er fields of wheat just turning brown,

And in her lips the mantling blood
Is like a ripe pomegranate bud.

Her heart is true as true can be,
Like some stanch oak beside the sea,

And her small hands are pearl and pink,
Like peach-blooms by a river's brink!

Her voice is like a gentle breeze
Borne through the languid laurel-trees

But, ah! her soul, that few may know,
Is strong as fire and pure as snow!
WILLIAM H. HAYNE.
—*Lippincott's Magazine, April, 1889.*

THE GOLD THAT GREW BY SHASTA TOWN.

From Shasta town to Redding town
The ground is torn by miners, dead;
The manzanita, rank and red,
Drops dusty berries up and down
Their grass-grown trails. Their silent mines
Are wrapped in chapparal and vines;
Yet one gray miner still sits down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

The quail pipes pleasantly. The hare
Leaps careless o'er the golden oat
That grows below the water moat;
The lizard basks in sunlight there.
The brown hawk swims the perfumed air
Unfrightened through the livelong day,
And now and then a curious bear
Comes shuffling down the ditch by night,
And leaves some wide, long tracks in clay
So human-like, so stealthy light,
Where one lone cabin still stoops down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

That great graveyard of hopes! of men
Who sought for hidden veins of gold;
Of young men suddenly grown old —
Of old men dead, despairing when
The gold was just within their hold!
That storied land, whereon the light
Of other days gleams faintly still;
Somelike the halo of a hill
That lifts above the falling night;

That warm, red, rich, and human land,
That flesh-red soil, that warm red sand,
Where one gray miner still sits down!
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town!

"I know the vein is here!" he said;
For twenty years, for thirty years!
While far away fell tears on tears
From wife and babe who mourned him dead.

No gold! no gold! And he grew old
And crept to toil with bended head,
Amid a graveyard of his dead,
Still seeking for that vein of gold.

Then lo, came laughing down the years
 A sweet grandchild! Between his tears
 He laughed. He set her by the door
 The while he toiled his day's toil o'er,
 He held her chubby cheeks between
 His hard palms, laughed; and laughing cried.
 You should have seen, have heard and seen
 His boyish joy, his stout old pride,
 When toil was done and he sat down
 At night, below sweet Shasta town!

At last his strength was gone. "No more!
 I mine no more. I plant me now
 A vine and fig-tree; worn and old,
 I seek no more my vein of gold.
 But, oh, I sigh to give it o'er,
 These thirty years of toil! somehow
 It seems so hard; but now, no more."
 And so the old man set him down
 To plant, by pleasant Shasta town.

And it was pleasant: piped the quail
 The full year through. The chipmunk stole,
 His whiskered nose and tossy tail
 Full buried in the sugar-bowl.

And purple grapes and grapes of gold
 Swung sweet as milk. White orange-trees
 Grew brown with laden honey-bees.
 Oh! it was pleasant up and down
 That vine-set hill of Shasta town!

* * * * *

And then that cloud-burst came! Ah, me!
 That torn ditch there! The mellow land
 Rolled seaward like a rope of sand,
 Nor left one leafy vine or tree
 Of all that Eden nestling down
 Below that moat by Shasta town!

* * * * *

The old man sat his cabin's sill,
 His gray head bowed upon his knee,
 The child went forth, sang pleasantly,
 Where burst the ditch the day before,
 And picked some pebbles from the hill.
 The old man moaned, moaned o'er and o'er:
 "My babe is dowerless, and I
 Must fold my helpless hands and die!
 Ah, me! what curse comes ever down
 On me and mine at Shasta town!"
 "Good Grandpa, see!" the glad child said,
 And so leaned softly to his side.—
 Laid her gold head to his gray head,
 And merry-voiced and cheery cried:
 "Good Grandpa, do not weep, but see!
 I've found a peck of orange seeds!"

I searched the hill for vine or tree;
 Not one! — not even oats or weeds;
 But, oh, such heaps of orange seeds!

"Come, good Grandpa! Now, once you said
 That God is good. So this may teach
 That we must plant each seed, and each
 May grow to be an orange-tree.
 Now, good Grandpa, please raise your head,
 And please come plant the seeds with me."

And prattling thus, or like to this,
 The child thrust her full hand in his.

He sprang, sprang upright as of old.
 "'Tis gold! 'tis gold! my hidden vein!
 'Tis gold for you, sweet babe, 'tis gold!
 Yea, God is good; we plant again!"
 So one old miner still sits down
 By pleasant, sunlit Shasta town.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

—*St. Nicholas, February, 1889.*

THE LAST LETTER.

LONG years within its sepulchre
 Of faintly scented cedar
 Has lain this letter dear to her
 Who was its constant reader;
 The postmark on the envelope
 Sufficed the date to give her,
 And told the birth of patient hope
 That managed to outlive her.

How often to this treasure-box,
 Tears in her eyes' soft fringes,
 She came with key and turned the locks,
 And on its brazen hinges
 Swung back the quaintly figured lid
 And raised a sandal cover,
 Disclosing, under trinkets hid,
 This message from her lover.

Then lifting it as 't were a child,
 Her hand awhile caressed it
 Ere to the lips that sadly smiled
 Time and again she pressed it;
 Then drew the small inclosure out
 And smoothed the wrinkled paper,
 Lest any line should leave a doubt
 Or any word escape her.

Still held the olden charm its place
 Amid the tender phrases—
 Time seemed unwilling to efface
 The love-pervaded praises;

And though a thousand lovers might
Have matched them all for passion,
A poet were inspired to write
In their unstudied fashion.

From " Darling " slowly, word by word,
She read the tear-stained treasure;
The mists by which her eyes were blurred
Grew out of pain and pleasure;
But when she reached that cherished name
And saw the last leave-taking,
The mist a storm of grief became,
Her very heart was breaking!

I put it back — this old-time note,
Which seems like sorrow's leaven —
For she who read, and he who wrote,
Please God, are now in heaven.
If lovers of to-day could win
Such love as won this letter,
The world about us would begin
To gladden and grow better.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

—*Century, March, 1889.*

THE BOOKWORM DOES NOT CARE FOR NATURE.

I FEEL no need of nature's flowers —
Of flowers of rhetoric I have store;
I do not miss the balmy showers —
When books are dry I o'er them pore.

Why should I sit upon a stile
And cause my aged bones to ache,
When I can all the hours beguile
With any style that I would take?

Why should I haunt a purling stream,
Or fish in miasmatic brook?
O'er Euclid's angles I can dream,
And recreation find in Hook.

Why should I jolt upon a horse
And after wretched vermin roam,
When I can choose an easier course
With Fox and Hare and Hunt at home?

What if some vicious bull were loose,
Or fractious cow pursue my path?
A tamer Bulwer I would choose,
A Cowper destitute of wrath.

Why should I watch the swallows flit,
And run the risk of butting ram?
A Swift upon my shelves Hazlitt,
I need not run from waggish Lamb.

Why should I scratch my precious skin
By crawling through a hawthorn hedge,
When Hawthorne, raking up my sin,
Stands tempting on the nearest ledge?

No need that I should take the trouble
To go abroad to walk or ride,
For I can sit at home and double
Quite up with pain from Akenside.
— *Critic, March 16, 1889.* IRVING BROWNE.

MY LADDIE.

Oh, my laddie, my laddie,
I lo'e your very plaidie,
I lo'e your very bonnet,
Wi' the silver buckle on it,
I lo'e your collie Harry,
I lo'e the kent ye carry;
But oh! it's past my power to tell
How much, how much I lo'e yourself!

Oh, my dearie, my dearie,
I could luik an' never weary
At your een sae blue an' laughin'
That a heart o' stane wad safthen,
While your mouth sae proud an' curly
Gars my heart gang tirlie-wirlie;
But oh! your sel' your very sel',
I lo'e ten thousand times as well!

Oh, my darlin', my darlin',
Let's gang amang the carlin,
Let's loll upo' the heather
A' this bonny, bonny weather;
Ye shall fauld me in your plaidie,
My luve, my luve, my laddie;
An' close, an' close into your ear
I'll tell ye how I lo'e ye, dear.

AMÉLIE RIVES.

—*Harper's Monthly, February, 1889.*

THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS.

KEEP holy watch with silence, prayer and fasting,
Ere morning break and all the bugles play;
Unto the One aware from everlasting
Dear are the winners: thou art more than they.

Forth from this peace on manhood's way thou
goest,
Flushed with desire, and glorious in mail;
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,
O knight elect! O soul ordained to fail!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

— *The Independent, February 28, 1889.*

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Now do I know that Love is blind, for I
 Can see no beauty on this beauteous earth,
 No life, no light, no hopefulness, no mirth,
 Pleasure nor purpose, when thou art not nigh.
 Thy absence exiles sunshine from the sky,
 Seres Spring's maturity, checks Summer's birth,
 Leaves linnet's pipe as sad as plover's cry,
 And makes me in abundance find but dearth.
 But when thy feet flutter the dark, and thou
 With orient eyes dawnest on my distress,
 Suddenly sings a bird on every bough,
 The heavens expand, the earth grows less and
 less,
 The ground is buoyant as the ether now,
 And all looks lovely in thy loveliness.

—*National Review.* ALFRED AUSTIN.

WHAT THE GREAT WISE MAN SAID.

It was a small and foolish child who met the Great Wise Man,
 And opening wide his Question-Bag, 'twas thus the child began—
 "O, Great Wise Man, I've questions here that long have puzzled me,
 And if you've answers that will fit, I'll buy me two or three.
 First, can I make a new pig's ear out of my old silk purse?
 Is killing time like eating dates, or is it really worse?
 Next, what do little fishes do, to keep their stockings dry?
 And, since the water is so wet, how do they ever cry?
 Pray what's the fish that gives us scales where-with we weigh our words?
 Could people really kill a stone, if they should use two birds?
 Then, last of all, please tell me, sir—and this is question seven—
 Is't raining up or raining down, when they have rain in heaven?"
 The Great Wise Man thought hard and fast; his finger-ends he bit;
 He searched in vain his Answer-Book for answers that would fit.
 At last he said, "I know great things; when I was very young,
 In nine-and-ninety languages I learned to hold my tongue.
 And backwards, even when asleep, or standing on my head,

In child's Chinese and grown folks' Greek, my tables oft I said.
 The higher mathematics—they seem very low to me—
 I know in Heidelberg's Great Tun how many gills might be.
 The thousand answers in my Book will tell you things like those.
 But what you ask I cannot tell; and so, there's no one knows."
 The Great Wise Man went on his way, as great and wise men will;
 I fear me much that foolish child is small and foolish still.
 —*Wide Awake, April, 1889.* ADELIE V. POND.

THE STONES OF MANHATTAN.

I TREAD the stones of Manhattan; I, who have journeyed far
 From the meadow-sward and the moss-bank, and the streamlet's pebbly bar;
 I, who have wandered hither, allured by the tales they told
 Of how the stones of Manhattan were reeking with ruddy gold.

 In the dear old mountain woodland, where maple and birch and pine
 Were linked with the swaying reaches of purple-clustered vine,
 Where violets blue and yellow, and crimson lilies grew,
 And the hawthorn's bloom in spring-time was studded with starry dew.
 Over the shelving ledges, over the granite floor,
 Over the boulders and pebbles, chanting its dryad lore,
 Over its stony pathway, sang a brook with silver tones—
 God! what a stranger stream is roaring over Manhattan's stones!

 Dazzled by phantom fortune, I followed that brook adown,
 Where its turbid waters tarried a space by the teeming town,
 And on through the dreary lowland, with deeper and darker flow,
 Till its dusky waves were lighted with the city's lurid glow,
 Till the crystal stream was swallowed in a sluggish, polluted tide,
 Till the echoing forest voices in the babel clamor died.

Till swept like a leaf on the torrent I was whelmed
where the breakers beat.
Where the seething, surging human tide flows
over Manhattan's street.

I tread the stones of Manhattan, the stones that
are hard to my feet—
As hard as the hearts around me, as hard as the
faces I meet.
Hot is their breath in summer, with fever of selfish
greed,
Cold is their touch in winter, as hearts to the hand
of need.
My heel strikes fire from the flint, but the spark is
dead ere it burns—
Strikes fire in my angry striding, but is bruised by
the stone it spurns—
And echo scorns with a stony voice the cry of a
soul's despair
Breathed out on the thunderous throbings of the
city's desert air.

Oh! faithless stones of Manhattan, that tempted
my boyish feet
Away from the clover-meadow, from the wind-
woven waves of wheat!
I thought ye a golden highway; I find ye the path
of shame,
Where souls are sold for silver, and gold is the
price of fame!
But my weary feet must tread ye, as slaves on the
quarry floor,
And my aching brain must suffer your pitiless
uproar.
Till the raving tide shall sweep above, and careless
feet shall tread
On the fatal stones of Manhattan, over my dream-
less bed!

—*The Open Court.* WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

NOTES.

TODHUNTER. The edition of Mr. Todhunter's poems consulted in the preparation of this study contains many MS. corrections by the author.

IBIN. The "Shan Van Vocht," or Poor Old Woman, is a popular type of Ireland. The *Bodach-glass* (gray goblin) is a phantom appearing to the doomed.

MACE. The poem "Only Waiting" was written by me under these circumstances: In the summer of 1854 a friend and fellow contributor to the *Waterville Mail*, called on me one afternoon at my father's house in Bangor, Maine. Poetry, as usual, was our theme, and she remarked that she

brought me a subject. Her mother, during the morning, had called her attention to an item in a newspaper, in these words: "A very aged man in an alms-house, being asked what he was doing now, replied, 'Only waiting'." She requested me to write upon this theme and after a little further talk left me and I went to my little study, and in a short time had written the stanzas. I remember that I carried them down stairs and read them to my mother. The young lady who made the suggestion is now the wife of Prof. Marden of Colorado Springs College. Soon afterward I sent the verses to the *Waterville Mail* for publication and they first appeared in print in that paper, Sept. 7, 1854. It was immediately and widely copied, and for twenty years as a nameless waif found its way into numerous collections of poetry and music. Its further history has not been always a peaceful one. Its authorship was elicited by the inquiries of Dr. James Martineau, of London, England. It was claimed not only by myself but by another lady, a resident of Iowa. Dr. Martineau was sufficiently interested to make a thorough investigation of the double claim. At his request I gave all the circumstances of the original writing, with the address of Mrs. Marden, who gave me the subject, also that of Mrs. Goodwin, of Boston, now a trustee of Wellesley College, who, as the friend of my girlhood, heard the poem read before its publication. I sent a small manuscript book of verses written between the ages of twelve and twenty, in which "Only Waiting" was copied at the time of its composition. The editor of the *Waterville Mail* furnished the date of its first publication. The other lady was sufficiently generous in furnishing statements, but failed to bring forward dates and addresses. Soon after examining all the testimony, Dr. Martineau wrote me a kind letter of thanks for the poem and expressed his entire confidence in my claim. Several other would-be authors of the little hymn have appeared at intervals, the latest appearing within a few months in Pasadena, California. But there are none who attempt to prove any such ownership. The *New York Independent* of Jan. 24, 1874, published a history of the hymn written by the well-known hymnologist, Prof. Bird, of Lehigh University. The *American Bookseller* of March, 1886, published the same history with fuller details. All the later collections of poetry credit the poem to me, and it has place in my own volume, "Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets," published in 1883. The little hymn was written without a thought of its possible popularity but has not ceased in all these years to claim from me frequent attention.

F. L. M.

CRANDALL. "The Fair Copy-Holder" first appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

CHANDLER. "In Advance" first appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

BURDETTE. "Running the Weekly" first appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

Foss. "Sebastian Morey's Poem" first appeared in the *Yankee Blade*.

CLARK. This poem, "Leona," was written in 1859, while the author was watching by the bedside of a dying mother, and when—as he says—"the impulse to write was irresistible." It made its first appearance in the *Home Journal* the same year, and it is claimed by that newspaper to have "won the honor of being the most widely copied poem ever published in this country." It is also claimed that some scores of children have been named for it.

ALLEN. This poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," has been set to music by several composers. A dispute as to the authorship of the words attracted wide attention. Mrs. Allen wrote them in Portland, Me., early in 1859, and sent them from Rome in May, 1860, to the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. The validity of her claim was presumable, not only from the fact that she had placed the piece in her volume of "Poems" before the discussion arose, but also because she was the only claimant that had written poems equal or superior to the disputed one. That she was the real author was demonstrated by William D. O'Conner in a long article in the *New York Times* of May 27, 1867.

RICHARDSON. The author of this poem, "The Nautilus and Ammonite," G. F. Richardson, F. G. S., of the British Museum, author of a Geology in Bohn's Scientific Library, thus prefaces the poem: "The extinction of an entire genus is strongly exemplified in the instance of the ammonite. The two shells occur in the earliest formations, and both are found simultaneously up to the chalk, where the ammonite ceases to exist, no specimen of that genus being found in deposits which overlie that deposit, while the nautilus survives at the present day. This separation—the fact that 'the one is taken and the other left'—has appeared to the author a fit subject for poetic illustration, and has given rise to the poem."

HAWTHORNE. In a letter to the editor Mr. Hawthorne says: "The waif you speak of under the name of 'Free-Will' was not put forward as a poem, but simply as a rhymed statement of an idea. It appeared in the London *Spectator* some ten years ago." Julian Hawthorne was born June 22, 1846.

in Salem, Mass.; studied at Harvard College, and at the Scientific School; also studied engineering in Germany. He took up literature as a profession in 1871, and is now one of the leading novelists of this country.

SPENCER. In regard to "Living Waters" it is like its author in that it has no history such as can be told. It was written and published while I was still in my teens, and was one of the easiest things I ever wrote. All I remember about it is that it came to me one summer's day when I was deliberately trying to be lazy mentally,—having been ordered not to think—and of course I couldn't help writing it out. I believe the idea came without any provocation, and completed itself without coaxing. It was very easily and quickly done. Usually there is a sticking-place somewhere, and sometimes a good deal of sticking, but I don't remember any in that case. Nor did I ever think much of the verses, although it is true that they have been liked and praised by good authorities.

C. S. S.

BALLARD. I cannot now indicate the exact number of *Good Cheer* in which the little verses I send you first appeared. "Sunlight" was written under no particular circumstance—being simply a recollection of a childish fancy of my own. I used to like to shoot arrows—sometimes gilded for the purpose—up into the light just after sunset, to see them glitter. Perhaps the first time was an accident.

H. H. B.

BLACKMORE. Mr. Blackmore is a leading English novelist, the author of "Lorna Doone."

CARNEY. "Little Things" was written, the author says, probably in the spring or early summer of 1845, while she was attending a phonographic class held at Tremont Temple, Boston. It was written one morning during a ten minutes' session devoted to composition. The author further says: "At noon the same day, the office boy who came for the previously engaged tract,—or leaflet—brought a note from the editor of our Sabbath-school paper, now *The Myrtle*, but I am not sure which of several former titles it bore at that time. He wished for some little scraps to fill up vacant space, poetry preferred. In the haste of the school noon, I rummaged desk and brain. I have forgotten what else I found then, but remember hastily penciling from memory, while the boy waited, the little rhymes of the morning which would else have passed into oblivion. They appeared with only the signature of "Julia," then well known in our denomination. In a few weeks one could hardly take up a paper which did not contain them. A Methodist

paper added a verse about "little pennies." Very soon it was found in several different school books, among them the books used in my own school."

LACOSTE. Epes Sargent in "Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry," says: "Miss Lacoste, born about the year 1842, was a resident of Savannah, Ga., at the time (1863) she wrote the charming little poem of 'Somebody's Darling.' Without her consent, it was first published, with her name attached, in the *Southern Churchman*. It has since been copied into American and English collections, school-books, and newspapers, with her name; so that her wish to remain anonymous seems to be now impracticable. Her residence (1880) was Baltimore, and her occupation that of a teacher. In a letter to us (1880), she writes: 'I am thoroughly French, and desire always to be identified with France; to be known and considered ever as a Frenchwoman. . . . I cannot be considered an authoress at all, and resign all claim to the title.' The patriotism of Miss Lacoste is worthy of all praise; but if she did not wish to be regarded as an authoress, and a much esteemed one, she ought never to have written 'Somebody's Darling.' The marvel is that the vein from which came this felicitous little poem has not been more productively worked."

DICKINSON. The poem, "The Children," has been often attributed to Charles Dickens. Some careless compositor may have been originally responsible for the mistaken credit, owing to the similarity of names, as Mr. Dickinson formerly wrote his without the "middle letter." When the poem was penned—which was in the early summer of 1863—its author was a schoolmaster at Haverstraw, on the Hudson. He had to meet the almost universal dislike of scholars to writing compositions, and he chose a happy way of meeting it, by proposing to write something himself, to read on a Saturday afternoon, if they would do the same. The proposal made and accepted, the teacher's part on the programme must be filled, and hence we have "The Children," written after school was dismissed on Friday afternoon, and before it opened on the following morning. The verses were sent to a Boston paper for which Mr. Dickinson was then writing, and immediately won their way to popular favor. In the winter of 1863-4 the poem was published in the "School Girl's Garland," a compilation of poetry by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, and has since been copied into several other collections of verse.

A. A. H.

MASON. "Be Like the Sun" first appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1879.

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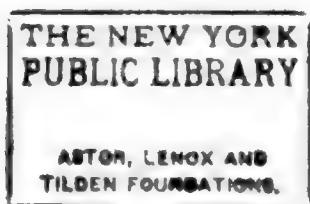
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THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. I.

NO. 3.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE child-literature of a few years ago referred mostly to the past—to that remote past in which the fairy and the griffin, the giant and the gnome held sway, and humanity seemed to be gauged by its relation to those fabulous characters of romantic fiction. Following the general movement of the times the writings for children are now largely contemporary in subject, matter and manner. Books for young people and juvenile periodical literature now present an immense range of studies in human life almost to the exclusion of the purely fanciful or fabulous. Boys and girls now study other boys and girls very like themselves, but in environments sometimes almost as strange as those in which Jack the Giant-Killer acted his cyclus of heroic dramas.

In this new literature of youth Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has shared so liberally, has wrought so diligently, and has led so valiantly that she may justly be regarded as having impressed her own individuality on the child-letters of America to a degree not reached, perhaps, by any other female writer. Her position as the editor of a leading young people's monthly magazine would alone extend her influence far beyond that of the mere writer of children's books; while her writings in prose and verse place her in the front rank of the authors who have enriched English literature in a field that for centuries was almost barren. Mrs. Dodge was born in New York City, in 1838. Her father, Professor James J. Mapes, was a private tutor in that city and known as a scientist and author, and we may believe that in childhood she breathed a literary atmosphere. She was early married to William Dodge, a lawyer of high standing, and left a widow with two sons, one of whom, James Mapes Dodge, has become a successful inventor. She soon turned to literature. With such writers as Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Dodge was one of the earliest editorial writers on the *Hearth and Home*, and for several years conducted the children's department of that magazine. She wove her fireside stories, told to her boys, into the tales which have made her famous, and has been the

editor of *St. Nicholas* from the first number of that superb periodical.

Mrs. Dodge's prose writings have been much more voluminous than her verse, but the poetry she has written is among the best of its class. Much of it has been gathered in two volumes: "Rhymes and Jingles," (1874) for children, and "Along the Way," (1879) for adult readers. She has scattered many other gems "along the way"—a way that no English-speaking boy or girl, of whatever age, can fail to travel with profit and delight.

A. G. B.

ENFOLDINGS.

The snowflake that softly, all night, is whitening
tree-top and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness
and death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken
the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten
reach of the desert.

The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome
young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and treacherous thicket of forest.

The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes
and the life of the valley.

The play of the jetlets of flame when the children
laugh out on the hearth-stone;
The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible,
hissing combustion.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad
sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that
can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens, and shows how God
may be thrust from His creatures.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on
the vine taps my shoulder,
For this when the storm beats me down my soul
growtheth bolder and bolder.

ONCE BEFORE.

ONCE before, this self-same air
Passed me, though I know not where.
Strange! how very like it came!
Touch and fragrance were the same;
Sound of mingled voices, too,
With a light laugh ringing through;
Some one moving—here or there—
Some one passing up the stair,
Some one calling from without,
Or a far-off childish shout;—
Simple, home-like, nothing more,
Yet it all hath been before!

No. Not to-day, nor yesterday,
Nor any day. But far away—
So long ago, so very far,
It might have been on other star.
How was it spent? and where? and when?
This life that went, yet comes again?
Was sleep its world, or death its shore?
I still the silent Past implore.
Ah! never dream had power to show
Such vexing glimpse of Long Ago.
Never a death could follow death
With love between, and home, and breath.

The spell has passed. What spendthrifts we,
Of simple, household certainty!
What golden grain we trample low
Searching for flowers that never grow!
Why, home is real, and love is real;
Nor false our honest high ideal.
Life, it is bounding, warm and strong,
And all my heart resounds with song.
It must be true, whate'er befall,
This, and the world to come are all.
And yet it puzzles me—alack!
When life that could not be, comes back!

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

"In the middle of th. room, in its white coffin, lay
the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a
great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little

ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't either.'"

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep
and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so
pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may
call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles
over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate
heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it
again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who
leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we
do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they
should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one
of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and
see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and
blessèd is the thought;
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we
may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of
death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of
breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowl-
edge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little child-
ren sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is
overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the
dead.

BY THE LAKE.

I LISTEN to the plashing of the lake,—
The tideless tide that silvers all its edge,
And stirs, yet rouses not, the sleepy sedge,—
While the glad, busy sky is wide awake,
And coves along the shore its fleeting shadows take.

I listen to the plashing, clear and faint;
 Now sharp against the stones that slide it back,
 Now soft and nestling in a mossy track,
 Or rocking in an eager, homeless plaint,
 Or stifled in the ooze, whose yielding is restraint.

Nature's deep lessons come in silences,
 Or sounds that fall like silence on our sense;
 And so this plashing seeks my soul's pretense,
 And bids it say what its fulfillment is,
 And bares to searching light its fond alliances

I cannot fathom all my soul doth hide,
 Nor sound the centers that the waves conceal;
 Yet in a dim, half-yearning way I feel
 The urging of the low, insistent tide,—
 Till the plashing seems like sobbing, and the sky
 grows cold and wide.

OVER THE WORLD.

THERE is a time between our night and day..
 A space between this world and the unknown,
 Where none may enter as we stand alone
 Save the one other single soul that may;
 Then is all perfect if the two but stay.
 It is the time when, the home-evening flown,
 And "good-nights" sped in happy household
 tone,
 We look out from the casement ere we pray.
 Into the world of darkness deep and far
 We gaze—each depth with its own deepest star,
 That brightens as we turn, nor yet recedes
 When we would search it with our sorest
 needs.—
 O holy living-ground from heaven won!
 O time beyond the night when day is done!

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Two little sorrel blossoms, pale and slender,
 Lean to each other in the cool, tall grass;
 The crowding spears with gallant air and tender,
 Shield them completely from the sun's fierce
 splendor,
 Till harmlessly an angry wind might pass.
 And I stand smiling with a sudden whim:
 "The little innocents! Now am I sure
 They think them in a forest grand and dim,
 The mighty grass coeval with their birth,—
 Shut from the world, from every ill secure,
 And where their thicket ends, there ends the
 earth!"

GREETINGS.

"Good day!" cried one who drove to West,
 "Good day!" the other, Eastward bound;—
 Strong, hearty voices both, that rang
 Above their wagons' rattling sound.
 And I, within my snug home nest,
 "Good day! good day!" still softly sang.
 I saw them not, yet well I knew
 How much a cheery word can do,
 How braced those hearts that on their way
 Speed, each to each, a brave "good day!"

SNOW-FLAKES.

WHEN e'er a snow-flake leaves the sky,
 It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!
 Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"
 Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snow-flake finds a tree,
 "Good-day!" it says, "Good-day to thee!
 Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
 I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snow-flake, brave and meek,
 Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
 It starts, "How warm and soft the day!
 'Tis summer!" and it melts away.

A PHIOPENA.

ALL day the Princess ran away,
 All day the Prince ran after;
 The palace grand and courtyard gray
 Rang out with silvery laughter.
 "What, ho!" the King, in wonder, cried,
 "What means this strange demeanor?"
 "Your Majesty," the Queen replied,
 "It is the Philopena!
 Our royal daughter fears to stand
 Lest she takes something from his hand;
 The German Prince doth still pursue,
 And this doth cause the sweet ado."
 Then, in a lowered voice, the King:
 "I'll wage he hath a weeding ring.
 Our royal guest is brave and fair
 They'd make, methinks, a seemly pair!"

But still the Princess ran away,
 And still the Prince ran after,
 While palace grand and courtyard gray
 Rang out with silvery laughter.

THE STARS.

THEY wait all day unseen by us, unfelt;
 Patient they bide behind the day's full glare;
 And we who watched the dawn when they
 were there,
 Thought we had seen them in the daylight melt,
 While the slow sun upon the earth-line knelt.
 Because the teeming sky seemed void and bare,
 When we explored it through the dazzled air,
 We had no thought that there all day they dwelt,
 Yet were they over us, alive and true,
 In the vast shades far up above the blue,—
 The brooding shades beyond our daylight ken—
 Serene and patient in their conscious light,
 Ready to sparkle for our joy again,—
 The eternal jewels of the short-lived night.

CHEERFULNESS.

What though the dust of earth would dim,
 There's a glorious outer air
 That will sweep through my soul if I let it in,
 And make it fresh and fair.
 Dear God! let me grow from day to day,
 Clinging and sunny and bright!
 Though planted in shade, Thy window is near,
 And my leaves may turn to the light.

—*My Window-Ivy.*

TRUST.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
 With faith in the strength of weakness?
 The slenderest daisy rears its head
 With courage, yet with meekness.
 A sunny face
 Hath holy grace,
 To woo the Sun forever.

—*Trust.*

MAY.

For there is promise in the air,
 And murmurous prophecy;
 All breathless and with lifted arms,
 Stand waiting shrub and tree.

—*A Song of May.*

POVERTY.

"I'm a poor little fellow, with no one to teach me;
 But my soul is a new one — fresh from God;
 And He gave me something so brave and holy,
 It never can turn to an earthly clod.
 The birds never sing, 'Little Willie is ragged!'
 Nor the flowers, 'He will soil us. Take him
 away!'
 But they're glad when I happen to look and to
 listen,
 And the blue sky is over me night and day."

—*Willie.*

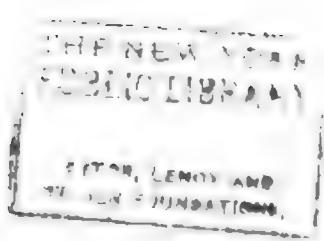
CHARLES G. WHITING.

CHARLES GOODRICH WHITING was born at St. Albans, Vt., January 30, 1842, being the eldest child of Calvin and Mary (Goodrich) Whiting. Mr. Whiting's parents removed to Massachusetts when he was four or five years old, and he has lived all his life, save for a year in Southern New Jersey, within twenty-five miles of Springfield. He went to school very little, on account of delicate health, worked in a paper mill, on a farm, kept country store, and in fact did whatever came to hand in the common Yankee fashion. Having acquired a little Latin, a little French, and a good general acquaintance with history and English literature, he began the business of life when he was twenty-six years old by getting a place as reporter on the *Springfield Republican*. On that journal he has remained ever since, a period of twenty-one years, excepting for a year and a half spent at Albany, N. Y., in 1871-2, upon the *Albany Times*, — now an able Democratic journal conducted, as then, by T. C. Callicot. Mr. Whiting has been since February, 1874, literary writer and general editorial writer on the *Springfield Republican*, which department has the reputation of being one of the best appearing in any daily paper in this country. On the organization of the *Republican* company in 1878, after the death of the celebrated Samuel Howles, he became a partner of the company. He has published one book "The Saunterer," containing selections of prose and verse. In September, 1885, he wrote an ode of considerable length, irregular and unrhymed, for the most part, for the dedication of a soldiers' monument in Springfield. In acknowledgment the Grand Army Post of that city presented him an elaborately printed and bound copy of the ode, and this he regards as the principal honor of his life. Mr. Whiting is a member of the Authors Club, New York.

N. L. M.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

WHEN the gray air breathes chill in early spring,
 And coldly fall the cheerless sunset gleams;
 When the sere grasses rustle, whispering
 Of life that is, of death that only seems;
 When the wild wind soughs in the weaving wood,
 With secret summoning of bud and leaf,
 And wails along the bare and withered rood
 As in an ecstasy of lonely grief,
 Then, springing from decaying fern and sedge,—
 First signal of the new-awakening earth,—
 On sunny slopes along the forest edge,
 Surprising with its loveliness their dearth
 The blessed arbutus but half conceals
 The tender beauty its perfume reveals.



The Human Tie.

"As if life were not sacred, too."

George Eliot.

"Speak tenderly. 'For he is dead,' we say;
With gracious hand smooth all his roughened pass,
And fullest measure of reward forecast,
forgetting naught that gloried his brief day.
Yet when the brother, who, along our way,
Prone with ^{his} burdens, heart worn in the strife
Totters before us — how we search his life,
Censure and sternly punish while we may.
Oh, weary are the paths of earth, and hard!
And living hearts alone are ours to guard.
At least be grudge not to the sore distraught —
The reverent silence of our pitying thought.
Life, too, is sacred; and he best forgives
Who says: 'He errs, but — tenderly! He lives'"

Mary Mapes Dodge

THE EAGLE'S FALL.

The eagle, did ye see him fall?—
 Afright beyond mid-air
 Erewhile his mighty pinions bore him,
 His eyry left, the sun before him;
 And not a bird could dare
 To match with that tremendous motion,
 Through fire and flood, 'twixt sky and ocean,—
 But did ye see the eagle fall?

 And so ye saw the eagle fall!
 Struck in his flight of pride
 He hung in air one lightning moment,
 As wondering what the deadly blow meant,
 And what his blood's ebb tide.
 Whirling off sailed a loosened feather;
 Then headlong, pride and flight together,—
 'Twas thus ye saw the eagle fall!

 Thus did ye see the eagle fall!
 But on the sedgy plain,
 Where closed the monarch's eye in dying,
 Marked ye the screaming and the vying
 Wherewith the feathered train,
 Sparrow and jackdaw, hawk and vulture,
 Gathered exulting to insult your
 Great eagle in his fall?

FOR RONALD IN HIS GRAVE.

Oh! are the heavens clear, ye say?
 Oh is the air still sweet?
 Oh is there joy yet in the day,
 And life yet in the street?

 I thought the sky in tears would break,
 I thought the winds would rave,
 I thought that every heart would ache
 For Ronald in his grave.

 Oh Nature has a cruel heart
 To smile when mine's so sore!
 Oh deeper stings the cruel smart
 Then e'en it did before!

 How can the merry earth go dance,
 And all the banners wave,
 The children shout, the horses prance,—
 And Ronald in his grave?

SUNDOWN MOUNTAIN.

BEYOND the mountains' dusky mass
 The sun his warm descent delays;
 The lowering cloud his loath last rays

Suffuse with crimson veins, that pass
 To melt in mellow haze.

O'er the great hills a ruddy sea
 The cloud-rack lifts and underlies;
 Above aerial headlands rise,
 Glowing with hues that change and flee
 To faint in orange skies.

There, like a pilgrim band, depart
 Of russet clouds a lessening train,
 That as in distant heights they wane
 Quick into delicate flame out-start,
 And die in splendid pain.

Watch how the deeper fires die out;
 The clouds that thicken down the west
 Dark on the sombre Catskills rest;
 Gray grow the mountains round about,
 And dim Taconic's crest.

From the broad valley comes no sound;
 But in the thicket's close retreat
 The birds sing drowsily and sweet;
 The twilight throbs with peace profound,—
 Peace for the soul most meet.

Now draw the infinite heavens near;
 And swiftly blending into white
 The last tints deepen into light
 Intense and tremulously clear,—
 Day's message to the night.

BLUE HILLS BENEATH THE HAZE.

BLUE hills beneath the haze
 That broods o'er distant ways,
 Whether ye may not hold
 Secrets more dear than gold,—
 This is the ever new
 Puzzle within your blue.

Is 't not a softer sun
 Whose smile yon hills have won?
 Is 't not a sweeter air
 That folds the fields so fair?
 Is 't not a finer rest
 That I so fain would test?

The far thing beckons most,
 The near becomes the lost.
 Not what we have is worth,
 But that which has no birth
 Or breath within the ken
 Of transitory men.

THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.

I COULD not choose but gaze
And then thank God!
So goddess-like her figure was, so sure
The poise of her imperial head,
So firm and white her shapely throat, so pure
The calm, harmonious curves that fed
My eyes with rest and art's content secure:
Ingrate were I to gaze
And not thank God.

For beauty is His gift,
In flesh or stone:
Statue of Milo, that superbly glows,
The ideal woman sublime,—
Or that supreme of Michael Angelo's,
The wondrous Night, who holds in state
The pregnant secret of divine repose,—
The seeing soul uplift
Toward His own!

So, stranger of to-day,
You serve me well:
Your temperate eyes, lit by a tranquil joy,
Beneath brows shaded by a past
Wherein life was not found a bauble toy,
Your tender mouth, whose full lips fast
Hold yet the kisses of your baby boy,—
O stranger of a day,
You serve me well!

Aye, beauty is of God
And speaks His praise.
The marble glory of the sculptor fills
The inspiration of His deed;
The living woman from His grace distills
A grace whereon the soul doth feed;
And each and all are but the tribute rills
Unto the stream of God
Which flows always.

THE PAGEANT.

THE world its treasures freely opes
For him that climbs and him that gropes;
But he alone who scorns their hopes,
Lives on beyond the realm of graves.

The world all that it hath reveals,
But its great exit darkly seals;
Hero or coward,—each one feels
In night the solemn clew that saves.

The world its battle still repeats,
Its hero conquers and retreats,—
No more in conquests than defeats
Abides the crown the victor wins,

The world its palling pageant shifts;
Its actors change, its purpose drifts,
Its lances droop, its banner lifts:
It ends not, but fore'er begins.

WITH A COPY OF SHAKESPEARE.

THIS is the deep profound that imports man;
His shoals, his rapids, all are chartered here;
There is no joy of voyage and no fear
That is not bodied in this mighty plan.
He knew where the sweet springs of love began,
And whence the fires of hate and horror peer,
What wakens merriment, and how appear
The raging passions that bewitch and ban.
Herein behold how nobly souls may mount,
How basely fall; and see as well how sweet
The common till of human life may run.
It is at once the ocean and the fount;
The compass of our triumph and defeat;
The heart of earth, the splendor of the sun.

MEMORY.

Yet will I dream, for dreams are sweet;
A respite from the depth of doubt
Within my visions seeks me out,
And weary moments fleet.
They fleet; I fly in reverie
To joy within th' unreal past
Too dear to lose, too sweet to last,—
Enshrined in memory.

—“Le Désir.”

HOME.

What is there in the strife of earth,—
Ah, what in all we get, he asks,
That after all is better worth
Than just home-coming after tasks?
‘Tis this for which the heavens rise,
The sun shines and the rains descend;
For this the nations agonize
And laws are made and tyrants end.
The busy medley of the world,
Where myriads work and idlers loam,
In order ranged, in chaos whirled,
Exists—to make a human home.

—Home.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

THE poetry of Florence Earle Coates is characterized by a genuineness, a sincerity, a grasp of the deeper meanings of life, which show that her utterances come from no mere graceful impulse to poetize her impressions of the world and of herself, but rest on the sober foundation of a real experience and a clear analysis of the passion and aspirations that move humanity. She takes her subject not to embellish it with charming conceits, but to draw from it thoughts of joy, of strength, of consolation. The critic, finding in her writings much to denote that they are the product of a mature and disciplined mind, might ask how it happens that so comparatively untried a writer has learned to discard the fluent versification which generally accompanies the passionate enthusiasm of youth, and mastered so firm and delicate a method, so fastidious a self-restraint. The truth is that Mrs. Coates's first strong artistic bent found its expression in other arts than that of poetry. A Philadelphian by birth, and carefully educated both in this country and in Europe, at an early age she attained a high degree of excellence as a musician. In addition to technical skill, and delicacy and precision of style, she possessed an insight and power of interpretation of the great masters, denied to all but real artists. Besides being an exquisite musician, she was endowed with rare dramatic talent. The special needs and aspirations of the poet developed later. The writings of Matthew Arnold were a great inspiration to her. Later she was destined to know the master who had revealed so much to her, and to receive from him sympathy and encouragement. At their house in Germantown, which was his home during his visits to Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Coates formed with him a friendship which lasted until his death. Mrs. Coates has acknowledged her debt to Mr. Arnold in many ways, and has perhaps in manner of treatment and in large utterance gained something from him.

Florence Earle Coates belongs to a well-known Philadelphia family; the founder, Ralph Earle, having come from England to America in 1634. Her father, George H. Earle, is an eminent lawyer, and her grandfather, Thomas Earle, was noted as a philanthropist and a worker for the public good. Her husband, Edward H. Coates, is a well-known and influential man, and is connected with a number of the charitable and other institutions of Philadelphia. He is chairman of the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and is one of the most generous patrons of art and artists. What time Mrs. Coates is able to give to her literary pursuits, is snatched from the duties and obligations of an unusually

full social and domestic life. Yet none of her work is hurried, or marred by over haste and a desire to see it in print. Many of her poems have, no doubt, been written at her summer retreat at Camp Elsinore, charmingly situated on the Upper St. Regis Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Coates is still a young woman, with a beautiful, brilliant face and a charming manner. Those who know her best, if called upon to give the final touch in describing her, would be inclined to add, that of her many gifts, her most fortunate endowment is, perhaps, that of being a delightful conversationalist. E. O. K.

DEATH.

I AM the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place:

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief;
The friend of those that have no friend but me
I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life!

REJECTED.

THE World denies her prophets with rash breath,
Makes rich her slaves, her flatterers adorns;
To Wisdom's lips she presses drowsy death,
And on the brow Divine a crown of thorns.
Yet blessed, though neglected and despised—
Who for the World himself hath sacrificed,
Who hears unmoved her witless mockery,
While to his spirit, slighted and misprised,
Whisper the voices of Eternity!

IN DARKNESS.

I WILL be still;
The terror drawing nigh
Shall startle from my lips no coward cry;
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread fulfil,
I will be still.

For oh! I know.
Though suffering hours delay,
Yet to Eternity they pass away,
Carrying something onward as they flow,
Outlasting woe!

Yes, something won;
The harvest of our tears —
Something unfading, plucked from fading years;
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,
From Sorrow won.

The agony,
So hopeless now of balm,
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm,
As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,
Gethsemane.

PROBATION.

FULL slow to part with her best gifts is Fate;
The choicest fruitage comes not with the spring,
But still for summer's mellowing touch must wait,
For storms and tears that seasoned excellence
bring;
And Love doth fix his joyfulest estate
In hearts that have been hushed 'neath Sorrow's
brooding wing.
Youth sues to Fame: coldly she answers, "Toil!"
He sighs for Nature's treasures: with reserve
Responds the goddess, "Woo them from the soil."
Then fervently he cries, "Thee will I serve,—
Thee only, blissful Love." With proud recoil
The heavenly boy replies, "To serve me well —
deserve."

LIMITATION.

As when the imperial bird wide-circling soars
From his lone eyry, towered above the seas
That wash the wild and rugged Hebrides,
A force which he unconsciously adores
Bounds the majestic flight that heaven explores,
And droops his haughty wing.—as when the
breeze
Tempted to o'erleap their changeless boundaries
The waves that tumble, foaming, to those shores,—
So thou, my soul! impatient of restriction,
With deathless hopes and longings all aglow,
Aspirest still, and still the stern prediction
Stays thee, as them, "No further shalt thou go!"
But, ah! the eagle feels not thine affliction,
Nor can the broken waves thy disappointment
know.

MORNING.

I WOKE and heard the thrushes sing at dawn,—
A strangely blissful burst of melody,
A chant of rare, exultant certainty,
Fragrant, as springtime breaths, of wood and lawn.

Night's eastern curtains were still closely drawn;
No roseate flush predicted pomps to be,
Or spoke of morning loveliness to me.
But, for those happy birds, the night was gone!
Darkling they sang, nor guessed what care con-
sumes
Man's questioning spirit; heedless of decay
They sang of joy and dew-embalmed blooms.
My doubts grew still, doubts seemed so poor
while they,
Sweet worshippers of light, from leafy glooms
Poured forth transporting prophecies of Day.

DIDST THOU REJOICE?

Didst thou rejoice because the day was fair,—
Because, in orient splendor newly dressed,
On flowering glebe and bloomless mountain-
crest
The sun complacent smiled? Ah! didst thou dare
The careless rapture of that bird to share
Which, soaring toward the dawn from dewy nest,
Hailed it with song? From Ocean's treacherous
breast
Didst borrow the repose mild-mirrored there?
Thou foolish heart! Behold! the light is spent;
Rude thunders shake the crags; songs timorous
cease;
Lo! with what moan and mutinous lament
Ocean his pent-up passions doth release!
O thou who seeketh sure and fixed content,
Search in thy soul: there find some source of
peace.

FREDERICK.

"RESPECT the Future, which belongs to me!"
So speak thy yearning and imperious will,
Making the Present distant faiths fulfil,
And raised from falling kingdoms —Germany.

No idle name, no doubtful dream to thee
That Future: actual, its clasp grown chill,
It led thee, and thy soul sublimed it still,—
Heir of a more than earthly dynasty!

O didst thou think, untimely called to rest,
The preparation of a life o'erthrown—
To lose what thou so bravely didst resign?

Forevermore the Fatherland shall own
Her nobler liberties thy dear bequest:
The future thy great spirit saw — was thine!



SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

SIEMEON TUCKER CLARK was born in Canton, Mass., October 10, 1836, the child of the Rev. Nathan Sears Clark and Laura S. Swift. It may well be supposed that the poetic faculty came to him by inheritance, for Mrs. Clark wrote in verse easily and well, and in very early boyhood her son began to give outward signs of the grace that was in him, a grace, we may infer, carefully watched and cultivated by his gifted mother. To love of reading the future physician joined a hearty delight in the study of natural science, this latter disposition very probably influencing his subsequent choice of the medical profession as pre-eminently a calling in which he might most usefully to his fellowmen and most honorably to himself exercise those talents with which Heaven had so bountifully blessed him. In 1860 he was graduated from the Berkshire Medical College; and sometime later Genesee College gave him an honorary degree of Master of Arts. The year 1861 saw Doctor Clark beginning practice in Lockport, N. Y., where ever since he has devoted himself unwearingly to the multifarious duties of his vocation—at times turning from watches at the bedside to write a paper for some learned society, or from the teacher's chair summoned to take part in the debates of the ablest thinkers in his profession; everywhere leaving the impress of his strong individuality and many-sided genius. Inclination and experience having led him to give particular attention to medico-legal studies, he was offered,—and accepted—the Professorship of Medical Jurisprudence in Niagara University, the department of medicine in that school being then in the second year of its existence. His lectures, always attended by enthusiastic classes, attract no less through the charm of the lecturer's eloquence than by reason of the subjects treated. With Dr. Clark fidelity to the requirements of his profession has not meant disloyalty to his muse: rather have those close relations with suffering humanity which it entails stimulated the creative spirit, and he has sung when inspired to sing. Many of his poems have been contributed to our best periodicals, and many more have been first published in leading newspapers, the most popular among them reappearing in various collections, notably in "Waifs and their Authors," which contains a discriminating sketch of the poet's work. It can easily be understood that a man of such broad culture must feel strongly the influence of the sister arts of music and painting. Indeed, Dr. Clark has always been, as he himself expresses it, "a firm believer in the unity of the æsthetics," and holds that the same critical faculty guiding his appreciation of what is true and beautiful in poetry enables him to discern these qual-

ties, when they exist, in music and painting. His own melodious verses show so delicate a sense of both color and rhythm that they illustrate forcibly the principle alluded to, and certain quaint graces of rhyme in many of the poems recall the delightful word-music of the Minnesingers. Facility of expression, however, does not constitute Dr. Clark's sole claim to a place among our bards. Two poems peculiarly happy in this respect—"Toward Emmaus" and "Love is Sweeter than Rest"—the latter developing a thought akin to the great Carmelite's exalted prayer—evidence what we cannot fail to remark throughout his work—that the idea is supreme, and abides with us even if the music of his verses be forgotten; and that the poet is most a Poet when singing of highest things. E. A. C.

TOWARD EMMAUS.

St. Luke, Chap. xxiv, 32.

"A JOURNEYING to Emmaus;
The grandest man of men with us—
The Christ of God was then with us,

As we went down to Emmaus.
How burned our hearts upon the way
At every word we heard Him say!
We never may forget the day

We journeyed down to Emmaus!"

Oh! blest disciples—chosen two—
How gladly had we walked with you
And talked of Him, who talked with you

As you went down to Emmaus!
Have touched the hand, and found it warm,
That raised the dead and stilled the storm;
Have worshipped God in human form

As He walked down to Emmaus!

But Jesus walks and talks with men
As perfectly to-day, as then,
And hearts burn now, as yours burned when

You walked with Christ to Emmaus!
In starless night or sunless day,
Whoever walks life's weary way
Forgetting not to watch and pray,

Is journeying to Emmaus.

MOTHER MUSIC.

WHEN Eve—our fair mother—in Eden dwelt,
Ere the doughty Cain was born,
She noticed a change in the notes of the birds
As she walked in the cool of morn;
"Oh! what has come into your lives bright birds?
And why is your song so sweet?"

And what is this strange new joy that makes
Your happiness complete?"
Then she carefully peeped in a sparrow's nest,
Where she knew four eggs were laid,
And saw the very first baby-birds
That ever were hatched—not made
And her heart felt a thrill so strange and wild
That she knew, when the days should bring
Her fullness of joy with another's life,
She too, like the birds might sing!
And since that morn, there never has been
A mother, so voiceless, quite,
That she could not sing her own little Cain
A sleepy song for the night;
And the bearded man whose mother has gone
With the ransomed ones to rest,
Remembers the songs she softly sung
As he slept on her peaceful breast;
And the hardest heart in its tender mood
Will welcome the tear-drop's gush,
When he hears a mother sing to her babe
"Now hush thee my darling! hush!"

HUSKS.

HE wed my sister yesterday! Ah, me!
The while he gives to her love's golden grain
He feeds me husks; but I so love the twain
That I can smile and starve! It shall not be
That ever he shall hear my heart complain!
But when I greeted them, he kissed me thrice,
And it did seem, from out the husks he gave
I might have gleaned one grain I so much
crave;
And so I should, but my poor lips were ice,
And love itself lost in a living grave!

COMING AND GOING.

WINDS, to-day, from yonder lilacs, blowing through
my open door,
Bore their fragrance to a baby who had never
breathed before.

But the dear old man who knew them, just as
fresh and purple then,
Seventy years ago, as now, will never, never
breathe again!

One was going up to heaven as the other came to
earth;
And the mortals and immortals each made record
of a birth;

As two souls upon the boundary which divides
that world from this,
Met and parted, in the melting of a first and last
fond kiss!

With a weary wail of welcome saw the little child
the day!
With a song of praise triumphant passed the pa-
triarch away!

All the same—the cradled cherub or the pulseless,
coffined clod—
Life and death alike are angels and the messen-
gers of God.

CASSIE AND I.

I.

OVER the mountain road,
Watching a cloudless sky,
Out in the morning air,
Ride I right royally!
From my steed's bounding hoof
Rings out this roundelay—
"God and the beautiful
Everywhere"—all the way.

A soft little emerald tinge
On the old brown trees is seen,
A promise the springtime gives
Of a glorious garb of green,
And the west wind murmurs low
The lesson on every tree,
Is the little joy of now
And the glory that is to be!

II.

Cassie, how slow you walk!
Gallop there, steadily—
You stop to hear me sing
Almost too readily!
Know, that your horny hoof
Beats out a better lay—
"God and the beautiful
Everywhere"—all the way.

Before me, the blue of the lake
Lifts up to the sky's azure line,
As the waves of my love strive to blend
With a love that is better than mine;
And a whispering spirit says:
"The lesson of lake and sky,
Is the union imperfect of now
And the perfect of by and by!"

BARN-YARD CONFAB.**WHAT SHE SAID.**

CUT-cut-cot-ca-dive-cot!
Come and see what I've got!
Chanticleer, come here, my dear,
Come and see what I've got!
In my nice, new clover nest,
Underneath my speckled breast,
Thirteen eggs as white as snow,
In each egg a chick will grow,
I shall burst with joy I know!
Cut-cut-cot-ca-dive-cot!
Cluck!

WHAT HE SAID.

Court-court-court-ca-di-court!
Cackling is not my forte!
Biddy, what a fuss you make;
My red comb begins to ache;
Must there such a fuss be made
Every time an egg is laid?
Biddy, let me crow for you!
Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo!
I am lord and master too
Cock-a-diddle-daddle-doo!
Whirrrr!

THE EASTER MOON.

THE Easter full-moon rises, Lo!
It shines not with its wonted sheen;
But with a dusky, ruddy glow,
Unlike the virgin queen!

Dost thou, thus clad in crimson come,
Because all holy-days will fall
According to thy coming, dumb
But nightly cardinal!

No! Paschal moon, thy rosy flood
Of light, that falls to-night on me,
Is but the shadow of the blood
Poured out on Calvary!

"LOVE IS SWEETER THAN REST."

LIFE brings no burden to be borne so great,
Heaven has no rest so sweet to offer me
That I would seek repose, if it must be
Without thy love, and from thee separate.
For "love is sweeter than rest," and that estate
Is mine in thee. The fruit of every tree
May turn to ashes in my mouth: the sea

May drown my argosies with all their freight:
The winds may scatter in their wanton glee
The gatherings of my early toil and late:
Or flame, or pestilence leave only thee;
I still will bear all burdens, glad to wait
And work with thee, nor ever sigh to see
Lethean rest from love's sweet service free!

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN first the tuneful Nine their table spread,
And bade of mortals the immortal few
To banquet, it was counted Shakespeare's due
To sit as sovereign master at the head,
And, there on either hand, by fair nymphs fed,
All drinking from the fountain fresh and new
The wine of Helikon, sat other two—
Dante and Homer crowned and garlanded.

Since then a thousand goodly men have sought
To catch the crumbs which from that table fell,
A million poems have been dexterously wrought,
But still the sea of song seems not to swell,
As rain-drops sink uncounted in the sea,
So shall great Shakespeare's followers ever be!

MY PRAYER.

GRANT me, O God! the glory of gray hairs!
To sit awhile among my friends—my peers—
My passions all subdued, my foolish fears
Forever flown with all earth's cumbering cares!
Life's morning hours were consecrate to prayers,
So be its evening! Penitential tears
May fade the stains of more ambitious years,
Before fate falls upon me unawares!
Awaiting, not expecting Death that night
My lifelong, fondest friend shall sing, or say
The grand old songs, in which we both delight,
Until I sleep and sleeping pass away,
Nor shall she know, though gazing on my face,
When Death usurps his sister—Slumber's place.

HONOR.

As to the stroke of the Woodman
Yields the bare oak, so the good man
Dies; and as falling the forest tree
Shaketh the valley and mountain,
Filleth with ripples the fountain,
So his death moveth the multitude.

—Josephine.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

IT is said to be the gift of genius which can take a commonplace subject and invest it with the full charm of novelty and fresh beauty. Thus a hackneyed love-story under the touch of Shakespeare or St. Pierre or Alfred Tennyson becomes a classic; and thus we now and then find among our singers one whose words, flowing spontaneously forth, present to us, as though we had never known them before, the old and common topics of home and motherhood, sorrow for sin, longings for a better life, and the doubts and fears and hopes familiar to every earnest soul. Among the most successful and sweet-voiced of the poets of our day in this direction is the author of "His Name Shall Be Written on Their Foreheads," "Sometime," "If," and other equally well-known verses. Wherever the English language is spoken and read, there these poems have a foothold, for they appeal to the "universal and everlasting humanities" within us.

In contemplating the true and tender feeling which never fails to animate Mrs. May Riley Smith's work, and that indescribable charm of genius which pervades it, the literary merit which attaches to most of her lines is often lost sight of. Very many of them are polished to a high degree. Her images and phrases are original and striking, and the exquisite refinement of the artist is apparent throughout the whole. It is a source of regret to all who know and admire her work, that Mrs. Smith should have chosen to glean so continuously from so narrow a field. The essays she has made outside of this have been eminently successful, as in "The Weary Model" and "The Perfect Niche," and as she has not yet reached the zenith of her powers, it is to be hoped that she will venture still further in paths which she has hitherto seemed not to care to tread.

We gain a clue to the lack of variety and of extent in Mrs. Smith's writings, when we remember the saying that "out of the depths of anguish are born the vast majority of literary works." Though no doubt into her life as into all human existences has entered that "intrusive guest,"

"The sullen foe

Of every sweet enjoyment here below,"

yet surely she has had more than most mortals know, of delight. It is largely in imagination that she has borne the woes of life, and from that source that she has obtained that sympathy with grief which runs throughout her poems. Happily married in early life, enjoying every advantage of travel and of society, and with an almost ideal son, now developing into early manhood, she lives a life of great content in a beautiful home on 74th street, in New York City, surrounded by hosts of friends. She has held for years, and until a few

months ago, the responsible post of corresponding secretary of Sorosis, discharging her nervous and often irksome duties always with quiet patience and marked efficiency. There is no member of that large and distinguished organization more beloved and honored than she. She is also a prized member of other women's clubs, always a most acceptable speaker, with quick common sense to guide her vote, and a refreshing sense of humor, which tones into harmony the story ethical and didactic bent of her mind, with the practical and wise. Mrs. Smith's personality is marked. She is a sweet-faced blonde, dignified, refined, keenly interested in others, full of an eager delight in the success of her friends far greater than in her own, and womanly in the highest sense of that much-abused word. Men and women alike respect and love her, and there is probably not a literary woman in the land who is not proud and joyful in her success.

K. U. C.

IF WE KNEW

If we knew the baby fingers

Pressed against the window-pane

Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—

Never trouble us again;

Would the bright eyes of our darling

Catch the frown upon our brow?

Would the prints of rosy fingers

Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,

How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions

Strewn along our backward track!

How those little hands remind us,

As in snowy grace they lie,

Not to scatter thorns—but roses—

For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music

Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;

Strange that we should slight the violets

Till the lovely flowers are gone;

Strange that summer skies and sunshine

Never seem one-half so fair

As when Winter's snowy pinions

Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence

None but God can roll away,

Never blossomed in such beauty

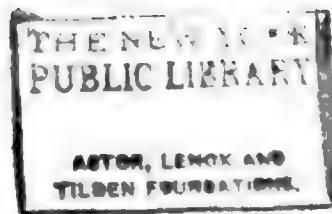
As adorns the mouth to-day;

And sweet words that freight our memory

With their beautiful perfume,

Come to us in sweeter accents

Through the portals of the tomb.



Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of *to-day*;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of shining hair;
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight,
You do not prize this blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray, *to-night!*

But it *is* blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do *to-day*,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine e'er it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good!

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children, clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown!
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its music in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart *to-day*,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THE INN OF REST.

TOILING among my garden thorns one day,
While in a stirless swoon the hot air lay,
A traveler passes toward the glowing west,
Who seemed intent upon some cheerful quest,
For with a song he did beguile the way.
Perhaps some question stirred within my eyes,
For thus he spake: "In yonder valley lies,
Among the murmurous trees, the Inn called *Rest*;
Where all the pillows are with poppies strewn,
Where toil-worn feet are shod with silken shoon,
And bed of down awaits each jaded guest;
I haste at this good Inn to make request,
For see! the dial marks the hour of noon."
"God grant," I cried, "you reach that threshold
soon!"

The singer passed, and in the winding lane,
I lost, at length, the thread of his refrain.
One Sabbath eve, consoled and comforted
By chant and prayer at Vesper-service said,
With a *laus Deo* thrilling through my pain
I left the church, and careless where I went,
Behind its ivied walls my footsteps bent,
Among the low green tents where dwell the dead;
The chill winds sobbed among the grasses sere
Which thatched the narrow roofs. The sky was
drear,
And drops of rain fell on my down-bent head.
Turning to go, upon a stone I read
A name, and dropped upon these words a tear:
"He sought an Inn of Rest, and found it—here."

SOMETIME.

SOMETIMES, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and repel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend.
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

IF.

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the careless feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt Heaven and
me,
And I could see beyond the mists of blue
God's tender hand, I could submissive be.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heartaches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say,
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he had died, as little children do,
I would not stain the wee sock on my knee
With bitter tears, nor kiss the empty shoe
And cry, "Bring back again my little boy to
me!"

I could be patient, until patience grew
Into the gladness of Eternity.

But oh, to know the feet once pure and white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night,
Alas my boy could scarce an entrance win!

MY MOTHER.

THE sweetest face in all the world to me,
Set in a frame of shining silver hair,
With eyes whose language is fidelity:
This is my mother. Is she not most fair?

Ten little heads have found their sweetest rest
Upon the pillow of her loving breast:
The world is wide; yet nowhere does it keep
So safe a haven, so secure a rest.

'Tis counted something great to be a queen,
And bend a kingdom to a woman's will.
To be a mother such as mine, I ween,
Is something better and more noble still.

O mother! in the changeful years now flown,
Since, as a child I leant upon your knee,
Life has not brought to me, nor fortune shown,
Such tender love! such yearning sympathy!

Let fortune smile or frown, whiche'er she will;
It matters not, I scorn her fickle ways!
I never shall be quite bereft until
I lose my mother's honest blame and praise!

CROSS-PURPOSES.

WHAT sorrow we should beckon unawares,
What stinging nettles in our path would grow,
If God should answer all our thoughtless prayers,
Or bring to harvest the poor seed we sow!

The storm for which you prayed, whose kindly
shock
Revived your fields, and blessed the fainting air,
Drove a strong ship upon the cruel rock,
And one I love went down in shipwreck there.

I ask for sunshine on my grapes to-day;
You plead for rain to kiss your drooping flowers;
And thus within God's patient hand we lay
These intricate cross-purposes of ours.

I greeted with cold grace and doubting fears
The guest who proved an angel at my side;
And I have shed more bitter, burning tears
Because of hopes fulfilled than prayers denied.

Then be not clamorous, O restless soul,
But hold thy trust in God's eternal plan!
He views our life's dull weaving as a whole;
Only its tangled threads are seen by man!

Dear Lord, vain repetitions are not meet
When we would bring our messages to Thee.
Help us to lay them then at Thy dear feet
In acquiescence, not garrulity!

HONESTY.

Nay, nay, dear child, I cannot let you slight
Those inner stitches on your gown's fair hem
Because, you say, they will be out of sight,
And no stern critic will discover them.
You do but build a most inviting hedge,
Behind which falsehood and deceit may lurk,
When you embroider fair the outer edge,
And to the inner give no honest work.

—*Lining.*

SELF-CONTROL.

But were it granted me this day to choose
One shining bead from the world's jeweled
string,
Favor and fortune I would quick refuse
To grasp a richer and more costly thing.
With this brave talisman upon my breast,
I could be ruler of my rebel soul;
To own this gem is to command the rest:
It is the Kohinoor called Self-Control!

—*If I Could Choose.*

RAIN.

The brooks leaped up to catch it,
And the breezes held their breath;
The lilies sprang up boldly
And shook their heads at death.
The roses blushed to crimson
At the kisses of the rain;
And the sun looked out and saw it
With a flush of jealous pain.

—*The Rain.*

PATIENCE.

Our keenest sorrow may be sent to bring
The dearest guest our life has ever known,—
Sweet patience, who in gathering the sting
From other's lives, forgets about her own,
—*He Knows Best.*

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

CHARLES GRANGER BLANDEN was born at Marengo, Illinois, January 19, 1857. After receiving such instruction as the public schools afford, his education was supplemented by a course at Edinboro, Pennsylvania, and at a private school in Bridgeport, Connecticut. At an early age he wrote verse, and while attending school at Bridgeport started a school paper called *Young Ideas*, and was also a contributor to *The School-Day Visitor*.

In 1874, Mr. Blanden located at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and the following year became book-keeper in the First National Bank of that place. Shortly after he was made assistant cashier and this promotion was followed by another making him cashier, which position he at present holds. In addition to such titles as Poet and Banker, Mr. Blanden might also claim that of Politician, although he undoubtedly holds his political achievements to be of small account. They are of enough importance, however, to distinguish a man of smaller attainments. In 1887 he was elected mayor of Fort Dodge, and his administration of municipal affairs has proven him an excellent official. During the last presidential election, he was made chairman of the Republican Central Committee of his county.

In 1884, Mr. Blanden was married to Elizabeth Mills, of Ottumwa, Iowa. Mrs. Blanden is the daughter of an Episcopal rector, and is in every way qualified to be the life companion of a poet. Her natural endowments, of a high order, have been ripened by rare educational opportunities.

"Tancred's Daughter, and Other Poems," recently published, is the first volume Mr. Blanden has put forth. While representing the quality of his work, it by no means gives the reader an idea of the quantity, equally good, this poet has done. "Tancred's Daughter," the poem which gives the book its title, is composed of six hundred lines, and is only one of several poems which other critics than the author would place beside it; and of the shorter poems which appear in this book, however good they are (and to me they seem to call for the highest praise), the same may be said. Of his poetical works an eminent critic remarked in a recent review: "A noble dignity characterizes this poet's verses; his most pretentious effort, "Tancred's Daughter," is singularly well sustained in the elaboration of its elevated theme. Yet we are not sure that we do not prefer the lighter work—such graceful, breezy little bits as 'High Ho,' 'A Glass of Wine,' 'To a Critic,' 'Pomona' and those others of that ilk, which the poet may not set much store by, but which are bright and refreshing with that indefinable subtlety called touch."

W. S. L.

DAWN.

CHASTE pilot of the dawn,
The morning star a golden welcome finds
In peaceful kingdoms and in quiet minds.
Up, up! ere it be gone.
A rosy shell along the shore of night
This dewy hour appears,
A nautilus, around the world that sails
A blithe ship heralding Apollo bright,
Thro' all the rolling years,
Blown hitherward by cool and spicy winds,
Still emulous of last eve's nightingales,
And lovers' ne'er too oft repeated tales.
Lo! as I gaze it disappears from sight:
In sails the whole grand argosy of light.

THOUGHTS OF KEATS.

I.

This athlete strength—this home of health—this frame
Built up to pass the prophet's numbered days
Is a sweet blessing in the common ways.
Thankful am I, yet often do I name
One all grand and glorious child of fame,
Diseased from birth, dead young, born to the bays,
And late—oh, all too late—receiving praise
His due; then I do burn with wholesome shame
To think: Had he this healthful body mine
With which to ward away insidious death,
What other wonders had his spirit done!
These months to him had been a boon divine,
With inspiration freighting every breath,
And Beauty through a thousand splendors,
won.

II.

Within the shades of Cestius' pyramid
Still doth our Adon slumber on in death.
Long hath it been since a too-niggard breath
Forsook that patient body as it did—
Too long, too long, since he away was bid
In foreign earth and there be no word saith
To summon back his gentle, wandering wraith.
Will ye, his lovers true, this thing forbid?
Or must he endless sleep away from home?
O England! England! him unto thy breast,
Unto the English fields and daisies take,
And let his banished spirit be at rest.
In song a Grecian for sweet Beauty's sake,
Yet loved he England more than Greece or Rome.

III.

O Keats; thy spirit was too keenly fine
For earth's realities, the pinching cold
Of human yet inhuman hearts, the bold

And foward bristling time; far too divine
Wert thou to please the herd with songs like thine.
Thou, delver deep in lore of legends old,
Outfluting Pan in his own realm of gold,
And rousing wonder in the tuneful Nine.
The new Endymion thou, enamored so
Of thy supernal themes, some goddess, proud
And jealous, doomed thee to a deathless swoon,
As he on myrtled Latmos long ago
Was doomed. I will not think thee in thy shroud,
But sleeping quietly and waking soon.

TO LISA.

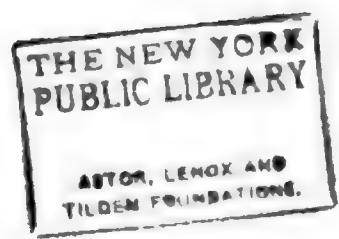
HER heart, her mind, her voice, her looks!
Her hundred virtues sweet as nard!
Could I but set them down in books,
The world would need no other bard,
And I, secure with fadeless bays,
Be hailed immortal through her praise.

PANDEAN.

HAVE you seen Pan? I heard him pipe,
In yonder wood I strayed,
When strains divine were wasted through
The beechen shade.
Have you seen Pan? I heard him pipe;
I followed up the sound,
I peeped me 'neath the sheltering boughs
But no god found.
Have you seen Pan? I heard him pipe,
And down the forest wide
I hastened on in swift pursuit:
Him ne'er I spied.
Have you seen Pan? I heard him pipe,
And found this reed, this wreath;
Pan dropt them both—and both are warm
With his late breath.
Have you seen Pan? (I heard him pipe.)
Ah, Poet, tell me true,
Or I shall think that wreath and reed
Belong to you.

LUCASTA.

TO HER LOVER, ON HIS GOING TO THE WARS.
YEA, haste thee, haste thee to the wars,
Unto the call of honor,
And through its maintenance and scars,
Be then the path that won her!
Away, away! I will not weep;—
'T is but a woman's pallor;
To-morrow I shall blush as deep
To hear thy deeds of valor.





And if, perchance, death set at naught
 And end thy life unduly,
 Think, as it ebbs, hadst thou not fought
 I had not loved thee fully.

THE HERMIT.

DWELL not too long with Solitude,
 Nor to the adoration of his eye,
 Serene and calm, submit too much, the food
 Of his seclusion eat but sparingly.
 A traveler thou, and passing sometime near
 His lonely door within the forest deep,
 Do thou but tarry for refreshment, rest,
 But when he urgeth thee to further cheer
 Of his sad cell, no longer his roof keep,
 And tear the half his magic from thy breast.

 And if, perchance, the tempest thee assail,
 Stem its wild rage, nor shrink nor turn aside;
 To follow more the hermit's twinkle pale
 Thenceforth would leave thee in the forest wide,
 The world soon darken, and thy fellow-kind
 Become the language of thy scorn and hate.
 Too much of solitude doth poison us,
 Too much publicity disjoins the mind,—
 The golden mean courts not the grave's estate,
 Nor to the soul becomes calamitous.

'T is but a form of pride and vanity
 That seeks the desert for its dwelling-place,
 For, when it chanceth on humanity
 Its question is: "How fares the human race?"
 The knowledge that the world is close at hand
 Soothes, flatters, and sustains the eremite:
 To think that it doth call him goodly seer!
 Should, haply, he some morning understand
 The race, save him, had perished in a night,
 The setting sun might mock a frenzied Lear.

TWO.

His song but savored of despair;
 Her song's refrain was hope,
 And ever in the darkest cloud
 She saw some glory ope.

His heart was harbor to regret;
 Her heart was calm and bright,
 And ever, o'er the troubled wave,
 Saw wing its ship aright.

His soul was one to sorrow bowed;
 Her soul, beset with grief,
 From countless straws he trampled on,
 Bound up a golden sheaf.

ROBERT REXDALE.

AMONG the younger writers of New England is Robert Rexdale, a Portland (Maine) journalist, born March 26, 1859, whose name has become familiar through his vivid novel "Saved by the Sword," published at Boston in the beginning of 1889, though his very graceful work in the field of poetry has by no means been overlooked. In an age when the votaries of song are, to use a broad expression, like the sands upon the sea shore, it becomes difficult indeed for a young poet, limited in means, unknown to those who might be glad to aid him, and isolated from the great centers of literature and art, to receive more than a passing glance from the busy world in which he sings,—aye, strong and melodiously. All honor, then, to those who compel recognition through some inherent force of genius.

Like many of his literary compeers, Mr. Rexdale has borne the distinctive appellation of "the printer's devil," and since his thirteenth year, when he left the public schools, he has breathed the atmosphere of the printing office and newspaper sanctum. From boyhood, he has burned the midnight oil as a student. How else could he acquire a knowledge of the classics, or find time in which to cultivate his natural abilities as a writer? Mr. Rexdale's literary activity dates from 1880, his first published article being "The Roman Fathers," a short story printed in the *Portland Press*. At this time he had written no poetry, but the following year we find him kneeling "At Hymen's Shrine," and in the opening lines of his first poem is discerned a love of classical allusion which has made its impress felt in later verse. At the age of twenty-three he had acquired a reputation as a poet and story-writer and developed a natural fitness for newspaper work.

"In my experience as an author," writes Mr. Rexdale, in a letter which is here quoted as affording a glimpse of the poet's inner self, "there have been no days of absolute leisure. I have, in consequence, cheated nature by writing half the night,—and often, indeed, until 'the cock's shrill clarion' awoke the rosy morn. At first I only sought to make a virtue of necessity, but as time went on Night seemed a maiden radiantly beautiful, who came to me with tender, love-lit eyes, and for whose coming I longed with all a lover's expectancy. In the garish beauty of the sunlight there is little that appeals to my imagination. I need the inspiration of the stars and that tranquility of spirit which lets a man look into his soul. At other times I am the cynic rather than the poet. Of the methods employed, I prefer not to speak at length, but will say that while I write prose very readily, my Pegasus is of a dilatory kind and will not be driven. So you will perceive I am an

indifferent sort of bard, notwithstanding the pleasant things that have been said of me." Since the summer of 1885, becoming assistant editor of the *Portland Sunday Times*, he has been actively engaged in journalism, but has added to his fame by original writings. Editions of his poems and stories, "Drifting Songs and Sketches," were published in 1886-87.

In personal appearance, Robert Rexdale is somewhat above average stature. He is of slight build and delicate constitution, but has the easy, self-possessed bearing of a man of the world; and in the smile that at times lights up his grave, thoughtful face, there lurks the soul of astability and good-fellowship. If spared, the coming years will materially add to the fame of this rising author, and his friends, already many, will become a host.

G. B. G.

THE POET'S SOUL.

THE poet's soul, created to be free,
Scorns e'en the touch of avarice and pride.
"Tis like an eagle by the lonely sea!
In grandeur poised above the shafts of harm,
Nor made inert by beauty's subtle charm.
Or seems it some Kadalion to guide
The blind man's way up to the sun-god's side!
To soar, its mission! pierce the unseen skies,
And on sublimer heights philosophize,
Till weary eyes shall open on the calm
Of that fair world where God's pure temples rise.

WHITTIER.

AWAKE, O lyre! thy tender rhythmic throng,
And bid them pause attendant to my theme!
For lo! to-night, above the heights of dream,
I watch a barque upon the deathless stream,
And list the boatman's song.

O gentle Bard! rest on thy weary oars,
Nor longing turn thee toward the silent land!
Too soon the tide lifts to its golden strand,
Where wait for thee the vanished poet band,
Upon immortal shores.

Of all whose song has thrilled our western isle,
Thou are the last and dearest to remain!
Thy voice still rings with Freedom's grand refrain,
And we respond to each quick-pulsing strain,
Devoid of earthly guile.

O starry gems that deck the brow of Night,
Veil not thine orbs in yonder azure spheres!
A life as pure as chaste Diana's tears
Drifts softly down the ripples of the years,
Beneath thy tender light!

TRANSIT OF VENUS.

FULL oft, O Venus! heaven's dearest star,
My eye hath sought thee through the silent night!
In fancy traced thy far empyreal flight
From Paphos' isle of silvery-crested light,
Borne in thy golden car!

A brooding calm seemed on the western seas,
As if to list thy swans' soft rustling wings!
A hush as when some love-lorn naiad sings
To dreamful sleep beside their crystal springs
The nymphs Hesperides.

Across the wave no cry of frightened bird,
No tempest's voice, no sound of laboring oar,
Came on the Night's soft whispers to deplore
Thy gracious presence over sea and shore,
No fluttering pinion stirred.

O tranquil hour!—sweet olive branch of peace,
Plucked where life's stormy deluge billows roll!
Come thou again to cheer the weary soul,
And bid it quaff from joy's o'er-brimming bowl,
Till its vain longings cease.

And thou, O Sun! be kind to her I love,
As now she glides into thy waiting arms!
For ere the dawning she forsakes thy charms,
To seek again the whispering Isle of Palms,
And home of cooing dove.

Then not again, until the circling nodes
Have run the course omniscient Jove decreed,
Shall she to thee her rolling cycles lead,
And at thy feet with beauty's minions plead
For rest in thy abodes.

But he who sings a mortal's trembling tones,
With senses wrapped in life's great mystery
Will nevermore, O wayward Venus! see
Thy kneeling form at great Apollo's knee,
Above earth's changing zones.

And yet I cry, Oh! for thy kindly beam,
As my poor shade drifts toward the deathless
strand!
Lest it should miss old Charon's beckoning hand,
And wander lonely in the silent land,
Where flows dark Lethe's stream!

DRIFTING.

O FAIREST maid of rarest days,
Pomona's child with golden tresses!
I loiter in thy sylvan ways,
My heart is warm with thy caresses.

And o'er again, as in a dream,
I voice the words the spell is wreathing.
As in the reeds beside the stream
Pandean pipes are lowly breathing.

I think of one whose starry eyes,
And laughter through the woodland ringing,
And shy caress, and tender sighs.
Attuned the poet's heart to singing.
And like Ausonian king of old,
I listen to the wood nymph's pleading,
While this poor form of human mould
Plods sadly after fancy's leading.

O river rippling to the sea,
Thy silver waters, softly stealing
In shadowed beauty o'er the lea,
Awake the slumbrous chords of feeling.
And on thy waves of rosy light,
Seen in my boyhood's happy vision,
I'm drifting from the shores of night,
To isles of rest in realms Elysian.

TO-MORROW.

FOR hopes that were wrecked on the drear isle of sorrow,
We crave not your pity, nor ask for your tears.
Leave us here with our thoughts of the golden
To-morrow,
In the halcyon hush of the dawning that nears!
Where cares cease to trouble,
And Life's mystic bubble
Drifts peacefully out on the tide of the years.
Oh, days that are dead! you were ghosts of the
fancy,
And tortured the heart to its deep-thrilling core!
But freed from the thrall of your dark necromancy,
We drift with the bubble and sing to the shore.

CONSTANCY.

Yet on her lips thy lingering name
Was breathed with each expiring tone,
As through the deepening shadows came,
"Where art thou? O my love, my own."
She whispered to the stormy main,
O lad who wooed, O lad who won!
The faith that's thine while stars shall shine,
Or roses bloom, or streamlets run.
And oft, as under peaceful skies
Our songs awoke the moonlit bay,
A tear hath dimmed her tender eyes
For thee so far — so far away.

—*Cold is the Heart.*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A BOUT five years ago, the poems of Katharine Tynan began to attract attention in literary circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Their color and music showed that the impressionable young Irish girl had been unconsciously schooled by Swinburne and Rossetti. But the soul of her poetry was not akin to theirs. Neither did it reflect the influence of the poets of her own land. Not less of the Celtic nature, not less dowered with the absorbing—we had almost said despairing—Celtic passion of patriotism, the new singer had new thoughts, and brought a new and cheering message. What if the hot Celtic thought surged impatiently under her modern English poetic mannerisms, instead of expanding into the long and flexible lined, exuberant ballad-form in which Irish poets have generally a perilous fluency. It is but one of the minor expressions of a characteristic of Young Ireland of to-day;—a characteristic most strongly and significantly shown in that curious blending of English method and Irish purpose which mark so many of the Irish Parliamentary party, and most of all, the young Irish Nationalist leader.

Katharine Tynan was born in Clondalkin, County Dublin, Ireland, in 1861, and was educated by the Dominican Nuns at Cabra. Her poetic gift developed early. It materialized first, we believe, in the pages of the *Irish Monthly*, of Dublin, whose editor, the Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., has been kindly foster-father to the young literary talent of Ireland, for a score of years past. Her first volume, "Louise de la Vallière," was published in 1885. It had an immediate success, passing rapidly through several editions, and receiving high praise from the best English and American critics. It attracted to Miss Tynan, from the brother and sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, an interest which subsequently warmed into an earnest friendship. In 1887, another volume appeared. It was called "Shamrocks," and dedicated to Christina G. and William Rossetti. A great part of it was devoted to the legends of the olden Irish chivalric age. So successful was our young poet's venture in this rich, but heretofore too little explored realm, that the *Scotsman* declared she might be trusted to do for the Fionn Cycle what Tennyson has done for the Arthurian. "Shamrocks" assured Miss Tynan's place among the poets. Miss Tynan is a vigorous and graceful prose-writer. Her stories reveal knowledge of many phases of life, keen and sympathetic observation, and firm and true character-drawing.

Miss Tynan is of medium height and a blonde. She has an exquisite complexion, an abundance of golden hair and small, beautiful hands. "A wholesome-looking girl," says one of her friends,

"with a healthy fondness for out-of-door life." Her father is the proprietor of a model farm at Whitehall, Clondalkin, not far from Dublin. Our poet has a cosy little study, a whole side of which is taken up with a bow-window, looking into the green old orchard. "All day," as she humorously puts it herself, "I am interviewed by anxious fowl and lambs and calves; and the two dogs, yeclipt Jack and Fluffy, walk in and out of the open window to their great delight, and my great aggravation. The thrushes and blackbirds sing almost at my ears." The room contains books, pictures, and no end of beautiful and curious mementos from friends and admirers, even in distant India and Australia. Miss Tynan spends a part of every year in London, in whose inner literary circles she has hosts of friends. She is a devout Catholic, and a simple, gentle, lovable woman.

K. E. C.

THE DREAMERS.

ONE by one o'er a dreamer's face
The shadows go;
Pain hath him in a close embrace,
And the phantom sorrow and woe
Make of his heart a weeping-place.

Lieth outside in the perfect night
The land at rest,
In the stainless snow of the May moon's light
And the bird i' the nest,
And the hawthorn sleep in a world of white.

Soon will the short sweet night be gone,
And the heart break;
Dream on, unharmed heart, dream on!
The world full soon will wake,
And thy winged pain flee away in the dawn.

Ye are not empty—O hands forlorn!
That lie so still,
On the wild heart dreaming of pain and scorn,
The happy day will fill
Your palms outstretched, with new oil and corn.

Oh feet! ye tread no thorny path
In toil and heat,
Flowers for footway the future hath
To the waved gold of the wheat.
The first fruits yours, and the aftermath.

O dreamer! turn from thy grieving now,
Hark! in the hush
A small wind ruffles with fingers slow
The grasses long and lush,
And O the choir in the elm-tree bough!

The brown bright shapes that swaying sit
I' the heart of shade,
Their throats are amber and chrysolite,
Frail each body was made,
But the gold voice poured into it!

My birds! God's minstrel choir ye are,
For Him each note;
I think He smiles to hear afar
The innocent rapture float
Clearly over the farthest star.

My tardy dreamer wakes, to behold
A pageant wide,
Rose-hued banners waved fold on fold,
The sun and his good knights ride
Up the eastern Field of the Cloth of Gold!

Yea, with the dream tears wet, doth smile
For life so sweet,
And Summer seaward standing the while
Bathing her small fair feet,
And the green corn waving many a mile.

For the faint flushed snow of the thorn in May,
And the thrush's glee,
And the whispering wood, that at high noonday
Gleams like the heart of the sea,
And the golden laugh of a child at play

The wind will touch like his sweetheart's kiss
His shining hair,
And the gold-grey meadow right pleasant is,
And O the wild rose fair,
And the blue blue eyes that are always his!

* * * *

To another dreamer cometh at night
A dream of grace,
And passeth thence in the morning light.
And lo! Pain takes its place
With set pale lips, and high brow, and white.

The dreamer taketh him for a friend
For evermore;
Through the shadows the new ways wend,
And a burden passing sore
Burdens the shoulders that ache and bend.

A pale soul, stricken with sad surprise,
Whereto shall come
No joy for sake of a baby's eyes,
Forget-me-nots that bloom
In the King's garden of Paradise;

Nor a smile to hear in the orchard close
The blackbird's song,
When the boughs are flushing faintly to rose,
And April days are long,
And the world is white with the hawthorn
snows.

O long the way, but there comes a rest
At sweet Eventide!
When the wild glad birds have flown to the nest,
O the radiance, mild and wide,
The fair pale lights that wake in the west!

There bloometh many a kindly flower
In the churchyard grass;
The silver feet of a summer shower
Will linger ere they pass;
"Hic Jacet" glimmers at evening hour.

While one shall sleep, nor hearken o'erhead
To birds in May;
And on the heart where Pain lieth dead
The tired hands rest alway,
Surely a dream shall be perfected.

Alas! that a human heart should break
For such as this,
Just from a bright false dream to wake,
For the loss of a phantom kiss.
Christ keeps us all for His pity's sake!

WANDERERS.

AH, my beloved! my best is all your due
Always—my love, and faith, and loyalty.
And in your gain so very poor am I,
What marvel that my thoughts, grown recreant too,
Should seek a happier resting-place with you!
Leaving a wintry heart and waning sky,
Flying across the world as swallows fly
To a new summer, and new skies of blue.
I wonder will you know them when they come,
Fanning your face and hair with homeless wings,
Drifting in some grey storm-hour to your breast!
Ah! will you take them with glad murmurings,
And stroke the wet wings, faint with wind and
foam,
And lay them in your heart, and bid them rest?

THE DEAD MOTHER.

I HAD been buried a month and a year,
The clods on my coffin were heavy and brown,
The wreaths at my headstone were withered sere,
No feet came now from the little town;
I was forgotten, six months or more,
And a new bride walked on my husband's floor.

Below the dew and the grass-blades lying,
On All Souls' Night, when the moon is cold,
I heard the sound of my children crying,
And my hands relaxed from their quiet hold;
Through mould and death-damp it pierced my
heart,
And I woke in the dark with a sudden start.

I cast the coffin-lid off my face,
From mouth and eyelids I thrust the clay,
And I stood upright from the sleeper's place,
And down through the graveyard I took my way.
The frost on the rank grass shimmered like snow,
And the ghostly graves stood white in a row.

As I went down through the little town
The kindly neighbors seemed sore afeard,
For Lenchen plucked at the cross in her gown,
And Hans said, "Jesu," under his beard,
And many a lonely wayfarer
Crossed himself, with a muttered prayer.

I signed the holy sign on my brows,
And kissed the crucifix hid in my shroud,
As I reached the door of my husband's house
The children's clamor rose wild and loud;
And swiftly I came to the upper floor,
And oped, in the moonlight, the nursery door.

No lamp or fire in the icy room;
"Twas cold, as cold as my bed in the sod.
My two boys fought in that ghostly gloom
For a mildewed crust that a mouse had gnawed;
"Oh, mother, mother!" my Gretchen said,
"We have been hungry since you were dead."

But what had come to my tender one,
My babe of little more than a year?
Her limbs were cold as my breast of stone,
But I hushed her weeping with—"Mother is
here."
My children gathered about my knees,
And stroked with soft fingers my draperies.

They did not fear me, my babies sweet.
I lit the fire in the cheerless stove,
And washed their faces, and hands, and feet,
And combed the golden fleeces I love,
And brought them food, and drink, and a light,
And tucked them in with a last "Good-night."

Then softly, softly I took my way,
Noiselessly over the creaking stair,
Till I came to the room where their father lay,
And dreamed of his new love's yellow hair;
And I bent and whispered low in his ear,
"Our children were cold and hungry, dear."

Then he awoke with a sob at his heart,
For he thought of me in the churchyard mould,
And we went together—we, far apart—
Where our children lay in the moonlight cold;
And he kissed their faces, and wept and said—
"Oh, dead love, rest in your quiet bed."

"To-morrow shall these be warm and glad,
With food and clothing, and light and wine,
And brave toy-soldiers for each little lad,
And Gretchen shall nurse a dolly so fine;
But, baby, baby, what shall we do?
For only the mother can comfort you."

I heard the break in his voice, and went—
'Twould soon be cock-crow; the dawn was near—
And I laid me down with a full content
That all was well with my children dear;
And my baby came in a month or less—
She was far too young to be motherless.

AUTUMNAL.

In September
The land grows gold with miles of waving
wheat;
Sad heart, dost thou remember
How tall and fair the green spears stood in May?
Alack! the merry morn that might not stay;
'Tis sunset now, and night comes, gray and fleet.

In September
Droopeth the red fruit in the orchard close;
Sad heart, dost thou remember
How the boughs bloomed auroral in the May,
Waxed paler, flushed roseredder day by day?
For these we shall have Winter with his snows.

In September
Chirps the bright robin with his breast a-fire;
Sad heart, dost thou remember
How the thrush thrilled her love-song in the May,
And the bold blackbird sang when eve was gray?
Silence hath fallen on all the tuneful choir.

In September
Redly the trees like wind-blown cresses burn;
Sad heart, dost thou remember
How the leaves gleamed transparent in the May,
And danced against the sky in happy play?
The hearth grows cold, the fires to ashes turn.

In September
The green young world is waxen old and sere;
Sad heart, dost thou remember
The golden breath the cowslips had in May;

How the breeze waved each scented hawthorn
spray?
Our year goes out, and we go with the year.

AT DAYBREAK.

THERE came a voice at midnight through the rain,
The knocking of a hand upon my door;
"Open, my heart!" the sweet voice pleaded
sore;
"Open; how long wilt thou deny my pain?"
And I but stirred, and turned to dreams again,
Heavy with fumes of poppy and mandragore,
And while all night tempestuous winds did
roar,
Broken with tears the voice cried on in vain.
Now I awake at dawn and understand;
"Down, thou wild heart; He yet may wait," I
say;
And I unbar the door with trembling hand:
Only the rose-gold hills that front the day,
Only dark leagues on leagues of forest-land:
So I am grown a-sudden old and gray.

SHAMROCK.

Roses for an hour of love,
With the joy and pain thereof;
Stand my lilies white to see
All for prayer and purity.
These are white as the harvest moon
Roses flush like the heart of June;
But my shamrock, brave and gay,
Glads the tired eyes every day.

—Shamrock Song.

MAY.

O my birds, are ye drunken with pleasure
For Summer and her delights—
Her scented days with their golden leisure,
The hush of her moon-white nights?
Now robin's singing who sang in the cold,
The linnet's throat hath a merry note,
The thrush pealeth after a rain of soft laughter,
The blackbird's a mouth of gold.

—After Rain in May.

CHRIST.

Who hath trod the ways of pain
Hath not met Him in the gloom,
Coming swiftly through the rain?
Hath not prayed to see Him come?
Many a weary head hath lain
On His breast and found it home.

—The Dead Christ.

FRANKLIN EVERET DENTON.

FRANKLIN EVERET DENTON was born on November 22, 1859, in Chardon, the county-seat of Geauga County, Ohio, a village of the Western Reserve. He is of pure American stock that dates back to the days of the Colonies. By inheritance and by early training he was a boy of strong literary instincts. At seven years of age he was perched upon a box before a compositor's case learning the mysteries of type-setting. This was in the office of the *Geauga Republican*, a weekly publication in his native village, and his connection with the paper, thus early begun, continued, with occasional intervals of schooling, for eighteen years. In 1884 he entered into the employ of the *Geauga Leader*, published in Burton, Ohio, acting for some time as its editor and manager. He removed to Cleveland in 1887 and joined the staff of *The Ohio Sun and Voice*, with which paper he still remains.

The uneventful tenor of the young poet's life in a quiet village has left a lasting impression upon the trend of his imagination, and his literary taste. He filled the lack of routine schooling with persistent efforts at self-education, and the book that he studied most was the open book of Nature. He was a zealous reader, but not an omnivorous one. His selections were of the highest and most useful standards, and though he read much his remarkable memory gave him ample time for thorough mental digestion. He wrote verses at an early age, but it was not until his eighteenth year that he considered his poetical efforts worthy of publication. Encouraged by admiring friends, in 1883 he gathered his poems together and published them in book form. The volume met with much of mingled criticism and praise. It was the work of a youth whose circumscribed surroundings made commonplaces seem of large moment; it showed crudities of thought, yet from every page the true poetic soul was shining out. In the same year that he published his book he received a prize from the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette* for the best story submitted to that paper. It was a metaphysical tale entitled "The Glass Dwarf" and attracted much attention at the time of publication.

Mr. Denton's poems and stories have appeared in many periodicals and been much copied. He has written but little for publication during the last two years, devoting most of his limited leisure time to disciplining his powers for future work in his chosen field, a field which he persists in occupying whatever the result. His poetical ideals are of the highest class, and to them he has determined to adapt himself rather than to any so-called popular taste.

W. R. R.

THE SOUTH WIND.

WHEN maples drip their arteries of sweet
That fires distill to amber honey; when
The swollen brook is noisy in the glen,
And robins, hopping o'er the brown earth, greet
The gentle dawn with song; when snows retreat
To fence and forest nook, and high again
The soft clouds sail the sunny heaven—then
The South Wind comes with hope and life replete.
It knows the grave of every flower that sleeps,
And wakes each little Lazarus. It dyes
The dawn a fairer purple than of Tyre,
And spills the cloudy cisterns of the skies.
It lifts the heart like verse, but how it sweeps
The chords of memory's pathetic lyre!

THE SPARTANS AT THERMOPYLÆ.

O WHO would dare stand in the Persian's path?
Who, who would dare bosom the bolts of his
wrath,
To be scattered like chaff, to be broken like
glass?
None but Greeks, and they stood at Thermopy
læ's pass,
"Yield, Spartans," said Xerxes, "or here find a
grave!"
"Come, take us," the answer Leonidas gave.
But thrice round the world did the day chase the
night,
Ere the legions of Asia thronged to the fight.

All the day, and the next, to the set of the sun,
The battle continued, at morning begun,
And the moon, as it stared on the heaps of the
dead,
Saw the Greeks at their post and the enemy fled;
But a traitor a path in the mountains revealed,
And the fate of the heroes of Hellas was sealed:
Assailed and outnumbered in rear and in van,
They fought till they died, and they died to a
man.

They died, and the victors, with hurrying feet,
Pressed on to the doom of o'erwhelming defeat;
To melt like the drift in the glare of the sun,
For Athens and Sparta were welded in one,
They died, and, with yellow and long-flowing
locks,
Lay stiffened and grim in the shade of the rocks,
With the earth for their pillow, the sky for their
sheet,
But their conquests began when their hearts
ceased to beat.

The eyes of the Median mother are dried,
And the Spartan maid's heart has forgotten its
pride;
The Kings and the Kingdoms have sought their
dark beds,
And the ages file over the low-lying heads;
But those dead heroes live, and they camp, and
they fight,
Wherever the fettered arise in their might;
The mountains may crumble, the ocean may dry,
But the good of a deed that is great cannot die.

ALARIC.

Like the flakes of the snow in their Scythian
home,
Swept Alaric's Visigoths down upon Rome;
The city of Cæsar lay low at his feet,
And he was the sickle and Europe the wheat.
But there yet was a foe for this Northman to
meet,
Who rode a pale horse and who knew not defeat;
They met on the shore of the blue southern sea,
And humbly the conqueror bended his knee.

A river was turned from its course, and the dead
Was laid in a grave that was dug in its bed;
There, shrouded in trophies and pillow'd with
spoils,
The mourning host left him to rest from his toils,
But the river they turned to its course as of old,
They slaughtered the slaves who had hollowed
the mold,
So none but the taciturn stars as they rise
Can point to the spot where the great captain lies.

And what if the place of his sleep is unknown?
'Tis the little who need a memorial stone.
A pillar he cut from the quarries of worth,
So lofty its shadow encircles the earth;
A monument hewn from the granite of deeds,
To which moss never clings, on which time never
feeds.
Ah, naught is more true than what Pericles said,
All the world is the shaft of the great who are
dead.

IT IS WELL.

It is well that we sink in the Lethean wave,
That the lamp is blown out at the door of the
cave;
Our chance to be strong and our chance to be
great
Is the darkness and doubt that hang over our fate;

The spirit, like ivy, thrives best in the cold,
Where all that it clings to is ruin and mold.
It is well that we sink in the Lethean wave;
The glory of life is the gloom of the grave;
The background of storm, the perspective of
grief,
Give the figure of man its heroic relief;
Were it not for death's shadow o'er land and o'er
sea,
No better than angels the righteous would be.

NIGHT.

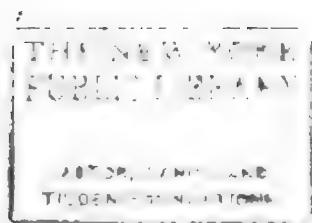
SELF-AWED with its own glory is the night.
Yon moon looks down with passionless akin
Upon the Union's sleepless youth, as when
The Pyramids rose new upon her sight,
Or Amos of Tekoa, by her light.
Guarded his flocks, the while Jehovah's pen
Wrote on his heart the message unto men,
Whose characters divine he read aright.
The lover longs to be alone with her
Who is the shrine where kneels his heart, and
he,
Who is of Nature ardent worshipper,
Would in her presence unattended be;
Would to her lips of inspiration list,
With midnight's starry arbor for a tryst.

OCTOBER.

ALL day, like smiles that wreath an old man's
face,
Whose seasons have been spent in doing good,
Upon the garnered field and naked wood
The sun has shed a soft and solemn grace;
But now the night is drawing on apace,
And saturnine and sinister the mood
Of formless shadows that already brood
Upon the landscape from the depths of space.
Along the west the day's last tinge is dim;
The slender crescent of the sinking moon
Follows the stars over the horizon's rim,
Like Ruth the reapers through the sultry noon;
But, be it glorious or be it grim,
The world is in the mighty arms of Him.

QUATRAIN.

BE there a traitor who deserves in sooth
The keen axe of the headsman, it is he,
Who hath committed treason unto the
Celestial visions of his vanished youth.





Faithfully yours
S. Waddington

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

AT a time when literature, like almost every other field of thought and industry, numbers so many aspirants and zealous seekers after success that each individual runs the risk of being overlooked in the crowd, it is, perhaps, well for an author to try and secure a separate and distinct niche for himself. The writer who has a special subject, and whose position is recognized in connection with that subject, is more likely to obtain a hearing than one who has a general superficial knowledge, and has given his attention to almost every branch of art or science. Following the example of Capel Lofft at the beginning of the present century, and that of the late Charles Tennyson Turner at a more recent date, Mr. Waddington has chosen the "Sonnet" as his especial study, and both in England and in this country his name has already become somewhat familiar in connection therewith. The plot of ground which he has endeavored to cultivate is that of the sonnet-writer and the sonnet-critic. It will, however, be seen in the examples of his work printed herewith that he has occasionally ventured into other forms of verse, although it is as a sonneteer that he has principally achieved success.

Mr. Waddington is a native of England, and was born at Boston Spa, Yorkshire, in that country on the 9th of November, 1844. His ancestors at the time of the Commonwealth lived at East Riggton, a little hamlet adjoining Bardsey where the poet Congreve was born, and about nine miles from Horsforth where Longfellow's English ancestors resided. It is interesting to note that the two families were connected, a Miss Longfellow (sister of Longfellow's ancestor who emigrated to America about the year 1680) having married a Mr. Waddington, of Harewood, near Bardsey, who afterwards bought the Longfellow property at Horsforth. When twelve years old he was sent for a short time to St. Peter's School, York, but was soon transferred to St. John's, Huntingdon,—a school famous for having sent at least one illustrious pupil into the world, that pupil being no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell. Here Mr. Waddington remained for five years and at the age of sixteen was chosen to act as editor of the school magazine to which he contributed his first literary essays in prose and verse. His favorite authors at this time were Wordsworth and Emerson, and his principal companion was the second master of the school, a Broad Church clergyman who believed in Maurice and Kingsley but not in eternal punishment.

In 1862 he was offered a Scholarship at St. Peter's College, Cambridge; but as his friends wished him to go to Oxford, he matriculated at Brasenose College at the latter university where

he took his B.A. degree in 1865. While at Oxford he sat for a while at the feet of the illustrious theologian Dr. Pusey, and attended the lectures which that distinguished founder of the High Church School delivered in his own private room at Christ Church. Mr. Waddington does not appear to have been greatly influenced by Pusey's teaching. After leaving Oxford he obtained an appointment in the Board of Trade which he has now held for upwards of twenty years.

The first volume which Mr. Waddington published, and which had been suggested by his friend Mr. Austin Dobson, was his "English Sonnets by Living Writers" to which he appended his essay on "The Sonnet and Its History." It also contained his sonnet entitled "Soul and Body," which was highly eulogized in the *St. James's Gazette* and other newspapers. This volume was published in 1881, and in the following year appeared his companion volume entitled "English Sonnets by Poets of the Past." In 1886 was published his "Sonnets of Europe" in which he included translations from his own pen of sonnets by Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Philippe Desportes, and Hugo Hollandius,—a writer in the Academy observing respecting his translation of Dante's sonnet that it was preferable to that by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. His "Sonnets and Other Verse" was published in 1884, and was very favorably received. I should not omit to mention that Mr. Waddington has written a study and biographical sketch of the Oxford poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, to whose writings his own compositions appear to bear considerable affinity as regards thought and subject matter. He hopes shortly to publish another volume of his own work entitled "Rosa Mariae and Other Sonnets."

J. L.

THE NEW EPIPHANY.

(Chant Royal.)

I.

AWAKE, awake! Nay, slumber not, nor sleep!
Forth from the dreamland and black dome of
night,
From chaos and thick darkness, from the deep
Of formless being, comes a gracious light,
Gilding the crystal seas, and casting round
A golden glory on the enchanted ground;—
Awake, O souls of harmony, and ye
That greet the day-spring with your jubilee
Of lute and harp! Awake, awake, and bring
Your well-tuned cymbals, and go forth with glee,
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

II.

Far o'er the hills have not the watchful sheep
Espied their shepherd, and with eager flight

Gone forth to meet him on the craggy steep;
Hasting the while his summoning notes invite
Where riper grasses and green herbs abound:—
But ye! your shepherd calls, thrice-happy sound!
He comes, he comes, your shepherd-king, 'tis he!
Oh, quit these close-cropped meads, and gladly flee
To him who makes once more new growths up-
spring;
Oh, quit your ancient glebes,—oh, joyfully
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

III.

Too long ye till exhausted lands, and reap
Thin crops that ne'er your weary toil requite:
Too long your laggard oxen laboring creep
Up the wide furrows, and full idly smite
The weed-encircled ridge, the rocky mound:
Will ye not quit these fields now barren found?
Ah, ye are old, yet not too old to be
Brave travelers o'er bald custom's boundary:—
Then each, let each his robe around him fling,
And with his little one, his child, set free,
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

IV.

See, on the strand, watching the waves that sweep
Their creamy ripples up the sandy bight,
Your child waits, leaping as the wavelets leap,
The faery infant of the infinite!
Ah, happy child, with what new wonders
crowned
He'll turn to thee, to fathom and expound;
Asking, enquiring, looking unto thee
To solve the universe, its destiny;—
And still unto thy vestment's hem will cling,
Asking, enquiring,—whispering, "May not we
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king?"

V.

Oh, linger not! No longer vainly weep
O'er vanished hopes, but with new strength unite;
Oh, linger not! But let your glad eyes keep
Watch on this guiding star that beams so bright;
Around your brows be this phylacter bound,—
Let Truth be king, and let his praise resound!
Oh, linger not! Let earth, and sky, and sea,
To sound his praises let all hearts agree!
Still loud, and louder, let your paens ring,
Go forth, go forth, in glad exultancy*
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

ENVOL.

Thou art the king, O Truth! We bend the knee
To thee; we own thy wondrous sovereignty;
And still thy praises in our songs we'll sing,
Bidding all people with blithe minstrelsy
Go forth, and welcome the eternal king.

THE INN OF CARE.

AT Nebra, by the Unstrut,—
So travelers declare,—
There stands an ancient tavern,
It is the "Inn of Care":—
To all the world 'tis open;
It sets a goodly fare;
And every soul is welcome
That designs to sojourn there.

The landlord with his helpers,
(He is a stalwart host),
To please his guest still labors
With "bouilli" and with "roast":—
And ho! he laughs so roundly,
He laughs, and loves to boast
That he, who bears the beaker
May live to share the "toast."

Lucus a non lucendo—

Thus named might seem the inn,
So careless is its laughter,
So loud its merry din;
Yet ere to doubt its title
You do, in sooth, begin,
Go, watch the palid faces,
Approach and pass within.

To Nebra, by the Unstrut,
May all the world repair
And meet a hearty welcome,
And share a goodly fare;
The world! 'tis worn and weary—
'Tis tired of gilt and glare!
The inn! 'tis named full wisely,
It is the "Inn of Care!"

A HOMILY.

Be to every man just,—and to Woman
Be gentle, and tender, and true;
For thine own do thy best, but for no man
Do less than a brother should do.

So living thy days to full number,
In peace thou shalt pass to thy grave;
Thou shalt lie down, and rest thee, and slumber,—
Beloved, loving-hearted, and brave.

MORS ET VITA.

We know not yet what life shall be,
What shore beyond earth's shore be set;
What grief awaits us, or what glee,
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those years when we
Were loved and true,—but will death let
Our eyes the longed-for vision see:
We know not yet.

SOUL AND BODY.

WHERE wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling-place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow;
But with that body's death will thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together,—thou and I.

WHAT GOSPEL?

WHAT gospel, still, what gospel? Christ, yea,
Christ!
Back to the shores of Galilee once more,
To the old lesson of love, the simple love
Of peace and wisdom that the world sufficed.
Christ! for he spake with pity, nor enticed
The broken-hearted to an empty store—
Christ! for his words true balm and healing
pour
In the world's wounds, the holy words of Christ!

What gospel, still, what gospel? Love, yea, love!
There is no heaven, and no hope but this—
No heritage of joy, no hallowed bliss
To bring the spirit to the realm above;
Oh, vain glad-tidings, and oh, little worth,—
Unless our charity make glad the earth.

FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT.

FROM night to night, through circling darkness
whirled,
Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves as
before

The shifting tides and the eternal shore;
Sources of life, and forces of the world,
Unseen, unknown, in folds of mystery furled,
Unseen, unknown, remain for evermore—
To heaven-hid nights man's questioning soul
would soar,
Yet falls from darkness into darkness hurled!

Angels of light, ye spirits of the air,
Peopling of yore the dreamland of our youth,
Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,
Lead now, and leave us near the realm of
Truth:
Lo, if in dreams some truths be chanced to see
Now in the truth some dreams may happy be.

THE NEOPHYTE.

His spirit is in apogee! To-night
Far from our earth he speeds;—he heeds no more
The long waves breaking on life's echoing shore:
Lo, Truth, his aureole, as heaven grows bright;
And Faith, his carcanet, as chrysolite
'Mid soul-wrought gems gleams thro' the opening
door
Of purest Innocence;—on wings that soar
Thro' cloud-girt vistas to the Infinite,
Upward he journeys, and what limitless scope,
What boundless prospects to his vision rise—
What thrones, how fair! and oh, how full of hope
The heavenly mansions and the star-built skies!
—Yet love, dear love! behold, the day shall be,
Earthward he will return, and kneel to thee.

THE BATTLE OF BELIEF.

I.

BLOW, blow, ye trumpets, blow! sound an alarm!
Behold, upon the mountains, o'er the plain,
In serried troops they come, their squadrons
swarm

Around your buttressed walls in fierce disdain:
O blow, ye trumpets, blow! sound an alarm!
As surging waters from th' surging main—
Each wave a warrior with uplifted arm—
They sweep around your time-worn, tottering
fane;

Then blow, ye trumpets, blow! sound an alarm!
Behold, they come, these cohorts of the Lord,
Armed with the spirit of Truthfulness more strong
Than steel to pierce past error's baneful wrong;
Armed with the Truth more trenchant than a
sword—

O blow, ye trumpets, blow! sound an alarm!

II.

O priests and prelates, teachers proudly wise,
To you we turn, to you with trustful hearts
For light and life we come,—for clear-wrought
charts
Of rock and shoal, and wreck-strown shore that lies
Around our track. To you, 'mid darkening skies,
We turn for guidance ere the black night parts
Brother from brother, or class-interest thwarts
Our peace and joy, our love that faints and dies.
With hearts that hunger, and with souls ill-fed,
To you for food we come, for living bread;—
No miracle we crave, we ask no sign;
We ask for food, pure bread and wholesome wine;
O give, we pray, O give us not instead
Those stony marvels from an ancient shrine.

HUMAN.

ACROSS the trackless skies thou may'st not
wander;
Thou may'st not tread the infinite beyond;
In peace possess thy soul, reflect and ponder,
Full brief thy gaze tho' Nature's magic wand
Light up an universe, and bid thee wonder!
What though beyond the sea there may be land
Where grows the vine, where blooms the oleander,
Where verdure gleams amid the desert sand,—
Yet not for thee those foreign, fertile spaces,
Remote, unseen, unknown, though known to be!
Thy home is here, and here belov'd faces
Make sweet and fair the home and heart of thee:
Thy home is here, and here thy heart embraces,
Life's joy and hope, love, truth, and liberty!

REFUGIUM PECCATORUM.

Lo, wounded of the world and stricken of sin,
Before the gate she comes at night's dread noon;
There on the path, with fallen flowers bestrewn,
She kneels in sorrow ere she enters in:—
Lone and forlorn, with features wan and thin,
A shadow crouching 'neath the shadowy moon,
One gift she craves, one hopeless, hapless
boon,—
"Thy pity, Lord, a breaking heart would win!"

Religion was the Refuge! In distress
There might the sinner flee, the weary press;
Haven where sorrow 'mid the world's mad din
Might kneel in silence, and sweet solace find!
Refugium peccatorum,—shall mankind
Lay waste the sinner's home, yet keep the sin?

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY was born June 20, 1831, at Bloomington, Indiana, where his father, John H. Harney, a man of high character and an accomplished scholar, the author of several well-known text-books in mathematics, was then a Professor of that branch of science in the Indiana University;—his mother's maiden name was Martha Wallace. When he was about five years of age Mr. Harney's parents moved to Kentucky, his father there becoming editor and proprietor of the *Louisville Democrat*, a paper of large political influence in the Southwestern States before the war of the Southern Secession. Mr. Harney received his education at the Louisville schools and at Louisville College, as well as through tutors in the languages at home. Between the years 1851 and 1855 he was himself a teacher, meanwhile studying law and graduating in the year last named at the Louisville Law School. For a year afterwards he was Principal of the Louisville High School, and between 1857 and 1859, a Professor in the Kentucky Normal School at Frankfort. He also practiced law for some time before 1859, but during that year he joined the staff of his father's paper, assisting in its editorship, and at his father's death, some years later, he succeeded him in its editorial control and remained its editor until 1868, when its publication ceased. In 1868, he married Mary H. M. Randolph (who died within less than two years afterwards), and in the autumn of 1869 he moved to Florida, where he became a pioneer orange-grower and has since resided at Pinecastle, Orange County, varying his agricultural activity with occasional literary work.

Perhaps Mr. Harney has been most widely known for his prose, and certainly, first as a journalist and later as a contributor of tales and sketches to the magazines, he appears to have given his principal attention and effort to prose composition. One of his longer stories—"How He Won the Pretty Widow," a story of the War of Secession—was contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* during Mr. W. D. Howells's editorship of that magazine, by whom, I remember, it was praised before publication as one of the most charming stories ever offered him. He also about the same time—between 1870 and 1875—contributed a series of interesting letters relating to what may be called a pioneer orange-planter's life in Florida, to the *Cincinnati Commercial*. His writings in verse have been comparatively infrequent. His earlier verses were contributed to the Louisville daily newspapers. The first of his poems which I ever happened to see was published in the *Louisville Courier* (one of the two *ante-bellum* newspapers afterwards joined together

under the name of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*.) This was the brief poem entitled "The Stab," which at the time gained wide currency in the poets' corner of newspapers throughout the country—even now it is doubtless the best-known and most quotable of all Mr. Harney's verses. I think nothing could well be better in its way: it is a tragic little night-piece which Heine could scarcely have surpassed in its brevity of simple graphic narration and vivid suggestiveness. It was as far back as 1858 when this little poem first appeared, and two years later "Jimmy's Wooing," another pleasing and very popular piece, was printed in a somewhat noted New York journal of the period, *The Saturday Press*. Mr. W. D. Howells, who was then a young Ohio journalist, was inspired, I remember, to write a critique of Mr. Harney's verses at that time, in which he praised the two pieces above named, with one or two others which had recently appeared in an overgrown volume called "The Poets and Poetry of the West." I doubt if Mr. Harney has since written anything more popular, or more worthy of popularity, than the two pieces above referred to, but he contributed a much longer and a very spirited poem referring to the war, called, I believe, "A Chase in Soundings" to the "No Name" collection of poems entitled "A Masque of Poets" issued at Boston about 1878, and he has since published occasional verses in *Harper's* and other magazines.

J. J. P.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

The wind came blowing out of the West,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the West;
It stirred the beech tree out of rest,
And rocked the blue-bird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground;
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came, with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown;—
And Jimmy mowed the hay,

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
He watched the soft cheeks' changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down
Whenever he looked that way.

And Milly's heart was good as gold,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh Milly's heart was good as gold,
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more than that he had never told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The wind came gathering up his bands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came gathering up his bands,
With the cloud and the lightning on his hands
And a shadow darkening all the lands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came patterning down amain,
Where Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came patterning down amain
And under a thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly, a cosy twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast;
A wild bird fluttering home to nest
And then, I swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout
And twittering birds began to shout
As if for a Wedding Day.

ALWAYS.

LET the plover pipe, to his mate in the weeds
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks in the marshy reeds,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

The salmon may leap in a fringe of broth,
And the trout in the lake may laugh,
But the fisherman's nets will have they both
And cruel the barbed gaff.

The eagle may lift, like a rising shout,
To the very deep of the sky;
But the whistling bullet will find him out,
Though he be ever so high.

If ever the blue sky wears a sun
That is glad, in the light of the day,
The sorrowing stars come, one by one,
And gather his glory away.

And if ever the heart is rich and strong,
As the bridegroom's first caress,
The Death grief comes, with its cruel wrong,
And robs it of happiness.

Let the plover pipe, to his mate in the weeds,
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks, in the marshy reeds,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

THE REAPERS.

WHEN the tired reapers, with fragrant sheaves,
Come out of the corn, as the sun goes down;
And the sky is rich, as the falling leaves,
In crimson and purple and golden brown,
I sit in the mellow and marvellous eves;
And watch as the loom of the Sunset weaves,
Its cloth of gold over country and town.

And I think how the summers have come and gone,
Since we saw the shuttle across the blue,
That wove the colors of dusk and dawn,
Where the musk of the sleeping roses flew,
On the wings of the Southwind over the lawn;
And the evening shadows were longer drawn,
And the sun was low, and the stars were few.

When Love was sweet, in the lives we led,
As the heaven that lives in the latter spring;
To grow in the flowers, the books we read,
The romp and rush of the grapevine swing,
In words and work, to be filled and fed,
On brooks of honey and wastel bread;
And sung in the songs that we used to sing.

And out of the shadows, they come to me,
As flowers of the spring come, year by year;
The lovers we had, when to love was free,
The stars were few, and the skies were clear;
And we knew it happiness, just to be,
In a world so gracious and fair to see,
While the weary reapers are drawing near.

Though the red and white roses have lost their leaves,
In the ashes of summers of long ago;
They come, on the mellow and marvellous eves,

With a harvest of love, that we used to sow;
As rich as garlands, the sunset weaves,
When the tired reapers with fragrant sheaves,
Come out of the corn, and the sun is low.

IN MEMORIAM: PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

OBIIT JULY 7, 1886.

No battle note or pomp of arms reversed:
Nor tuch of drum, shall be his last requiem,
But in our hearts, his memory is hearsed,
And in our love, we build his Mausoleum.

The Pure in Heart! As little children hear,
In the still night, the purling of a fountain;
Lulling their dreams, come like the messenger,
Whose feet are beautiful, upon the mountain,

So to life's troubled dream, his songs have given
Prelude of higher themes, as of the poem,
Of songs the great arch angels sing in heaven
Lived in his verse, and found his life a poem.

THE STAB.

On the road; the lonely road,
Under the cold white moon;
Under the ragged trees he strode;
He whistled, and shifted his heavy load;
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own;
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
Like a splinter of Daylight, downward thrown;
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn cock woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood.
That a dead man lay on the road.

DEATH.

In summer, a little wreath of flowers;
In winter, a little drift of snow;
And this is all, through all the hours,
Of the promise perished long ago.
So every heart has some dear grave,
Close hidden under its joy or care,
Till over it breaths of memory wave,
And leave the little headstone bare.

—*The Buried Hope.*

LOVE.

And all that was; and all that is;
 And all that is to be,
 Are parts of that one whole, our lives;
 Made one to you and me.
 And if I loved you so of old,
 You'd scarce believe, before;
 Yet now believe me. Every day
 I've loved you, more and more.

—*The Golden Wedding.*

SUMMER.

An exile to the pine and palm,
 I see the far-winged summer brood,
 In azure depths of endless calm,
 Above a nursing solitude.
 And ample breadths of bloom, unfurled,
 As sweet as that voluptuous South,
 When Anthony gave the Roman world,
 For Egypt's Cleopatra mouth.
 All things of sight and sound appear,
 To breathe of nothing but content,
 As if, unheeded through the year,
 The vagrant seasons came and went.

—*In Exile.*

FLORIDA.

Spiraea japonica; princess feather;
 Dahlias and asters crammed together;
 Lilacs, laburnums, virgins grace,
 And the passion flower in blue and lace;
 Catchfly and cockscombs crimson ruffled;
 Portulacas, and candytuft;
 Orchids, pinks, and anemones;
 The myriad, phlox, and argemones;
 Marigold, heart's-ease, violet;
 Verbena, pansies and mignonette;
 Sensitive plant, and the rose of Sharon,
 Adam's needle and the rod of Aaron,
 Growing together, the wild and tame,
 And more that the florist cannot name,
 For every spear-grass shows a comb,
 And the weeds in flower are quite at home.

—*Baby and Mustard Playing Ball.*

SEPTEMBER.

So as the last light ebbs away,
 I linger by the pine and palm,
 To see the night run, cool and gray,
 And nun-like through the depths of calm.
 Nor pause to ask how many times,
 The roses leafed, to make so sweet,
 September here among the limes,
 Or there where fall and summer meet.

—*September.*

CONSTANCE FAUNT LE ROY RUNCIE.

THE maiden name of Mrs. Runcie was Constance Faunt Le Roy. She was the eldest daughter of Robert Henry Faunt Le Roy and Jane Dale (Owen) Faunt Le Roy. Mrs. Runcie was born in Indianapolis, in January, 1836. Her maternal grandfather was the well-known advocate of co-operative associations, Robert Owen. Mrs. Runcie's maternal great-grandfather was David Dale, Lord-Provost of Glasgow, Scotland. Mrs. Runcie's father, Robert Henry Faunt Le Roy, was of the old and extensive family stock of Faunt Le Roys of Eastern Virginia. Her mother was born in Scotland and educated in London, where she received, in addition to all her scientific and literary attainments, a thorough training on piano and harp, and acquired facility in drawing and painting. Her father died while attending to his Coast Survey duties, in the Gulf of Mexico, during the winter of 1849. In 1852, Mrs. Faunt Le Roy, in order to develop still further the training of her family, by giving them the advantages of modern languages, German literature and art, took them to Germany and remained there almost six years. Both before leaving for Germany and after her return to New Harmony, Ind., Miss Faunt Le Roy's environment was highly favorable: that town being winter quarters of the officers connected with several geological surveys; having also an extensive public library and occasional lectures, besides being the residence of her four uncles, all devoted to science or literature. They were, respectively, Robert Dale Owen, LL. D., author of various works, Member of Congress, and United States Minister to Naples; William Owen; David Dale Owen, M. D., United States Geologist for the Northwest Territory, and State Geologist of Kentucky and later of Arkansas; Richard Owen, M. D., LL. D., professor in the Indiana State University and previously State Geologist of Indiana.

Mrs. Runcie's complexion, hair and eyes are of a happy, intermediate tint, between that of a blonde and a brunette. Her height and weight are medium, her physique good, although not robust; her manners actively courteous. The chief characteristic, without a tincture of obstinacy or intrusiveness, is indomitable energy. Although surrounded by many who were skeptical in their religious opinions, Mrs. Runcie had early a powerful, internal mind-conflict that resulted in a settled conviction of great truths, which have never since been disturbed: a conflict beautifully described in her much admired work, "Divinely Led." March 9, 1861, Miss Faunt Le Roy was united in marriage to Rev. James Runcie, D.D.,

a most devout Christian minister, whose useful labors in the Protestant Episcopal Church at Madison, Indiana, continued from 1861 to 1871, when he accepted a call to St. Joseph, Missouri, where they have resided ever since. They have a family of two daughters and two sons.

A list of the more important contributions to literature from the pen of Mrs. Runcie comprises "Divinely Led," "Poems, Dramatic and Lyric," "Woman's Work," "Felix Mendelssohn," "Children's Stories and Fables," and several songs set to music. Mrs. Runcie has also written choruses for a small orchestra, and a concerto for the violin. As a performer upon the piano Mrs. Runcie has few superiors.

R. O.

TWO GIFTS.

POETRY AND SONG.

A STAR came falling from the sky,
I caught the lovely thing;
It was a song sent from on high,
Flashed from an angel's wing.
From one of heaven's golden harps
This little song came straying;
It stole into my very heart,
As if I had been praying.
Who sang it first, I do not know,
Nor how it lost its way;
I only caught it to my heart,
And whispered to it, "Stay."

A dainty floweret at my feet,
From out the ground came peeping,
Within the snow-white chaliced cup,
A Poem lay there sleeping.
'Twas sent to me from Mother Earth,
By these most lovely hands;
I caught it to my heart of hearts,
And heard its sweet demands.
Who wrote it first, I do not know,
Nor how it lost its way;
I found it in the flower's heart,
And whispered to it, "Stay."

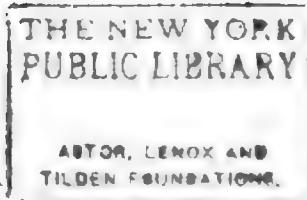
No longer mine alone are these,
This flower and this song,
I give them as they came to me,
To you they may belong.
I only listened with my soul,
I only loved them well,
And plucked the flower as it grew,
And saw the star that fell.
Who sang—who wrote—I do not know,
Nor how they lost their way;
I only caught them to my heart,
And whispered to them, "Stay."

YOU AND I.

FRIEND! when you felt the baleful ecstasy of power
To make me feel,
Why took you then my heart, to use it as a stone
To sharpen steel?
You saw I was much moved at all you felt and said,
And ever since
It is with no fine sparing hand you wield the knife,
And see me wince
Beneath the glittering blade. Is this noble in you?
Is this a friend?
To be so stern, so hard; to take a fault that's mine,
And not defend,
But strip my woman's pride, which is a bridal veil,
Unpitying take
My sin and bear it quivering 'neath your ruthless eyes,
And coldly make
Me say "'T is mine." To you I would not, if I could,
Ungentle be.
Your fault I'd take, and fathoms deep would hide it
From the world and me!

PROUD ANGUISH.

TAKE away your hand
From my life,
Turn aside! and so—
Come no more!
You may go, and leave me
To hide
The heart you have bruised
To the core.
Take from me the sweet
Cruel eyes,
Take also the touch
That can thrill.
Go!—leave me my life,
Only leave me,
Before the whole woman
You kill.
You dared to look into
Too closely
The innermost shrine
Of my soul;



You entered the "Holy of Holies"
 Not wearing the High-priestly stole.
 You felt not some places Are sacred.
 Your shoes you still kept On your feet,
 While Moses came walking Unsanded,
 The burning-unburned Bush to meet.
 But you! you trod On my heart;
 Your hands were rough And were bold,
 You gave me the dross Of your nature,
 While I gave you nothing But gold.
 Pass on! only leave me To silence,
 That I may recover My breath,
 Awhile——ere I go to My grave,
 Forgiving you only In death.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

I SEND no greeting; I do not even feel
 Your name forgotten when in prayer I kneel.
 You came into my life and passed away,
 A troubled dream which flies before the day.

You asked too much.

There comes, at last, an end
 Of what one ought to suffer for a friend.
 It then becomes ignoble—self-abase,—
 Not sacrifice—pure—holy—full of grace.

I suffered much where now I cannot feel;
 I do not still pretend a friendly zeal
 In what you do—or are—or where you go;
 A calm indifference is all I know.

I am not angry even, nor doth there burn
 Resentment in my heart!—No!

You must learn
 How wholly I forgive and can forget.
 The sun, upon two friends,
Hath simply set.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

M R. CHENEY was born December 29, 1848, and what advantage consists in being born right he took at the start; seizing a double inheritance of emotional poetic faculty from his father, Simeon Pease Cheney, writer of the peculiar "Bird Music" in current numbers of the *Century Magazine*, and the instinct of common sense with a tendency to meditation from his mother. The blood is composite in the three antecedent generations, gathering Yankee, German, Swiss, Scotch, English and a Celtic strain. It is well enough to add, anthropometry having somewhat to do with a man's intellectual accomplishment, that Mr. Cheney's measurements are ample and, despite severe working habits and in former years bad health, he is still a formidable blending of rubber and steel. His mother's sister Miss Janet Vance, took an early interest in the boy, and, being a woman of exceptional and in many respects extraordinary powers, her influence was wise and stimulative, resembling the nurturing Emerson received from his gifted aunt. The lad's environment was not less fortunate than his ancestry. The landscapes of the Genesee Valley, New York, are justly celebrated for their fine, quiet beauty, and in one of the most reposeful of them still endures the old Vance homestead, to-day a family possession. Amid these "moreland greens" and the Dorset (Vermont) hills, whither the family returned soon after the child's birth, he was reared, obtaining his earliest tuition at the district school, and his farther education at Burr and Burton Seminary in Manchester, Vt., and at Temple Hill Academy, Geneseo, N. Y., graduating, valedictorian, at the age of seventeen. Of that institution he was soon chosen assistant principal. His teaching at an end, he had not the money to go to college, and, choosing the alternative of a law-office, he entered one at Woodstock, Vt., where he remained three years, and followed them with another year's legal instruction in Haverhill, Mass., when he was admitted to the bar of Massachusetts. He then went to the city of New York, and, after a term of preparation, was also admitted to the bar of New York. He forthwith began practice in that city. In a solitary way he had been singing at his work during these years; and it was probably quite as much this passion as any professional ambition that directed his steps to the great city. At this time Dr. J. G. Holland, who was conducting *Scribner's Magazine*, saw some of the young man's verses, was pleased with them and encouraged him to publish a few short poems in that periodical. This, as Mr. Cheney expresses it, was the commencement of his literary life. Ill health now forced him to the Pacific Coast, where he has since lived, the practice

of his profession never having been resumed.

His published work, exclusive of magazine writing, consists of three volumes, "The Old Doctor" (1881); "Thistle-Drift" (1887); "Wood Blooms" (1888). Excepting a few essays, "The Old Doctor" is the only prose Mr. Cheney has written. Indeed, prose is a form of expression which he has deferred to later days; but his papers on Hawthorne, Browning, Arnold, Beethoven and poetry and music in general are preferred by many of his friends. He holds the true touchstones by which to recognize quality, and his essays are always characterized by candor, achromatic seeing and discriminative appreciation. His severe standards and firm tenets are carried over temperamentally into his poetry—an art which he regards with a seriousness, approaching reverence, knowing its laws of which there is no wilful infraction in either of his two volumes.

While Mr. Cheney is without the exaggeration of idiosyncrasy and the complete self-submission which are characteristics of genius, he possesses other of its marks as surprise and spontaneity. His verses are not of the kind to be had for the trouble of going after them. They are far enough from the flippant classification, for instance, of "a cameo." Cameos are whittled out. Mr. Cheney's stanzas come.

He is an industrious man, faithful by day at his librarian's desk in the Free Library of San Francisco, and at night in his own study or perhaps assisting with his delightful improvisations the musical evenings occasionally given by his wife. He was married in 1876, to Miss Perkins, handsome and brilliant, just returned from six years in Europe, a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Stuttgart. His estimate of her taste is such that he never publishes lines from which her approval is withheld.

C. J. W.

WHAT THE MUSE IS LIKE.

LIKE the love-bringing wind when it goes
To the deep-crimson heart of the rose,
Like the beauty that, languishing, lies
In the arms of the day when he dies,
Like mist at the morning's feet,
Distant music, transcendently sweet,—
Like these is the muse, but warier far,
And hers the uncertainest lovers that are.

THE SKILFUL LISTENER.

THE skilful listener, methinks, may hear
The grass blades clash in sunny field together,
The roses kissing, and the lily, whether

It laugh or sigh low in the summer's ear,
The jewel dew-bells of the mead ring clear
When morning's nearing in the sweet June
weather,

The flocked hours winging, feather unto feather.
The last leaf wail at wanng of the year.
Methinks, from these we catch a passing song,
(The best of verities, perhaps, but seem)
Hearing, forsooth, shy Nature, on her round,
When least she imagines it: birds, wood, and
stream

Not only, but her silences profound,
Surprised by softer footfall of our dream.

THE STRONG.

DOST deem him weak who owns his strength is
tried?

Nay, we may safest lean on him that grieves:
The pine has immemorially sighed,
The enduring poplars are the trembling leaves.

To feel, and bow the head, is not to fear,
To cheat with jest—that is the coward's art.
Beware the laugh that battles back the tear,
He's false to all that's traitor to his heart.

He of great deeds does grope amid the throng
Like him whose steps toward Dagon's temple
bore;
There's ever something sad about the strong—
A look, a moan, like that on ocean's shore.

THE BLACK DAWN.

THERE was crying by night, and the winds were
loud,

Worn women were working a burial shroud:
"She is gone," they said; "ay," they said, "she
is gone!"
And the night winds moaned, and the hours went
on.
But the morrow dawned clear, and the world
shone bright,
No trace was there left of the dreadful night:
"Nay!" cried the lover, "the sun is long gone!
How the night winds sigh! Do the hours move
on?"

WHITHER?

WHITHER leads this pathway, little one?—
Good sir, I think it runs just on and on.

Whither leads this pathway, maiden fair?—
That path to town, sir; to the village square.

Whither leads this pathway, father old?—
Where but to yonder marbles white and cold!

THE WAY OF LIFE.

The warrior frowned and pressed his temples gray;
“Enough,” he cried, “away with love—away!”
A boy from play by fondest kiss beguiled,
“Mother, I’ll love thee ever!” spake the child.
A maiden gazed into the night sky wide,
“O I will love him when he comes!” she sighed.
The three moved on along the way of life;
A fair face lured the soldier from his strife,
Upon a tomb was carved the sweet child’s name,
The lover to the maiden never came.

HE THAT HEARS THE VOICE.

THrice blest is he that hears the voice
Above belittling strife—
The rolling psalm as they rejoice,
Th’ exultant Sons of Life.

He does not doubt; he seeth clear,
And walketh in his trust:
With neither faltering nor fear,
He meeteth what he must.

To him sorrow is sweet as mirth,
And toil is one with rest;
The death groan is the cry at birth,
The grave the mother breast.

Through veil of darkness wasted thin,
To him the vision comes:
He sees them that pass out and in
The high, immortal homes.

GREAT IS TO-DAY.

OUT on a world that’s gone to weed!
The great tall corn is still strong in his seed;
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your
toil,
The heart is still young in the mother soil:
There’s sunshine and bird-song, and red and
white clover,
And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light’s white as ever, sow and believe;
Clearer dew did not glisten round Adam and Eve,
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of
God:

There’s a sun to go down, to come up again,
There are new moons to fill when the old moons
wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato’s no more,
Who’ll that babe be, in yon cottage door?
While your Shakespeare, your Milton, takes his
place in the tomb
His brother is stirring in the good mother-womb:
There’s glancing of daisies and running of brooks,
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world’s not all wisdom, nor poems, nor
flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four
hours,
The same light, the same night. For your Jacobs,
no tears;
They see the Rachels at the end of the years:
There’s waving of wheat, and the tall strong
corn,
And his heart blood is water that sitteth forlorn.

THE OLD FARM BARN.

THE maples look down with bright eyes in their
leaves,
The clear drops drip from the swallow-built eaves,
The chickens find shelter, the cisterns fill;
There’s a busier whirr from the wheels of the
mill,
The pond is all dimples from shore to shore,
And the miller smiles back from his place in the
door;
Slow mists from the mountains come drifting
down,
The houses show fainter afar in the town,
The gust sweeps up, dies away again,
Then, loud and fast, the rap-tap of the rain;
For all yonder sun ‘tis my heart’s rainy day
In the old farm barn, with the children at play.

The oxen chew slowly, with sleepy eyes,
The huddling sheep shrink to half their size,
The dazed calves stare at the dingy wall,
Old Nancy looks soberly out from her stall,
Tiger Puss crouches close to the mouse’s hole,
Cesar knaws boldly a bone that he stole—

Over all, the roof and the dance of the rain.
Not a sorrowing thought, not a touch of pain;
The old farm barn is so dusk and still
The spiders sleep on the window sill:
'Tis the hush, the drowse of the rainy day,
And I'm leaping again from the beam to the hay.

Up, chunky George of the woodchuck race!
Hist, withy Ben, with the chipmunk face!
This way, broad Bill, with the trousers wide!
Come, stumbling Tom, with the big toe tied!—
The scramble is made up the shaky stairs,
Hatless and breathless, we stand in pairs;
Bawling Bob gives the word, and down we go
From the cobwebbed beam to the bay below.
The sport is forbidden, hence double the zest;
More risks than the damage to breeches or vest:
Aha! he's no coward gets sprout, to-day,
For bliss of the leap from the beam to the hay!

Oh, the way of the world, its worry and strife—
The wrestle, the battle, that men call "life"!
On us all, at times, may the noon sun shine,
It may warm to your heart, may warm to mine,
But the joy long gone, though never so small,
Compared with joys present, is worth them all.
The future we know not, but safe is the past,
And the first we loved we love to the last;
The dearer gifts, the longer we live,
Are the quiet joys our memories give:
Ay, back, my heart, to the rainy day—
To the old farm barn and the children at play.

MODERN PROGRESS.

A FEW TECHES ON'T, BY AN OLD FOGLY.

WE'RE livin', now, in most trimendious times,
Too wondersome for plain straight-furrid rhymes,
But, I confess, my poor old foggy brain—
It would jest like to ketch a glimpse, again,
Of some things they have whisked clean out of
ken,
U'psettin' Natur' and my feller men.
The good old world, I s'pose, is still a ball,
And keeps a-rollin'; 'pon my word, that's all
Remains o' t' nat'r'al. Once upon a time
'Twas suthin' of a trip from clime to clime;
But any ninny, now, can stand right here
And holler business in a Hindoo's ear.
With ingines, snapagraphs and howlephones
A-muddlin' up the very poles and zones!
Good Lord, is this still Adam's fallen race
So cool annihilatin' time and space,
A-drivin' of the coursers o' the air

As sainted granther did his sorrel mare!
But I would let old mother Natur' go
If they would leave the folks I used to know.
Why, them nussed at the breast of my nativ'
lan',
Half on 'em talks sost I can't understan':
While them fresh critters from a furrin shore,
They'd scared the geese at our old homestead
door.
Now take, for inst', them rattin' almond-eyed—
I thought that sich lived clean on t' other side:
Bless ye, there ain't no t' other side, to-day,
Jess like's not Boston's sot on Bottany Bay.
The times is thunderin' wonderful, I know—
This ere a mixin' up creation so;
But, by my bones! I'd like once more t' enjoy
Them blessin's I was riz to from a boy.
I'd like the reg'lar old religeon back,
Which said we jest must walk the narrer track,
And there an end on't: now, where we're to go
(Maybe some folks are smarter) I don' know.
My Bible might as well be on the shelf;
They've found the world jest up and made itself,
And Christians, even, have fixed the Good Book
over
Until there's leetle left on't but the cover.
No, faith, I'll keep the track my fathers trod,
For all their Sheols and their Nothin'-God.
Great times, it seems, is made of rush and doubt,
But where the great comes in, I hain't found out.
If Natur's done for and religeon, too,
Pray leave me suthin' a-ruther 't won't slump
thro'
Leave, say, a man will find spare time to sit
Him down in his right mind, and chat a bit;
A plain, old-fashioned, homespun, mortal man,
Who allers takes it easy when he can.
Leave me a woman tendin' her own child,
A-lookin' liked they used to when they smiled,
Not makin' on it; leave a good cart-load
Of children which is children till they're growed;
Give me some gals, once more, can mind a
kitchen,
And tend to suthin' else besides bewitchin';
Some wimmen-folks whose art ain't quite so high
They're clamberin' up, a frescoin' the sky;
Leave boys not all base-ball, or else afloat
In tooth-pick of a college racin'-boat—
Some square-backed boys with heads on, not
them cranes
From York, with a teaspoonful of bran for
brains;
Leave me a story-book, 'for I begin it
I know for sure that there's a story in it,
And let me get at least a quarter through one

Before the seller comes out with a new one;
 And I'd enjoy, once more, a poet's flutin'
 That warn't all zigzag, friskin', hisalutin'.
 Leave papers with some readin'-matter in
 Betwixt the murders and patent medercin'.
 A room I dare set down in if a-faintin',
 Some dinner-plates for puddin'—not for paintin';
 A doctor not so swamped in his M. D.
 His stuff ain't wuth a pinch of raspberry tea.
 And let me mention, lest I be forgettin',
 Leave me at least one good old hen for settin';
 Them han'-made hens may hatch, but, for all
 weathers,
 I'll stick to an old spreckled hen with feathers.
 Well, this will do; with these I'll get along
 The few days left. If I have spoke too strong,
 This mighty age—it must be mighty kind,
 And parding me for freein' of my mind.

NATURE.

The heart that has grown old
 With Nature, cannot, happy, leave her long.
 —*Grown Old with Nature.*

AUTUMN.

That blue solicitude of sky
 Bent over beauty doomed to die,
 Ere long will, pitying, witness here,
 The yielded glory of the year.
 —*The Beeches Brighten Early May.*

CHANGE.

I've seen the sun on the hill top, there,
 Shine all as bright in a harlot's hair;
 I've known no midnight black as the morn
 An innocent babe to earth was born.
 —*I've Seen the Sun on the Hill Top, There.*

MEMORY.

Would you Love's fairest daughter see?
 Yonder she is—sweet Memory:
 A statue of unconscious grace,
 She stands with bowed, averted face.
 —*Memory.*

SORROW.

Believe, believe
 It is a blessed thing to grieve;
 Knowledge and pleasure dwell apart,
 Wisdom mates with the broken heart.
 Only the eyes cleansed oft with tears
 Perceive the meaning of the years:
 Unto the sight thus purified,
 The gates of mystery open wide;
 And patient watching makes to know
 This life and that to which we go.
 —*The Use of Sorrow.*

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL was born in New York City, August 2, 1855. His parents moved to Lynn, Mass., when he was eight years old, and his early education was obtained in the public and private schools of that city. Upon leaving school he entered a store in Boston, remaining there about a year. After that, on the death of his father, he was clerk for an uncle in Lynn, and later was a clerk in the State Aid Commissioner's department, Boston. Mercantile life always appeared irksome to him. His literary tastes began to develop, and he occupied a part of his time in giving readings in a number of cities and towns in New England. He afterwards began to publish his writings, mostly poems, his first prose work of any importance, a serial story, entitled "King Cophetua's Wife," appearing in the *Overland Monthly* in 1882. His early poems appeared in the *Transcript*, *Pilot*, *Cottage Hearth*, and other Boston papers and magazines. *Scribner's Magazine* published his "Forgotten" about 1875.

His mother was Harriet M. Bensel, of whom "Margery Deane" wrote, "Physical pain she knew to that degree that half her days were days of agony, yet she always smiled. Sorrows of every kind touched her, yet her voice never lost its cheery ring. Burdens she carried that the bravest man might well shrink from. Though well and widely connected, her sphere was very limited; yet every hour of her life she was a heroine." It was of such a mother that her son wrote his poems, "She and I," and "My Ghost."

Speaking of Mr. Bensel's poetry, his friend Oscar Fay Adams wrote at the time of his death, February 2, 1886, "Mr. Bensel has died with his work uncompleted. In a little more than a week after his first volume of poems was published, "In the King's Garden and Other Poems," and before he could learn of its favorable reception from all lovers of literary excellence, he was beyond the reach of either praise or blame. He has left behind him only a broken fragment of what he might have done had he been spared to work out the promptings of his genius and the tendencies of which he gave such marked indications. Mr. Bensel was a poet; he had earned that distinction and no critic would dare question his possession of an artistic poetic temperament capable of producing work that would live in American letters. He had, too, the limitations of a poetic nature—the love of recognition, a hunger for fame, and, perhaps, an undue querulousness toward those who did not accord him the full measure of credit which he felt his work deserved. All his work has been produced under the most unfavorable circumstances and

the most depressing influences. Such being the case we cannot wonder at the pervasive melancholy and sombre seriousness of many of his productions. His life was a re-iteration of the old story of the battle of the true artist with an unsympathetic world. He did not live to gain the triumph which is always sure to come, and the recognition that lingers but is finally given with gladness."

H. P. C.

MY GHOST.

ABOUT this little room of mine
How many wondrous phantoms glide,
Each showing some familiar line,
Faint, vapory marvels floating wide.
And one I love and bless, whose pride
Smiles on me from her tender eyes
When here she stands my chair beside,
The fair sweet ghost who never dies.

She waits not for the sunlight fine
But comes when shadows 'round me stride,
The diamonds on her fingers shine,
And o'er them just such rainbows slide
As those for which, a child, I cried,—
Yea, e'en as now my spirit cries
To have with me forever bide
The fair sweet ghost who never dies.

I wonder at her face divine,
Although divine before she died
And left her wraith to be a sign
That even Death cannot divide
My path from hers, my saintly guide.
And so above all earth I prize
This which I claim whate'er betide,
The fair sweet ghost who never dies.

ENVY.

Friends—all our hearts by pain are tried,
But hearts and eyes are blessed and wise
When nothing comes between to hide
The fair sweet ghost who never dies.

A CHILD'S FACE.

THE sorrowful face of a little child,
It haunts me day and night,
With its purple circles beneath the eyes,
And features pinched and white.

Ah! how many centuries' burdens fill
The breast of that one child?
What tempests of passion have spent themselves
In fury fierce and wild,

On strange, sad lives that have gone before,
To give that little face
The settled grief and care-worn look,
That unknown sorrows' trace?

O child, I would—could I have my will—
Close fast those yearning eyes,
And fold the thin hands like a cross;
The mouth that looks too wise—

Its nervous and trembling pallid lips,
I'd seal them with a kiss,
And send your sweet soul happily on
To a fairer land than this.

O the saddened face of that little child!
It haunts me all the day,
And I would that God might take to-night
That little child away.

TWO.

He loved two women; one whose soul was clean
As any lily growing on its stalk;
And one with glowing eyes and sensuous mien,
Who fired him with her beauty and her talk.

The pure one loved him to the day he died,
But when he died his dearest friend she wed.
The wanton from the wild world drew aside,
And no man saw her face till she was dead.

QUESTIONINGS.

WHERE waits the woman I shall one day claim
The right to call my own, the one whom I
Shall love with that great love which, till I die,
Will feed my heart with its enduring flame?
For I, who have known many women, blame
The Fate which has not given me to lie
Prostrate with love that should be grand and
high,

A fact, a conscious truth, and no mere name.
And where is growing, too, the laurel bough
That all my life long I have felt was mine?
And where is the content my soul has said
Should one day come to it? And when and how,
And why and what? Who plants the seedling
fine

Whose blossom I shall hold when I am dead?
O foolish questions! O unwise unrest!
Who answers me? I only have to go,
Day after day, along my way, and know
That all things come in turn, as it is best:

To simply live is simply to be blest;
 And doubtless he is like to overthrow
 His builded hopes who strives to peer below
 The dim foundations, which, were all confest,
 Rise only upon vain imaginings.
 Or, haply, on some whisper of his Fate,
 Half-heard in some strange silence. Let
 all be
 As it shall come: nor let bright Fancy's wings
 Your fond desires so foolishly elate
 That what shall come shall come too
 suddenly.

GOLDEN-ROD AND ASTERS.

SOME gaudy prince has stayed here over-night:
 For look, the road-side gleams in splendor bright
 With gold-embroidered plumes that decked his
 train,
 While stars of purple amethyst, like rain,
 Have fallen from his robes.

Mayhap he grew
 Weary of rioting, and straightway threw
 His gorgeousness away; then, smiling, went
 Clad in humility and sweet content,
 With tender lips and eyes, and open palms,
 To ask for and, receiving, to give alms;
 While the rich garments that he laid aside—
 Symbols of earthly glory and of pride—
 The mighty grace of some strange sylvan god
 Has changed to asters and to golden-rod.

SHE AND I.

AND I said, "She is dead, I could not brook
 Again on that marvellous face to look."
 But they took my hand and they led me in,
 And left me alone with my nearest kin.
 Once again alone in that silent place,
 My beautiful dead and I, face to face.
 And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
 But I stood and with love I looked on her.
 With love, and with rapture, and strange surprise
 I looked on the lips and the close-shut eyes;
 On the perfect rest and the calm content
 And the happiness in her features blent,
 And the thin white hands that had wrought so
 much,
 Now nerveless to kisses or fevered touch.
 My beautiful dead who had known the strife,
 The pain, and the sorrow that we call Life.
 Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
 Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss.
 And the smile that sweetened her lips alway

Lay light on her Heaven-closed mouth that day.
 I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
 And I wept, but I could not think her dead.
 I felt, with a wonder too deep for speech,
 She could tell what only the angels teach.
 And down over her mouth I leaned my ear,
 Lest there might be something I should not hear.
 Then out from the silence between us stole
 A message that reached to my inmost soul.
 "Why weep you to-day who have wept before?
 That the road was rough I must journey o'er?
 Why mourn that my lips can answer you not
 When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?
 Behold, all my life I have longed for rest,—
 Yea, e'en when I held you upon my breast.
 And now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
 Instead of rejoicing you sigh and weep.
 My dearest, I know that you would not break—
 If you could—my slumber and have me wake.
 For though life was full of the things that bless,
 I have never till now known happiness."
 Then I dried my tears, and with lifted head
 I left my mother, my beautiful dead.

IN THE RAIN.

THE black clouds roll across the sun,
 Their shadows darken all the grass:
 The songs the sweet birds sang are done,
 And on wide wings the minstrels pass.

There comes a sudden sheet of rain
 That beats the tender field-flowers down,
 And in the narrow fragrant lane
 The white road turns a muddy brown.

And then the clouds roll slowly back,
 The sun again shines fierce and hot,
 The cows come down the sodden track
 And munch the wet grass in the lot.

The flowers their moistened faces raise,
 The wet leaves in the sunbeams gleam,
 The birds, refreshed, resume their lays,
 The children paddle in the stream.

How like to life such days as this!
 The brightness and the storm of tears;
 So much to gain, so much to miss,
 The sudden overflow of fears.

Yet though the song is hushed awhile,
 We know 'twill break forth by-and-by,
 We know behind the clouds the smile
 Of radiant glory still doth lie.

Oh, let the sudden storm beat low
Our tenderest blossoms as it may!
And let our sweetest song-birds go,
They will return some other day.

We shall forget the sheeted rain
And all that looks so dark and drear,
Just as we have forgot the pain
That seemed so hard to us last year.

SYMPATHY.

IN sorrow once there came to me
Two friends to proffer sympathy.
One pressed warm, dewy lips on mine,
And quoted from the word divine:
Wiped the hot tear-drops from my eye
And gave my sore heart sigh for sigh;
Told me of pain he had outgrown—
Pain that was equal to my own,
And left me with a tender touch
That should have comforted me much.
But still my sorrow was no less
For all his loving graciousness.
The other only pressed my hand;
Within his eyes the tears did stand.
He said no word, but laid a rare
Bunch of sweet flowers beside my chair;
And closely held my hand the while
He cheered my sad gloom with his smile.
And ere he went he sang a song
That I had known and loved for long.
And then he clasped my hand again
With the same look that shares a pain.
So when he went I laid my head
Down, and was glad and comforted.
What was the difference, can you tell?
I loved my friends, alike and well;
I loved them both alike, and yet
The one's warm kiss I could forget,
The other's hand-clasp I could feel
For hours through all my being steal.
Each shared my sorrow yet to me
One brought but love, one sympathy.

PENITENCE.

To be penitent
For sin is not enough; the heart must link
With penitence its own triumphal song.

—*My Birthdays.*

SIN.

For sin can never be hid so deep
It shall not out from its cover creep,
And ghosts in our hearts do never sleep.

—*A Marblehead Legend.*

SONG.

Yet burdens are so heavy, and they eat
So oft into the very heart of things
And take the life out. Even the mighty wings
Of song will droop beneath the burning heat
And struggles of the day.

—*My Birthdays.*

SUMMER.

The daisies nodded in the grass, the buttercups
were sleeping,
And just across the river sang the farmers at their
reaping;
Upon the hills, so blue and far, the maple-leaves
were showing
Their pallid beauty in the breeze that from the sea
was blowing.
A little maid came through the land with song and
rippling laughter;
The buttercups made way for her, the daisies
nodded after.

—*A Rhyme of Summer*

LOVE.

To meet thee? Why, to meet thee is to draw
Long inward breaths of something more akin
To that great strength of strengths my soul
would win
Than I have known—to learn to love the law
That governs loving. Faith! I never saw
Thy face but that I read therein
How much I love thee, and it were a sin
To stifle love that has no fleck nor flaw.

—*Of Love.*

LIFE.

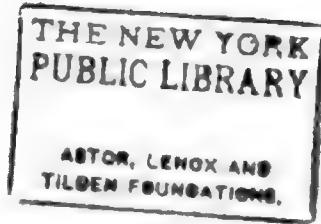
How can we say one man has lived in vain?
Nay! every soul that panteth into life
Is wonderful, because it hath had strife
With the great Death, and conquered, and shall
reign
Somewhere eternally, and throbs of pain
Have purified it.

—*Sonnet.*

MEMORY.

Then blame me not, because for him who lies
Beneath the snow I have no grieving tear;
While for my friend who looks on foreign skies
I wait and long. The dead one is so wise
He knows how passing dear
He was to me; and he who lives can feel
My love about him, though we should not speak
Each unto each for years. One has the weal
Of death; the other bears the binding seal
Of life—and life is weak!

—*Remembered.*



INA D. COOLBRITH.

IN the rosy retrospect, the writer of these lines sees a cosy interior, in a quiet house, on a hill in San Francisco. There was always a kind of twilight in that place, and a faint odor of fresh violets, and an atmosphere of peace. It was a poet's corner in a city which was more poetical then than it now is, and far more poetical than it will ever be again. There were little Parian busts on the mantel, delicate pictures upon the wall, rich volumes with autograph inscriptions everywhere; through the curtained window one saw a marble Cupid wrestling with a marble swan in a shower of sparkling spray—but this was in the garden opposite. If the lawn was limited on the hither side of the street, the exquisite atmosphere of the small salon—it was a *salon* in the best sense of the word—was most attractive. Here Bret Harte chatted with the hostess over the table of contents of the forthcoming *Overland Monthly*; here the genial "John Paul," Charles Henry Webb, discussed the prospects of his *Californian*; and here Joaquin Miller, fresh from the glorious fields of Oregon, his earnest eyes fixed upon London in dreaming of future fame, met the gracious lady who was the pearl of all her tribe.

Ina D. Coolbrith, although a native of Illinois, and of New England parentage, passed her childhood and early youth in Los Angeles, California, when that old Spanish settlement was worthy of the name. She might easily have been mistaken for a daughter of Spain; the dark eyes, the luxuriant dark hair, the pure olive skin flushed with the ripe glow of the pomegranates; even the rich contralto voice, the mellifluous tongue and the well-worn guitar were hers—everything, in fact, save only the stiletto and the cigarette. Those were halcyon days: she was singing her full-throated songs—perhaps too often touched with a gentle melancholy, but this also is Spanish and semi-tropical—and the world was listening to catch the far-off strain from California. She was a constant contributor to the *Overland Monthly*, and she frequently appeared in the *Californian*, the *Galaxy*, *Harper's*, and other leading periodicals. Her muse was speedily and cordially recognized in the best quarters, and, in later years, when on a flying visit to the Atlantic sea-board, Whittier, and many another master-singer, welcomed her fraternally—paternally, I should say in some cases.

In 1881 a collection of her poems, written with but a few exceptions previous to the year 1876, was published in a small volume under the title of "A Perfect Day," that perfect poem very properly lending its name to the collection. This, which would seem to have been the auspicious

opening of a brilliant career, full of the promise of prosperity, was, under the irresistible force of circumstances, an apparently eternal farewell to the world of song,—for the singer, who has no superior among the female poets of her own land, and scarcely an equal, has almost ceased to sing! In 1874, circumstances had compelled her to accept the office of librarian in the Free Library of Oakland, Cal. She has been there ever since; she may be forced to remain there unto the end. Her life has been a rare example of unceasing and heroic self-sacrifice for the sake of those who have been dependent upon her. Death robbed her, in 1876, of an idolized mother, and now she goes daily to the tread-mill of duty and endures her fate almost in solitude. Is it any wonder that a heart so oppressed should find it difficult to sing?

Her poems are singularly sympathetic; I know of none more palpably spontaneous. The minor key predominates; but there are a few lark-like carols suffused with the "unpremeditated joy" of heavenly inspiration.

C. W. S.

A PERFECT DAY.

I WILL be glad to-day: the sun
Smiles all adown the land;
The lilies lean along the way;
Serene on either hand,
The full-blown roses, red and white,
In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods
Forgets, nor longer grieves;
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,
And ripples the ripe sheaves;
High overhead some happy bird
Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, and bees;
A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
From some far pasture-mound;
The crickets in the warm, green grass
Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,
Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing cloud;
The sea looks up as fair—
So bright a picture on its breast
As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter—nay,
Too glad for happy tears!

The fair earth seems as in a dream
Of immemorial years;
Perhaps of that far morn when she
Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds to-day
Some sacred Sabbath feast:
It may be that some patient soul
Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake He smiles on us,
And all the day is blest.

IN BLOSSOM TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds—
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair—
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That th' lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue:
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

BESIDE THE DEAD.

It must be sweet, O thou, my dead, to lie
With hands that folded are from every task;
Sealed with the seal of the great mystery—
The lips that nothing answer, nothing ask.
The life-long struggle ended; ended quite
The weariness of patience, and of pain;
And the eyes closed to open not again
On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.
It must be sweet to slumber and forget;
To have the poor tired heart so still at last:

Done with all yearning, done with all regret,
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all forever past:
Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet—
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet!

WHO KNOWETH?

WHO knoweth the hope that was born to me,
When the spring-time came with its greener,
With orchard blossoming, fair to see,
With drone of beetle, and buzz of bee,
And robin a trill on his apple-tree,
Cheerily, cheerily!

Who knoweth the hope that was dead—ah me!
That was dead—and never again to be,
When the winter came, all dismally,
With desolate rain on desolate sea;
With cold snow-blossoms for wood and lea,
And the wind a-moan in the apple-tree,
Drearly, drearily!

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

A LARK's song dropped from heaven,
A rose's breath at noon;
A still, sweet stream that flows and flows
Beneath a still, sweet moon:

A little way-side flower
Plucked from the grasses, thus!
A sound, a breath, a glance—and yet
What is't they bring to us?

For the world grows far too wise,
And wisdom is but grief:
Much thought makes but a weary way,
And question, unbelief.

Thank God for the bird's song,
And for the flower's breath!
Thank God for any voice to wake
The old sweet hymn of faith!

For a world grown all too wise,
(Or is't not wise enough?)
Thank God for anything that makes
The path less dark and rough!

EVENING.

This is the utter blight;
The sorrow infinite
Of earth; the closing wave
The parting, and the grave.

—Evening.

SOLITUDE.

Was it the sigh and shiver of the leaves?
Was it the murmur of the meadow brook,
That in and out the reeds and water-weeds
Slipped silvery, and on their tremulous keys
Uttered her many melodies? Or voice
Of the far sea, red with the sunset gold,
That sang within her shining shores, and sang
Within the Gate, that in the sunset shone
A gate of fire against the outer world?

—*California.*

SORROW.

To the weary in life's wildernesses
The soul of the singer belongs:
Small need, in your green, sunny places,
Glad dwellers, have you of my songs.
For you the blithe birds of the meadow
Trill silvery sweet, every one
But I can not sit in the shadow
Forever, and sing of the sun.

—*Marah.*

SLEEP.

Shut close the wearied eyes, O Sleep!
So close no dreams may come between,
Of all the sorrows they have seen;
Too long, too sad, their watch hath been.
Be faithful, Sleep!
Lest they should wake—remembering;
Lest they should wake, and waking weep,
O Sleep, sweet Sleep!

—*At Peace.*

MEADOW-LARKS.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and
pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O life so glad,
so fleet!
Ah! he who lives the noblest life finds life the
noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters
sweet.

—*Meadow-Larks.*

LONGING.

O foolish wisdom sought in books!
O aimless fret of household tasks!
O chains that bind the hand and mind—
A fuller life my spirit asks!

—*Longing.*

AUTUMN.

For lo, my heart is numb;
For lo, my heart is dumb,
Is silent till the birds and blossoms come!
A flower, that lieth cold
Under the wintry mold,
Waiting the warm spring-breathing to unfold.

—*In Time of Falling Leaves.*

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE was born in a little country place, near Baltimore, over five and twenty years ago, of French and German parents, with a smattering of hardy Welch thrown in on her father's side. Her parents moved to Pittsburgh, when she was a child, but only lived there six months, when they transferred their household goods to Baltimore, where they have been ever since. Miss Reese learned to read when she was five years old. At seven, she devoured everything in the way of mental food, histories, essays, novels, poems, dry old religious biographies, and the Bible. At eight, she made the acquaintance of Dickens, and though she appreciated his genius fully as much as anyone does, with whom he is not the favorite of favorites, she loves Thackeray and Hawthorne above all prose writers of the century. Her most distinguished characteristic is straightforwardness. She would rather meet an enemy than write to one, if she had one, but she is too gentle to ever acquire that most desirable of things. She has a horror of a lie in any form. Her sympathies are broad. She has a passion for books, flowers, music, pictures, perfumes, and, chiefest of all, poetry. Her love of nature is as profound as it is reverential. Her favorite poets are the old English ones, and among them, I think, she loves Herrick best. Her first book of poems, "A Branch of May," was published two years ago, and it received noteworthy notices,—Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman, and Col. Higginson being particularly favorable. Her first poem was published when she was seventeen. For four or five years after, she only wrote from two to three poems a year. She is to-day a "slow" worker, as she herself says. Many of her lines are unforgettable; they enter the chambers of one's brain, and they will not out, but sing themselves over and over again.

Miss Reese is very slender, of medium height, with golden hair, true blue eyes, and delicate features. She's a breathing cameo, as sensitive as an *Aeolian* harp, and as finely strung.

J. E. M.

BETRAYED.

SHE is false, O Death, she is fair!
Let me hide my head on thy knee;
Blind mine eyes, dull mine ears, O Death!
She hath broke my heart for me!

Give me a perfect dream;
Find me a rare, dim place;
But let not her voice come nigh,
And keep out her face—her face!

THE DEATH POTION.

(In Italy, 15—.)

One drop of this, and she will not know
If she be foul or fair;

One drop, and I may bind him again
With a thread of my golden hair.

(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

I would that those folk across the street,
In old St. Simon's there,
Would hush their noise; for they sing so sweet
They make this rare drop seem less rare.
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

It is May; my plum trees five
Down in the court below
Look like five little chorister boys
Tiptoe to chant, so white they blow.
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

And a butterfly like a violet
Flits through the sun and lights on the sill
Close to my hand. Are the bees about,
Or is it the wind comes down the hill?
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

But what have I to do with the May,
Or any other weather?
Or with five white plum trees? Hate and I,
And I and Hell, be yoked together.
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

(One drop is sure to kill.) When she dies,
They will put the cross on her breast,
And get the golden candlesticks out
For her head and feet, and call her blest.
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

But she is a thief! Do ye hear me in heaven?
Her soul shall not come in
To those white souls. She is pitch, not snow.
Saint Simon, Saint Simon, is Theft not sin?
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

For he was mine, and I was his;
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)
Though we had shame, yet had we bliss.
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

I fell, but for love, love, love;
And for love, love, love, I swear!
I, for this man and my love,
Would have wiped his feet with my hair!
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

This robber came; she lay in wait;
She sprang upon him unaware;
He thinks to wed her with a ring
To-morrow in St. Simon's there.
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

One drop? And she shall have it then
In a sup of her lover's wine;
So—old things will come back again,
And I be his, and he be mine!
(Hear, Lord Jesus!)

A THOUGHT OF MAY.

All that long, mad March day, in the dull town,
I had a thought of May—alas, alas!
The dogwood boughs made whiteness up and down;
The daffodils were burning in the grass;
And there were bees astir in lane and street,
And scent of lilacs blowing tall and lush;
While hey, the wind, that pitched its voice so sweet,
It seemed an angel talked behind each bush!
The west grew very golden, roofs turned black.
I saw one star above the gables bare.
The door flew open. Love, you had come back.
I held my arms; you found the old way there.
In its old place you laid your yellow head,
And at your kiss the mad March weather fled!

DOUBT.

CREEDS grow so thick along the way,
Their boughs hide God; I cannot pray.

TRUTH.

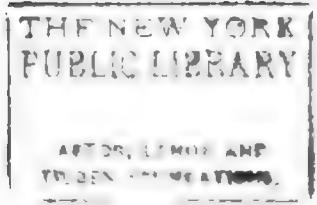
THE old faiths light their candles all about,
But burly Truth comes by, and blows them out.

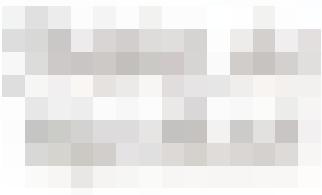
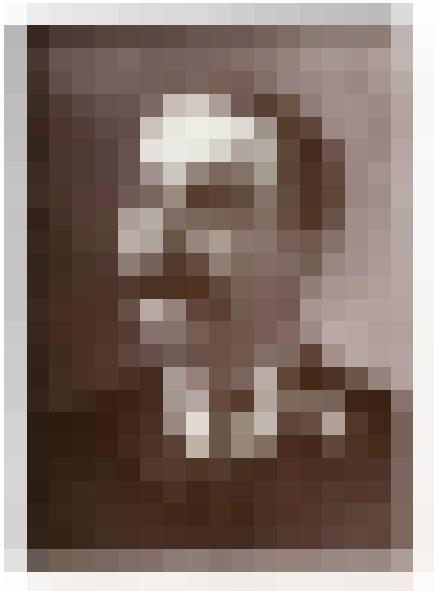
IN JUNE.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Hamlet.

WHO saw the June come? Welladay!
My neighbor's bushes, one and all,
And grew white after God's old way,
Behind the garden wall.

WHO saw the June come? Nay, not she,
My neighbor's daughter, slim and shy,
Long since she left her father's house,
Ere yet the rose was nigh.





Last year, last year, there in the sun
She stood and smiled. I did not know
Which was the whitest thing in June,
She, or that bush a-grow.

But now; ah, now; yea, now 'tis plain!
When folk be dead, how wise we be!
God's boughs were black beside her snow;
Ah, now; yea, now I see!

My neighbor's bushes blow, blow, blow,
And blow about his silent door!
Ye call that white? Nay, 'tis not so;
June has been here before.

Ye cannot mock me, blossoms sweet;
I know too well your looks of yore;
My neighbor knows (yet blow, blow, blow),
June has been here before.

KEATS.

FLUTING and singing, with young locks aflow,
This lad, forsooth, down the long years should
pass,
With scent of blooms, with daffodils arow,
Lighting their candles in the April grass.
Ah, 'tis not thus he comes to us, but sweet
With youth and sorrows! When we speak his
name,
Lo, the old house in the old foreign street,
His broken voice lamenting that his fame
(Alack, he knew not!) passing fleet would be!
He grieves us with his melancholy eyes.
Yet are all weathers sweeter for that he
Did sing. Deep in the Roman dust he lies.
How since he died the century hath sped!—
And they that mocked him, yea, they too are
dead.

AUGUST.

No wind, no bird. The river flames like brass.
On either side, smitten as with a spell
Of silence, brood the fields. In the deep grass,
Edging the dusty roads, lie as they fell
Handsful of shriveled leaves from tree and bush.
But 'long the orchard fence and at the gate,
Thrusting their saffron torches through the hush,
Wild lilies blaze, and bees hum soon and late.
Rust-colored the tall straggling brier, not one
Rose left. The spider sets its loom up there
Close to the roots, and spins out in the sun
A silken web from twig to twig. The air
Is full of hot rank scents. Upon the hill
Drifts the noon's single cloud, white, glaring, still.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

IN these days the career of the man of letters is, as a rule, not conspicuously romantic. It is by no means of necessity lacking in episode, in heroisms, in breathless perils and escapes; but these are for the most part of the nature of psychological experiences, and lose the name of action. They may, in truth, be abundantly picturesque; but (though the public seems to think otherwise) they do not greatly concern the public, except in so far as they are revealed by their outcome in poem or novel.

If I preface these brief comments on Mr. Fawcett's work by a word or two of a more personal complexion, I would not have it appear that I intend a biographical sketch. From that admirable "Handbook of American Authors," we learn that Mr. Fawcett was born in 1847, in New York. This latter point we might be inclined to infer from the way in which Mr. Fawcett knows his New York,—from within outwards. He was a writer from childhood, but little of his 'prentice work has been let live to vex his maturity. His education was under private tutors till the age of fourteen, when he entered a New York public school. At twenty he received his degree from Columbia College.

The path of letters is a path of few primroses; but his feet were set to pursue it. Mr. Fawcett's father was an English gentleman, who, coming to America in early youth, had devoted a powerful and richly cultured intellect to the achievement of material success. His tastes and talents, however, prepared him to sympathize with the ambitions of his son, when he found the latter inexorably indifferent to the charm of a business life. Making New York life his field of fiction, Mr. Fawcett was not slow to win that popular success which is so gratifying to one's banker. His novels are pictures of New York life, vivid, and conscientiously wrought. They furnish us with an enduring series of portraits, some of which, by reason of their fidelity and biting clearness of outline, have appeared less attractive to many of Mr. Fawcett's fellow-citizens than to us at a distance whose "withers are unwrung." Mr. Fawcett's prose seems to me, at times, slightly artificial, but it is brilliant and effective, and most happy in the employment of unexpected epithets. Yet I have a grudge, shared by many of his sincerest admirers, against Mr. Fawcett's prose. Its production is withdrawing precious time and energy from his verse, and his fame as a novelist is temporarily overshadowing his true distinction as a poet. The following list of his works will endorse me: Poems:—"Fantasy and Passion" (1878); "Song and Story" ('84); "Romance and Reverie" ('86). Humorous Verse:

—"The Bunting Ball" ('85); "The New King Arthur" ('85). Fiction;—"Rutherford" ('84); "The Adventures of a Widow" ('84); "A Hopeless Case" ('81); "A Gentleman of Leisure" ('82); "An Ambitious Woman" ('84); "Tinkling Cymbals" ('84); "Social Silhouettes" ('85); "The Confessions of Claud" ('87); "The House at High Bridge" ('87); "Douglas Duane" ('87); "Olivia Delaplaine" ('88); "A Man's Will" ('88); "Divided Lives" ('89); "Miriam Balestier" ('89); "A Demoralizing Marriage" ('89).

I have expressed my belief that Mr. Fawcett's truer distinction is as a poet. As a novelist he shows, I think, very great talent; in his verse there is that quality transcending talent, the individual and incommunicable quality of genius. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which I first read "Fantasy and Passion." In "Song and Story," in "Romance and Reverie," the development is on the same lines more or less clearly laid down in "Fantasy and Passion." There is, on the whole, somewhat less sweetness, but we find richer thought, a more affluent imagination, a more assured and resonant rhythm. His utterance is unique and insistent. It is such as to impress itself upon later verse. The same quality is perceptible in a number of fine sonnets. There is verse in other veins in Mr. Fawcett's volumes, some of it of no less beauty, but, to my mind, of far less significance. The narrative poems,— "Alan Eliot," "The Magic Flower," and others—are striking tales told with all the adornments of imagination, taste, and skilled workmanship. They have a wide appeal; but I think it is not in them that Mr. Fawcett's genius finds its most adequate embodiment. Rather, it seems to me, the touch of the master, potent and lasting in its influence, is revealed in such lines as found in "Maidenhair."

C. G. D. R.

TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?
At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

MOSS.

STRANGE tapestry, by Nature spun
On viewless looms, aloof from sun,
And spread through lonely nooks and grots
Where shadows reign and leafy rest,—
O moss, of all your dwelling-spots,
In which one are you loveliest?

Is it when near grim roots that coil
Their snaky black through mellow soil?
Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms,
The great prone-trunks, rotted red?
Or when you dim, on somber tombs,
The requiescats of the dead?

Or is it when your lot is cast
In some quaint garden of the past,
On some gray crumbled basin's brim,
Where mildewed Tritons conch-shells blow,
While yonder, through the poplars prim,
Looms up the turreted château?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves
Your emerald films on low dark eaves,
Above where pink porch-roses peer
And woodbines break in fragrant foam,
And children laugh—and you can hear
The beatings of the heart of Home!

RARITY.

In dreams I found a wondrous land,
Radiant with roses on each hand.
No grasses, trees, nor shrubs were there,
But roses blossoming everywhere!
Great velvet-petaled blooms were these;
Red millions trembled in each breeze!
They swept toward the horizon's verge
In many a splendid ample surge;
They spread on all sides one intense
Monotony of magnificence! . . .
Then suddenly, where my pathway ran,
Loomed the vague presence of a man,
And in his clasp, with strange delight,
I saw one daisy, glimmering white!
Such daisies bloom, in slender sprays,
By throngs among June's meadowed ways.
Yet all my soul, at this weird hour,
Leaned out to that one simple flower!
For chastely, delicately fair,
And better still, supremely rare,
It wore a pastoral charm so sweet,
This lovely lissome marguerite,
That seeing it was like dear repose
To me, whose whole heart loathed a rose!

A WHITE CAMELLIA.

IMPERIAL bloom, whose every curve we see
So glacial a symmetry control,
Looking, in your pale odorless apathy,
Like the one earthly flower that has no soul,

With all sweet radiance bathed in chill eclipse,
Pure shape of colorless majesty, you seem
The rose that silence first laid on her lips,
Far back among the shadowy days of dream!

By such inviolate calmness you are girt,
I doubt, while wondering at the spell it weaves,
If even decay's dark hand shall dare to hurt
The marble immobility of your leaves!

For never sunbeam yet had power to melt
This virginal coldness, absolute as though
Diana's awful chastity still dwelt
Regenerate amid your blossoming snow.

And while my silent reverie deeply notes
What arctic torpor in your bosom lies,
A wandering thought across my spirit floats
Like a new bird along familiar skies.

White ghost, in centuries past, has dread mis-
chance
Thus ruined your vivid warmth, your fragrant
breath,
While making you, by merciless ordinance,
The first of living flowers that gazed on death?

A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

As the day's last light is dying,
As the night's first breeze is sighing,
I send you, Love, like a messenger-dove, my
thought through the distance flying!
Let it perch on your sill; or, better,
Let it feel your soft hand's fetter,
While you search and bring from under its wing,
love, hidden away like a letter!

IMPERFECTION.

WHENCE comes the old silent charm whose tender
stress
Has many a mother potently beguiled
To leave her rosier children and caress
The white brow of the frail misshapen child?

Ah! whence the mightier charm that age by age
Has lured so many a man, through spells un-
known,
To serve for years, in reverent vassalage,
A beauteous bosom and a heart of stone?

THE MEETING.

I SAW in dreams a dim bleak heath,
Where towered a gaunt pine by a rock,
And suddenly, from the earth beneath,
That rent itself with an angry shock,
A shape sprang forth to that wild place,
Whose limbs by chains were trenched and
marred,
And whose sardonic pain-worn face
Was grimly scorched and scarred:

He waited by the spectral pine;
Aloft he lifted haggard eyes;
A woman's form, of mien divine,
Dropt earthward in seraphic wise.
Chaste as though bathed in breaking day,
And radiant with all saintly charms,
She flew toward him till she lay
Close-locked in his dark arms!

I heard a far vague voice that said:
"On earth these twain had loved so well
That now their lives, when both are dead,
Burst the great bounds of Heaven and Hell,
Alike o'er powers of gloom and light
Prevailed their servid prayers and tears;
They meet on this bleak heath one night
In every thousand years!"

THE PUNISHMENT.

Two haggard shades, in robes of mist,
For longer years than each could tell,
Joined by a stern gyve, wrist with wrist,
Have roamed the courts of hell.

Their blank eyes know each other not;
Their cold hearts hate this union drear . . .
Yet one poor ghost was Launcelot,
And one was Guinevere.

TRANSFORMATION.

ONCE in an English woodland, where awoke
Breezes that made the dark leaves pulse and
shine,
I walked at twilight, willing to invoke
All moods of revery, mirthful or malign,
When gradually on my vision broke
A mighty and moss-hung tree that lay supine,
Leveled by some dead tempest's cruel stroke,
And clasped by coils of ivy serpentine. . . .

If truth now tricked herself in fancy's cloak,
If some brief elfin madness now was mine,
Or yet if actual voices faintly spoke,
Wandering the dusk, there stays no certain
sign;
But "I was Merlin," said the bearded oak,
And "I was Vivien," said the snaky vine.

THE OLD BEAU.

How cracked and poor his laughter rings!
How dulled his eye, once flashing warm!
But still a courtly pathos clings
About his bent and withered form.

To-night, where mirth with music dwells,
His wrinkled cheek, his locks of snow
Gleam near the grandsons of the belles
He smiled on forty years ago!

We watch him here, and half believe
Our gaze may witness, while he prates,
Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve
And tell him that the carriage waits.

TO MAURICE THOMPSON.

On reading his "Songs of Fair Weather."

LYRIST of woods and waters, loving best
Pure Nature's alterant charms, thou art to me
A new Theocritus, whose gaze can see
New joys in that wise Sicily of thy West!
Yet now no longer thou companionest
Meek flocks on dewy lawns, but wieldest free
The bow of dead Diana, fallen to thee
By some divine and beautiful bequest!

Thy words, that often are leafage to the sense,
Have strength like bark and grain of sturdy
boughs,
And rhythm as of a wind that sweeps and
veers,
Till by the sorcery of their influence
We steal down fragrant glooms where shy fawns
browse,
Or crouch where slim birds float from reedy
meres!

CRITICISM.

"CRUDE, pompous, turgid," the reviewers said.
"Sham passion and sham power to turn one
sick!
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read—
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick!"

A would-be murderer cannot always kill;
Some missiles leave some shields without a dint.
That book was loved, against the critic's will,
By those who do not put their love in print.

But while, assaulted of this buzzing band,
The poet quivered at their little stings,
White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
Went flying with his fame beneath their wings!

And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore;
And it befell that after many years,
Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.

"Cold, classic, polished," the reviewers said.
"A book you scarce can love, howe'er you
praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read—
The power and passion of his younger days!"

TWO WORLDS.

A FIERY young world, in far voids of sky,
Called to an old world growing dark and chill;
"Now that you near the hour when you must die,
Tell me what mighty memories haunt you still!"

Then from the old sad world this answer fell:
"Vast peoples rose and vanished where I
swing. . . .
But all my poor tired soul remembers well
Are the great songs my poets used to sing!"

BATS.

A rapid bat
Traces black zigzags on the sky.
—*Heat-Lightning.*

DEW.
Dear secrets that the skies confide
To the warm bosoms of the flowers.

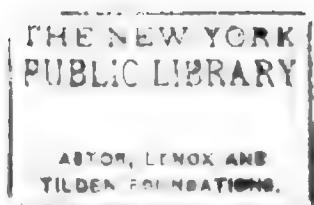
—*Dew.*

FUTURE.
I had no future but my past!

—*His Child.*

SUNSET.
Look how the pines loom towerwise,
Skirting the lake-edge bowerwise!
The stars wait still ere they flock to fill the
heavenly meadows flowerwise!
But Hesper in the darkening West burns now,
Like some grand diamond on some swart
queen's brow!

—*Barcarolie.*



ASPIRATION.

O dearer far than song's divinest might
 The aspiring voice that falters while it sings!
 And lovelier than all lordliness of flight
 The wingless impotence that yearns for wings!

—*Attainment.*

PRECEDENT.

Ah! no; the better lives thus vainly spent,
 Crush courage with their weight of precedent!
 —*The Magic Flower.*

BOOKS.

Those long murky vaults that history's hand
 Paves with the whitening bones of dead men's
 thought.

—*Alan Eliot.*

HUMILITY.

And vaguely on his haughty heart there fell
 Delicious realization of how love
 Finds in humility its own best pride,
 And from ecstatic self-abasement plucks
 A purple dignity.

—*Ibid.*

WAR.

From palm-plumed lands that tropic water laves
 To where the Atlantic hurls on rugged Maine
 The cold green turbulence of his massive waves,
 Alike to South and North the unnumbered slain
 Speak with soft eloquence of one common pain,
 In the mute pathos of their multitudinous graves!

—*Ibid.*

HOPE.

You that are fair as a flower-stem is frangible
 Chaster than dawns with no shadow of night in
 them,
 Filled with all graces intense though intangible,
 Having the eyes with the deep dreamy light in
 them!
 More do I need you, my pure-browed, my beauti-
 ful,
 Than the star needs the blue fathoms it burns
 within,
 More than the grove its bird-vassalage dutiful,
 Or the mossed mill-wheel the stream that it turns
 within!

—*The Doubter.*

DEFORMITY.

Ah, me! what strange frustration of intent,
 What dark elective secret, undescribed,
 Lives in this dreary failure, side by side
 With opulence of full-orbed accomplishment!
 O seeming mockery! O strange doubt wherein
 The baffled reason gropes and cannot see!
 If made at all, why only made to be
 In irony for that which might have been?

—*Waste.*

HELEN MAUD MERRILL.

HELEN MAUD MERRILL was born May 5th, 1865, in Bangor, Maine. Six years of her life, from 1881 to 1887, were passed in Bucksport, Maine. For nearly two years past she has resided in her native city. At an early age Miss Merrill evinced a talent for writing, but none of her productions appeared in print until 1882, since which time she has contributed articles, both in prose and poetry, to the newspaper press. Her humorous sketches, under the *nom de plume* of "Samantha Spriggins," have attracted considerable notice and favorable comment. In 1885, she wrote and forwarded to the widow of the deceased a poem on the death of General Grant, receiving from Mrs. Grant a letter of grateful commendations.

She has written and read several poems for G. A. R. anniversaries and entertainments in Maine, which were always well received. In a recently published work, "Poets of Maine," Miss Merrill received a flattering notice, and "The Angel in the Stone" was selected for insertion as a type of her original and graceful style of versification. She intends to publish a selection of her poems in book form at no distant date.

Personally Miss Merrill is about medium height, graceful in form and prepossessing in appearance. She is an easy, pleasing, and withal a fluent conversationalist. She will have a brilliant future in her chosen profession.

J. W. D.

BY THE RIVER.

By the dark and silent river,
 Where the rippling waves are ever
 Being drawn by mystic forces
 To the ocean far away;
 In the twilight, brooding tender,
 There I watched the fading splendor
 Of the opal-tinted sunset,
 Making glad the dying day.

Naught to mar the wondrous beauty,
 Love was law, and pleasure duty,
 And I thought: Life would be heaven
 If this peace might always last.
 But the restless, rippling river
 Seems to sing this song forever:
 'Life is like my changing wavelets,
 And its pleasures soon are past.'

"But beyond the sunset's splendor,
 Far beyond the twilight tender,
 Is the land from whence the glory
 Dimly gleams o'er hills of earth;

And its currents, swiftly flowing,
Ever ceaseless,—coming, going—
Touched with life her mighty oceans,
Ere her primal sons had birth."

MY HEART ACHE.

In the depths of untold sorrow,
Stand I now by Marah's brink,
And my soul grows sick within me,
As an angel whispers: "Drink."

Gladly would I leave its waters,
For some purer, sweeter fount,—
But again the angel urges:
"Drink; your sorrows thus surmount."

"It is well for thee to suffer;
In the vast eternity
Thou will not regret the hour
Spent within 'Gethsemane.'

"And thy soul, now dumb with yearning,
That would flee from nameless fears,
Know 'tis well to feel the burden
Of a pain too deep for tears."

"Weary heart, besieged with striving,
Deepest sorrows are not long,
Soon the sun shall gild the shadows,
Learn to 'suffer and be strong.'

"By-and-by, the struggle ended,
Rest, thy weary soul shall greet,—
For from suffering cometh wisdom,
From the bitter cometh sweet."

THE TRUANT ANGEL.

It happened one day up in Heaven,
That a little seraph, so fair,
Wandered off away from the angels
To the top of the golden stair.

But the one who tended the gateway
Heard such faint, sweet music afar,
That he never noticed the baby
As she crept through the "Gates ajar."

—Then straight o'er the glittering stairway
The seraph came down, till at last—
The dear little run-away angel,—
We caught her, and then held her fast.

A year and a day she was loaned us,
(Twas a gift too rich to be given)
Then they sent for the truant baby
And they carried her back to Heaven.

But a tiny token she left us,
When the angels called her that day,—
A form like a pure white rose-bud,
Which we tenderly laid away.

Our arms are now empty and lonely,
And our hearts are filled with an ache;
There is no sweet voice now to cheer us,
No steps the dread silence to break.

We fancy, sometimes, we hear music
Floating down through the evening air;
And we hush to catch the faint echo
For our darling is singing up there.

Though we may not know of the future,
Yet we ask for no purer bliss,
Than to go to the home of our dear one,
Whenever we are through with this.

DEATH.

Near and nearer he approaches
With the billows' rise and swell,
And we wonder who has this time
Rung the silent ferry bell,
And we question who among us
Rang the silent ferry bell.
—*The Ferry Bell.*

WISDOM.

How many of us worldly wise,
In reaching out to gain the prize,
Find, when too late, we've gazed too high,
And passed life's sweetest treasures by.

—*Berries and Wisdom.*

HUMBLENESS.

"While you searched the field, so wide,
After larger berries, I
Picked the fruit that grew close by."

—*Ibid.*

LOSS.

Before I sought them, flowers were fair,
With petals flushed, and perfume rare,
But when I chose
The fairest of them all,—my queen,—
Another hand did intervene,
And plucked my rose!

—*Oh, Give Me Back My Youth.*

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY was born in an humble log-cabin in Union County, Kentucky, February 9, 1857. His father was a hard-working Irish farmer, a man of strong mind, and closely related to the poet-priest Father Ryan. His mother, who is still living, is of Spanish descent. During his childhood young O'Malley was much alone. When eight years old he could read well, and for want of other associates he pored over such books as his home afforded. These were principally works on ecclesiastical history, together with Chapman's translation of Homer, and a translation of "Telemache." Between the ages of eight and twelve he had finished his reading of ecclesiastical history, had made himself familiar with Plutarch's "Lives" and Grimshaw's "Greece," and had wandered through many pages of the Bible. He had also read some poetry at this time. At the age of twelve O'Malley was snatched out of his land of dreams and sent to a public school. Here the first real trial of his life began. He was shy, sensitive, and while learned in things far beyond his years, he was painfully conscious of his lack of rudimentary knowledge, especially in arithmetic. He had been at school but a short time when his father lost heavily by security debts. The family left the state, and spent about two years in wandering from place to place. Nothing was gained financially by this move, and they returned to the old life again. Young O'Malley was weak-lunged but he took hold of the plow with the sturdy determination of one bound by ties of affection and duty to help his father. They began to prosper once more, and about this time he employed his leisure moments in hard study. He became proficient in Latin under a competent teacher. He also made some progress in French and German. Probably the turning point in the young poet's life hinged upon his father's desire to have him enter the priesthood. He was nominated for St. Thomas Theological Seminary by Bishop, now Cardinal McCloskey. From there he was to have gone to Lourain, and thence, if he showed very unusual talent, to the Propaganda at Rome. For some reason best known to himself he turned his back upon the priesthood, and went resolutely forth to grapple with life outside the walls. He says that all this while "the habit of writing verses still clung to me." He was encouraged in this habit by a veteran Kentucky editor, Ben Harrison. His father died in 1881. In October, 1882, he was married to Miss Sallie M. Hill, of Calhoun, Missouri, herself a poet, and a lady of great firmness of will, with a clear, spiritual mind. She has encouraged her husband by her devotion to, and belief in him.

Mr. O'Malley first attracted attention as a contributor to *The Current*. Step by step he gained footing, his poems appearing in high-grade periodicals. Some of his poems have been widely copied,—"Worthiness" especially.

Mr. O'Malley has a comfortable living from his farm, the old homestead, and is content in a modest frame house, over the porches of which vines love to clamber, and around which lilacs and altheas cluster. A stately line of cedars stretches along the roadside in front of the house, and from them the place derives its name, having long been known as "The Cedars." Here surrounded by his family (he has several children) Mr. O'Malley leads the quiet life of a farmer, finding in close communion with Nature the inspiration of his songs. That he is a true singer, all who listen attentively to his songs will admit. That he is a true man all who know him can testify.

I. C.

THE IDEALIST.

LET him alone. He would make pure the world,
And ye try not; therefore he wars with you.
His faith is but a staff wherewith he beats
The hungry shadows from before his face.
What is he but a poet void of words—
A high-preest of white spaces and thin clouds?
The concourse of the ages pass by him
And, where he sits, dawns break about his head,
Limitless noons, and splendors of far suns;
And he hears music sung of days To Be,
Which ye hear not, and he would have ye hear.

Let him alone. He only sits and shapes
Serenor Mornings for the race of men;
We only dream. He, from the topmost cliffs,
Shoots downward Dawnward with his clangling
bow,

And then runs on. Sometime when we advance
Unto the light, we shall find, here and there,
White arrows sticking all along the path
By him shot Eastward from the heights above
Ages ago, to guide the feet to come.
Then shall we hear his clangling bow far on,
And bless him for the arrows shot for us.

WORTHINESS.

WHATEVER lacks purpose is evil: a pool without
pebbles breeds slime;
Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the
infinite stairway of Time:
Nor ever came good without labor, in Toil, or in
Science or Art;
It must be wrought out thro' the muscles—born
out of the soul and the heart.

Why plow in the stubble with plowshares?—why
 winnow the chaff from the grain?
Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since
 Truth is not born without Pain!
He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak, or the
 foolish in deeds:
Who soweth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap
 but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by his
 whirlwinds to naught
So the Song without Truth is forgotten: His poem
 to Man is man's thought.
Whatever is strong with a purpose in humbleness
 wrought and soul-pure
Is known to the Master of Singers: He toucheth
 it saying, "*Endure!*"

IN TIME OF DROUTH.

THE yellow flags that grow beside the road,
Covered with dust and bowed in the wide heat,
Gasp the hot air in breathless misery;
Scarce doth the butterfly his slow wings beat
On the pale rose, and mournfully the bee
Homeward returns without his fragrant load;
The pilgrim ant goes forth with weary feet
Seeking and finds not, and the homeless toad
Pants in the waterless brook most piteously;
Dead is the grasshopper and, white and bleak,
Loiter the clouds on heaven's windless peak.
God hath a furnace built to the blue sky,
Walled to the brim, whence blocks of flame o'erfly,
And all but Shadrach and his kind must die.

HIS BIRDS.

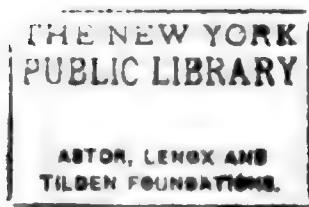
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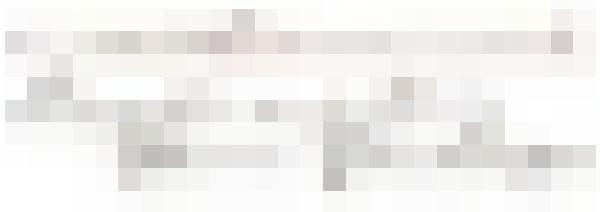
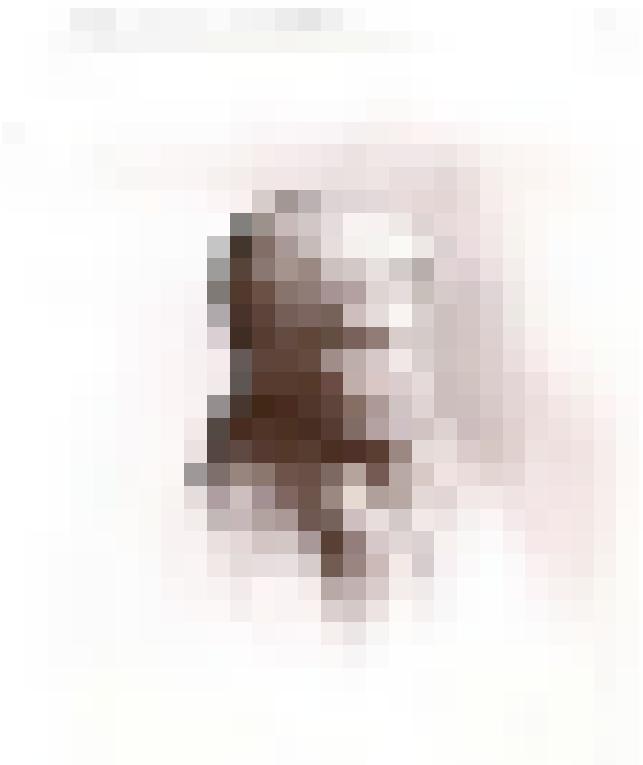
How doth He shelter them, His birds
 That call among the brakes and fens
At twilight when snowy herds
 Stray down within the hollow glens?
 Ah, whither do they rest
 When, from the stormy west,
 Fierce-blown the flakes are hurled
 Like ashes across the world,
Covering the earth and every helpless thing?
Do they cower with piteous wing
 Under the leaves that rattle in the sleet?
 Or grasp, with cold, bare feet,
 The swaying branches of the forest trees
 That all night moan regretful threnodies?—
 Snowy and bent is every leaf and stem:
 Where doth He shelter them?

How doth He shelter them, His birds?
 Lo, now it is the night!
 The woods are spongy white;
 The twilight crofts are still;
 Frozen the little stream below the hill,
 That sang thro' summer all His poet-words;
 Stark-stiff the marsh-pool lies
 Gazing with icy eyes
Up to the hurrying clouds that ride in troops;
 Lost in the blinding snow
 The shelterless cattle low
Over the bleak, bare fields in shivering groups;
Nature her gates hath shut on Day's vast brim,
And the great Night sits perched on Dusk's blue
 rim—
 Where doth He shelter them?

II.

As one who from a lighted chamber goes
 Suddenly out, seeth nought but darkness quite,
Later beholds across the lifting snows,
 All things take shape in a serener light:
 So when the heart walks outward from base
 glare,
 Into a purer air
Shot is the arrowy Soul thro' planes of vaster height,
And things before unseen themselves to us disclose.
How doth He shelter them? Behold,
Housed 'neath its roof the brook with life sings
 warm,
Under its ice, shut from the whirling storm;
The timid rabbit, trembling with the cold,
 At twilight creeps into his nest of weeds;
 Under his thatch of reeds
And warm marsh-grasses steals the shivering hare;
The sleek, brown field-mouse silent doth repair
Under the grass-tufts and the hillocks bare;
Yule-nuts the squirrel cracks within his oak,
Like a rough yeoman with his jest and joke
By the last embers of the smouldering year
Sitting a-gossip with his nuts and beer,
 Drunk with the music of the dripping eaves.
Nothing of His doth He leave shelterless,
 None whom His pity seeks not and relieves;
 Behold,
 Out of the storm and cold,
 The warm-fleeced sheep are gathered in a fold
Under His beechen boughs; in quietness
The patient kine lie sheltered in a croft,
 While the thick snows aloft
Are whirled in gusts to the adjacent hill,
Where now the garments of the dusk hang chill
And dim in the pale splendor of a day
Poured from the peaks of morn on twilight's vest-
ments gray.





Nothing of His does He leave shelterless;
 Even the toads have holes wherein to bide;
 By nooks and crofts in the white wilderness
 He spreadeth couches on the bare hill-side
 Where His wild flocks may lie;
 Shall then His pitying eye
 Unseeing pass those humblest watchers by
 Who trust and wait His coming patiently
 When the white feet of Light
 With slow steps walk the hill-tops silently.
 And from the mournful north
 The sexton winds start forth
 Plowing black graves thro' the swart sands of
 Night!

III.

Nothing so low but His care reacheth it,
 Mild as a day-flush on eve's twilight rim.
 Groping in darkness, stained of soul, unfit
 Oft clasp we hands unknowingly with Him,
 And He doth lead us in
 Out of the snow-gusts to His shepherd tents
 That lowly rise 'yond the high domes of Sin,
 Unseen at dusk by our thick eyes of Sense:
 In reverence knock; the Master waits within,
 O Soul! my Son! go out in thy distress
 And seek His tents, and rest in lowness!

Beneath thick clouds that overhang the plain,
 Between white gusts that seek the broken pane
 In yon poor hut where shivering Poverty
 Stirs his last coals, I look and see again
 Visions of warmth, such as they fail to see
 Whose bleeding feet touch not life's high Gethse-
 mane:
 Under the warm ricks and the byres
 That lie a-field, white with the frost's keen fires,
 In hedges, hay-mows, fodder-shocks that stand
 Like ghosts thick-dotted on the broad, white land,
 Or housed in barns beneath the roof's great boards,
 Robins and linnets, birds of snow in hordes,
 Or warm in grass-tufts where the snows fall dim,
 Fill they those homes which He hath ordered them,
 Thatched with His care which shields night's bit-
 ter cold:
 Thus doth His Love enfold
 All things of His that life hath upon earth.

TRUTH.

CAST first the World and then appeal to Him,
 For since His coming each is his own Christ
 Casting out devils by his truth of soul.
 Who sings one Truth our Lord remembereth;
 And, though his heart be dust, his Soul shall live.

REBECCA RUTER SPRINGER.

INDIANAPOLIS was the birthplace of Mrs. Rebecca Ruter Springer, wife of the Hon. William M. Springer, of Illinois, the distinguished Member of Congress who for many years has ably represented the district which once sent Abraham Lincoln to the National House, and whose name will go to the future crowned with honor, as he was the author and manager of the bill by which the two Dakotas, Montana and Washington were admitted to statehood—a parliamentary triumph without a precedent. Mrs. Springer has genius and culture as a birth-right, for her father, the Rev. Calvin Ruter, and his brother, the Rev. Dr. Martin Ruter, were among the most highly educated, laborious, useful and eminent ministers of the Methodist Church, who, at an early day wrought, with such fidelity to lay the broad and sure foundations of civil and religious liberty and progress in the valley of the Mississippi. Her earliest years were divided between New Albany and Indianapolis, and her later academic studies were carried on at the Wesleyan College for girls in Cincinnati. Like Pope, "she lisped in numbers;" and the earliest efforts of her pen were dedicated to the Muses; but her love of verse, which grew with her years, was nourished as a secret passion, and no one ever saw or heard a line of her metrical composition until she had nearly reached womanhood and was about to be graduated by her Alma Mater. By accident one of her teachers discovered her gift of song, and she was induced to read one of her poems at a school exhibition. It was received with enthusiasm. The judgment then expressed has since received additional weight of authority from such competent judges as George D. Prentice, John G. Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow, and others of the divine craft, into whose hands some of Mrs. Springer's poems have fallen. Although a volume of her poems has not yet seen the light,—for the extreme modesty as to her productions which characterized Mrs. Springer in her earlier years has continued to make her coy with the public,—a piece of her verse has now and then taken the wings of the morning and found lodgment in many a heart and memory. The House of Representatives at Washington has not often in late years been hushed and thrilled as it was not long ago, when Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, pleading for the Life Saving Service, quoted an affecting passage from "The Wreck on the Strand." More than once have I known strong men moved to tears by the reading of some bit of pathos from her songs.

Time, with its experience of marriage, motherhood, broken health, a long residence abroad, large and intimate intercourse with the best

society, there and at home, and sorrow that follows the death of those dear almost as life, has had a chastening yet quickening influence upon Mrs. Springer's genius and character, and throughout her poems one sees and feels the touch and pulse alike of the power and tenderness, created not only by genius, but

"In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death;
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

W. H. M.

THE WEARY PILGRIM.

In the shadows I'm sitting, all lonely and dreary,
My garments are travel-stained, dusty and worn;
Of struggling and toiling alone I am weary,
So here in the darkness I wait for the morn.
Strong hearts have been near me, to comfort and
bless me,

Fond arms have upheld me in days that are gone;
Warm lips, full of blessings were wont to caress me,
Yet—here in the darkness I'm watching alone.

The sunlight of life, hill and valley adorning,
Once flooded my path, but its radiance is o'er;
I'll find it no more, till some glorious morning
'T will burst on my gaze from eternity's shore.
Life's way is so lonely, and toilsome, and dreary,
The night-time is gathering about me so fast,
I'll rest by the wayside, my steps are so weary,
And dream of the morn, till the darkness is past.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

We are growing old together—
Time has touched our locks with gray,
And the roseate hues of morning,
From our life have passed away.
But we do not heed the shadows,
Though they lengthen where we stand,
For we closely walk together
Holding each the other's hand.

Oft we count the years together
Since our pathways joined in one;
Part in sunshine, part in shadow,
Have the mingled courses run;
But no shadow, howe'er sombre,
Can a lengthened gloom impart,
When the sunlight softly lingers,
Shed by love, within the heart.

When we've reached life's mountain summit
Down its western slope we'll start,
With a thousand sacred memories,
Nestling softly in each heart.

Should we reach its base together,
What a precious boon 'twill be—
Thus to pass life with each other,
Thus to meet eternity.

But should one, alas! grow weary
Of the journey by the way,
And lie down beneath the willows
To await the coming day—
How the sunlight would be darkened!
And how sad the way would seem,
If our growing old together
Thus should fade into a dream.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

One of us, love, must stand
Where the waves are breaking on death's dark
strand;
And watch the boat from the silent land
Bear the other away.
Which will it be?

One of us, love, must bear
The heavy burden that none may share;
And stand, all alone and desolate, where
We stood in life's fair day
Joyous and free.

One—either you or I—
Must hear the mandate "Thy friend must die!"
And bend with the agonizing cry
That only God can hear.
Which will it be?

And one must close the eyes
Of the other—the tender, loving eyes—
And kiss the dead face that before us lies;
The face so calm, so dear.
Oh! agony!

One, when the other is gone,
Will lean on the cold, memorial stone,
And brokenly sob "Alone—alone!"
And the winds will sigh
Over you or me.

And one—grown old and gray,
Perchance—will walk still earth's toilsome way,
And dream of the love that lives for aye,
As the years roll by.
Which will it be?

DEAD ROSES.

He placed a rose in my nut-brown hair—
A deep-red rose with a fragrant heart—
And said, "We'll set this day apart,
So sunny, so wondrous fair."

His face was full of a happy light,
His voice was tender, and low, and sweet.
The daisies and violets grew at our feet;
Alas! for the coming of night!

The rose is black, and withered, and dead!
'Tis hid in a tiny box away;
The nut-brown hair is turning to gray,
And the light of the day is fled.

The light of the beautiful day is fled;
Hushed is the voice so sweet and low;
And I — alas! I loved him so!
And the daisies grow over his head.

SHEAVES.

LIFE's morning lies behind; its noon is past;
Its evening comes apace; and we, at last,
Weary and footsore, by the way sit down
And think in sorrow of our lost renown.
Sadly we grieve that in our life hath been
No grand and noble deeds—but all unseen
Our lowly toil. Then some sweet voice chants low,
"Wait till Time's angel shall thy record show.
The patient toil; the suffering meekly borne;
The kind word spoken to the sinking heart;
The cup of water in His name to one
Fainting and desolate; the cruel smart
We seek in other suffering hearts to ease
By earnest deeds of love; Oh! faint heart, these
These are the deeds // counts as labor done,
And binds into the sheaf our toil hath won."

SEA.

How like our mortal life is to the sea!
Its tranquil hours, its storms, its mystery.
Its breaking waves, that ceaseless beat the shore,
Like breaking hearts, that hope till hope is o'er.
Its flitting sails, that meet upon the main
Like hearts that love an hour, then part again.
Its hidden graves o'er which the waters flow,
Hiding the skeletons that sleep below;
Its drifting sands that kindly cover o'er—
Like passing years—the wrecks that line the shore.

—*The Wreck on the Strand.*

WILLIAM S. LORD.

WILLIAM S. LORD was born in Sycamore, Illinois, August 24, 1863,—the eldest child of Dr. Frederick A. Lord and Emily Bull Lord. The Lord family traces its descent in this country from one Thomas Lord, who settled in Hartford, Connecticut, in the year 1636, he being one of the founders of that town. The great-grandmother of our poet,—Mrs. Phoebe Hinsdale Brown,—was quite celebrated in her time as a writer of devotional verse, many of her hymns being still sung in the churches. Mr. Lord's parents settled in Chicago at the close of the War, where his father acquired considerable reputation in his profession; but just as he was about to reap the rewards of his toil, he died, leaving the subject of this sketch, then ten years of age and with but three years of schooling, dependent upon his own exertions for a livelihood. He commenced the struggle manfully and has carried it on successfully. He has given himself an education without the aid of schools, and has become managing partner of the leading dry-goods firm in Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Lord was united in marriage with Miss Nellie Rowland, of Chicago, in the year 1884.

What literary skill Mr. Lord is possessed of is wholly due to his own efforts, and his love for poetry has developed in spite of adverse environment. Since 1880 he has contributed frequently to various periodicals and newspapers and has published two volumes of poetry—the first, entitled "Verses," was issued in 1883; and the second, "Beads of Morning," in 1888,—the latter title being taken from Wordsworth's lines in "The Hermit,"—"beads of morning strung on slender blades of grass," and better describes the modesty of the poet than the value of his verse. Of this latter volume Mr. Eugene Field, of the *Chicago Daily News*, says: "It affords us pleasure to testify sincerely both to the merits of Mr. Lord's poetical work and to the artistic style in which this work is now presented to the public. We do not understand that Mr. Lord's claims are at all pretentious; in fact we do not know that this dainty little volume has been put forth with any claim whatsoever. Yet Mr. Lord's verse is all of the better order and we like it particularly for its simplicity, its delicacy and its evident earnestness." This the writer thinks is just and merited praise and fully shows the character of Mr. Lord's work.

J. C. E.

A PURITAN MAIDEN.

A DEW-DROP in a lily's cup,
Before the sun hath kissed it up,
That softly trembles as it lies
Reflecting June's serenest skies,

Is not more pure and fair confessed,
Nor holds more heaven in its breast,
Nor gives more joy, nor seems more good,
More perfect, than thy maidenhood.

LOVE IS DEAD:

MOAN, ye wind, moan, oh moan,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Toss ye the trees till they groan,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Love is dead,
Tears are shed,
Hope has fled;
Dole ye a dirge with me.

Where have they buried him, wind?
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Search through the world till ye find,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Now quick and now slow,
Above and below,
Away let us go!
Where he is buried lay me.

Gone is the sweet o' th' rose,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Where it is he only knows,
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
The skies are not blue,
Nor sparkles the dew,
All hearts are untrue—
Naught but the salt o' th' sea!

APPRECIATION.

WHOSE heart by love was never quickened,
Whose eyes were never dim with grief,
No words can teach the holy passion,
Nor give his heavy heart relief.
To know the beauty of the poet's thought,
A soul as beautiful must first be brought.

"TEACH ME THY WAY."

TEACH me Thy way, dear Lord! O let
My soul walk with Thee, if it may!
I did not always wish it, yet
Teach me Thy way!

Guide Thou my footsteps! I'll obey,
And follow, ere the dew hath wet
The burning lips of dying day.

Lend me Thy staff! I'll not forget
My Helper in my sad dismay.
To the sweet heights of Olivet
Teach me Thy way.

A POET'S PLEA.

O LET me live with those dear souls,
The masters of my art;
The sweetness of their song controls
The pulses of the heart.

O let me living each day feel
Their influence divine,
By each day breaking some new seal
To drink their precious wine.

For they have poured the wine of life
In lasting forms of art;
The vital virtue in them rife
Can never more depart.

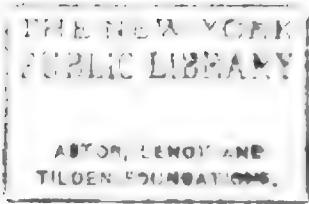
Yet he who will the wine may quaff,
And satisfy his thirst,
No demon face will come to laugh,—
To call the drinker curst.

But visions of the good will rise;
The noble and the just
Will smile on him from paradise
And raise him from the dust.

LOVE'S BLOSSOM.

WHEN first love's blossom burst within my heart
I felt its beauty was a priceless prize;
I thought the years, though brought from
paradise,
Could bring no flower so fair in every part;
And I in praise had sung "How fair thou art!
How beautiful unto my spirit's eyes!
Nor was, nor will be, flower more sweet than
lies
So soft unfolding in my trembling heart."

But still the blossom grew each day more fair;
I said, oh, many times! "Love's flower, at
last,
Is perfect," nor, till Sorrow came, with
tears
That fell upon it through the saddened air,—
The while it closed and held its fragrance
fast—
Till shone the sun, saw I the crown of years.





THOMAS O'HAGAN.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., is one of the rising littérateur of Canada, and he bids fair to take high rank amongst those who have reflected credit by their intellectual achievements on their Irish extraction. Mr. O'Hagan was born in 1855 near Toronto, the capital of the Province of Ontario. In his childhood his parents removed to the County of Bruce which was then newly settled, and was still, for the most part, a wilderness. His early education was obtained in the public school at a time when schools of its class in a new settlement were far from efficient. He made there such rapid progress that at the age of fifteen he was able to qualify as a second-class teacher. From 1870 to 1874 he attended St. Michael's College in Toronto, where he was noted for his devotion to study and especially for his fondness for language and literature. During his academic course he was a frequent prize winner in Latin and English, and even at that time he displayed a fondness for and a proficiency in composition which augured well for future literary fame. In 1874 Mr. O'Hagan entered the teaching profession and during the succeeding nine years he held the principalship of some of the leading Roman Catholic separate schools of his native province. During a considerable part of that time there was carried on an agitation for certain amendments to the act which authorized the establishment and maintenance of separate schools, the object being to enable the supporters of these schools to avail themselves more fully of the advantages the law was intended to confer upon them. In the agitation Mr. O'Hagan took an active part, and he acted in 1878 as president of the first and only convention held by the separate school teachers of Ontario. The desired amendments to the act were conceded by the Legislature a few years later but the successful issue of the agitation was largely due to the work done in its earlier stages by Mr. O'Hagan. From 1883 to 1888 Mr. O'Hagan held Classical and Modern Language Masterships in several of the leading high schools of Ontario, and the students of his classes will long remember his clear, bright and happy methods of instruction.

While engaged in teaching he read the work prescribed for the arts course in the Ottawa University which conferred on him, in 1882 and 1885, the degrees of B. A. and M. A., respectively. Mr. O'Hagan's literary activity has been incessant. His volume of poems entitled "A Gate of Flowers," has won for him an honored place among Canadian poets on the universal testimony of veterans of the literary art like J. G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He has been a voluminous contributor to the periodical press.

While teaching he was instrumental in founding many literary societies in towns in different parts of the province and always infused some of his own literary enthusiasm into the young people whom he gathered around him. To his other accomplishments he adds that of being a graceful elocutionist. He was trained in the Philadelphia and Chautauqua schools. Mr. O'Hagan commenced, during the past year the study of law. He is taking concurrently the course for the LL. B. degree, and if past achievements are a fair basis of prediction, he will certainly win increased distinction in his new field. At the last commencement of the Syracuse University he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the English department of the post-graduate course.

Personally Mr. O'Hagan is a true, genial and warm-hearted friend whose urbanity and rare gifts of conversation make him a favorite in the social circle. It is needless to say, especially to readers of his poems, that while Mr. O'Hagan is thoroughly Canadian he has a warm place in his patriotic heart for Ireland. Few are better acquainted with her blood-and-tear-stained history and fewer still have for the Irish cause that profound sympathy of which only the poetical temperament is capable. One who has achieved so much before reaching the age of thirty-four has evidently ahead of him a useful and distinguished career the development of which will be watched with kindly interest alike by his fellow Canadians and his fellow Irishmen. W. H.

A SONG OF CANADIAN RIVERS.

Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
 In your beauteous course to the sea;
 Sweep on, noble rivers! sweep on! sweep on!
 Bright emblems of true liberty!
 Roll noiselessly on a tide of bright song.
 Roll happily, grandly and free;
 Sweep over each plain in silv'ry-tongued strain,
 Sweep down to the deep-sounding sea!

Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
 Flow swiftly and smoothly and free;
 Chant loudly and grand, the notes of our land—
 Fair Canada's true minstrelsy;
 Roll joyously on, sweep proudly along
 In mirthful accents of glee!
 Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
 Flow down to the deep-sounding sea!

Flow on! sweep on! sweep on! flow on!
 In a measureless, mystical key;
 Each note that you wake on steamlet and lake
 Will blend with the song of the sea;

Through labyrinth-clad dell, in dreamy-like spell,
Where slumbers each sentinel tree!
Flow on, noble rivers! flow on! flow on!
Flow down to the deep-sounding sea.

TWO ROSES.

I PLUCKED a rose at eventide,
When tears from heaven were falling
And shadows clad the distant hills
That to my heart seemed calling ;—
I pluck'd a rose, and in its heart
I found a dream of childhood,
'Twas fragrant with the dews of youth
Still lingering in the wildwood.

Ah, well I knew the dream I found,—
'Twas set in manhood's morning,—
A picture of the noonday bright
With starry hopes adorning ;
The throbbing heart of early youth,
That knew each route and ramble,
Was painted in its glowing cheeks,
'Mid bower and brake and bramble.

I plucked a rose—alas, too soon!
Its heart was full of sighing,
While health and hope filled every bud,
My rose was surely dying :
The lilac griev'd, the fuchsia wept,
Each orphan mourn'd in sorrow,
For dark the night that reign'd above,
And dark the coming morrow.

I plucked a rose at early morn
When gentle winds were straying,
And balmy air of leafy June
Through nature's heart was playing ;
Within its folds was wrapt a dream
Of manhood's gain and glory,
And strength of years and star-crown'd days,
Embalmed in verse and story.

I plucked a rose—alas, so soon!
Its joy-crown'd days were number'd,
Its dream was o'er, its noon tide gone,
In Death's cold arms it slumber'd ;
The stars above looked down in grief,
Earth's blossoms droop'd in sorrow,
The rose of early morn was dead,—
Its hopes reached not to-morrow.

O rose of morn, O rose of eve,
O fragrant dream of wildwood,
Within your folds I've slumber'd oft
In stainless days of childhood ;—

Within your folds I've watched the dawn
Grow strong in noon tide splendor,
Then sink behind the hills of blue
In curtains deep and tender!

THE MAPLE AND THE SHAMROCK.

LET'S sing of the Maple, the broad, gen'rous Maple
A type of our country, fair, lovely and free,
And with it entwine in couplets the Shamrock,
An emblem of union, bright symbol of three ;
In joyous orison let each bounding river
Proclaim, as it rolls its bright wave to the sea,
That liberty, peace and patriot devotion
Will flourish where Maple and Shamrock agree.

Hail, then, broad-leaf'd Maple, fair type of our
country,
May Canada's sons grow as stalwart as thee,
And with the same vigor bud forth into manhood,
Bright forest of greatness, on one mighty tree ;
May virtue enoble each deed of our country,
In letters of gold be emblazon'd her name,
Towering up like the Maple, yet humble as Sham-
rock,
An ægis of safety, a triumph of fame.

Yes, this be the grandeur we seek for our country]
Let virtues be nobles and toil be our King,
The axe of the woodman, while smiting the forest,
In bold proclamation our greatness shall ring ;—
Shall echo the accents of Canada's future,
In pean of labor, in triumph of song,
And the grand notes of progress that greet our
Dominion
Proclaim that the Maple and Shamrock are one.

Then weave in one garland the Maple and Sham-
rock,
A nation's sweet incense breathe fragrance
around,
The pulse of our country shall quicken its paces,
As quicken the measures of freedom's bright
sound.
May the dove of true peace wing its way o'er the
country,
Our people grow great in the sunshine of prayer,
And Maple and Shamrock, resplendent in beauty,
Embalm in sweet incense loved Canada fair!

PERFECTION.

O altar of eternal youth!
O faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit —
Give to our morns an evening star!
—Ripened Fruit.

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

THE beautiful village of Lowville, in the northern part of New York, the early home of the poet Benjamin F. Taylor, is also the birthplace and home of one of our younger poets, who has been legitimately and surely winning a place, not only in periodical and on bookshelf, but in the hearts and memories of those who have been charmed with the melody and truth of her verse. Miss Jessie F. O'Donnell is the youngest daughter of Hon. John O'Donnell, well-known throughout the state as a member of the New York Legislature from 1863 to 1869, where he was the author and successful advocate of many reform measures on the subjects of taxation, temperance and kindred matters. He has also held the position of Clerk of the Assembly, Supervisor of the Internal Revenue, Railroad Commissioner, and is a fluent speaker and forcible writer upon assessment, taxation, and general questions of political economy.

In person, Miss O'Donnell is a blonde, small and slender. In repose, perhaps there is a tinge of sadness in her face, but in conversation—in which she sustains her part with wit and brilliancy—it is lighted up with the play of thought and emotion. Her time is largely spent among her books or out of doors. Indeed, Nature in all her aspects is the principal rival of her art,—nay, rather, her art's most efficient handmaid, the inspiration of some of her best work. During the greater part of the summer season several hours of every day are spent in the saddle, for she is a fine horsewoman.

Miss O'Donnell's earlier schooldays were passed at the academy in Lowville. Later she spent some years at Temple Grove Seminary, Saratoga Springs. Always absorbed in intellectual pursuits her conscientious schoolwork was rewarded with the highest honors of her class. She had the further honor of being chosen, by the class itself, both orator and poet. Following the bent of her own inclinations upon leaving school, she pursued carefully chosen lines of reading and study, almost unconsciously fitting herself for the life she could not then be said to have chosen. Though writing from an inward impulse and for her own pleasure from her earliest girlhood, it was not until three or four years after her graduation that she was led to devote herself to her pen. Her first poems were published in the *Boston Transcript*. In December, 1887, her first book was published, entitled "Heart Lyrics." Many of these lyrics had previously appeared in various periodicals, and are deserving of the permanency thus given them. The reception it has met with from the press must be most reassuring to so young an author. Never unpleasantly obtruding a personality, always in

good taste, the reader feels that a heart experienced and disciplined is singing its song or voicing its grief. Miss O'Donnell has also essayed successfully the short story in some well-told tales and faithful character studies. M. W. H.

TWO WOMEN.

Two lives there were, two restless woman lives,
Full of sweet promises and chances fair,
As every woman's life, ere pain deprives
Her soul of all but that strange power to bear.

Both lives soon learned how love's divinest might,
Can bring more bliss than Heaven without love
give;
And both were taught that Death's cold hand can
blight
Hope's tender blooms before they truly live.

Each lonely woman saw herself shut out
From dear home-life, a woman's truest one,
And felt age's binding cords were drawn about
Her shrinking heart, before her youth was
done.

To each the self-same choice was given then:
Upon the plains, where many hearts beat time,
To dwell; or separated from the world of men,
Alone, the dreary mountain-peaks to climb.

One chose the valley's sheltered, safe retreat,
Where one who loved her gave her tender care;
And baby-kisses kept her own lips sweet,
While all life centred in the home-nest there.

And who can blame the woman, that she chose
Life's warmth and color, ere her first love
burned
To ashes? Hearts need hearts; and oh! God
knows
Dear love is sweet, although but half-returned.,

But from those heights she had not tried to gain;
Down to the level of her life there swept
At times, a breath so pure that the old pain
And strong regret across her heart-strings
crept.

Oh! once upon the mountain-tops to stand,
Where clouds and stars are comrades; and to
feel
Her soul no smaller, but know it as grand
As aught of Heaven the rifted skies reveal!

And one the mountains chose. O still, cold heights!
What joy have ye for hungry hearts? Can stars
Be lovers? Clouds be home? Or pale, soft lights From heaven be sweet as gleams from earth's rose-spars?

She might have nestled in the valleys, too; But since her heart a love divine had known, She chose the weary heights, her soul too true To yield her life unto a lesser one.

But oft rose-lights would tint the mountain snow, And children's voices mock her barren breast; And yearning toward the valley's warmth and glow, That half-love seemed of all past things the best.

REFLECTIONS.

WITHIN a sluggish pool I saw a bank Reflected, where coarse weeds and nettles grew, And glowing poison-berries that I knew Were deadly to the taste; while grasses rank Leaned o'er the edge and of the waters drank. But looking deeper, I beheld the blue Of far-off heaven, and one stray bird that flew Across the sky and to her nestlings sank. So in the soul of man I saw gross weeds Of evil that had flourished, mirrored fair, But safe beyond the sins white wings of prayer, And gleams of heavenly light in noble deeds. O friends! look deep in every human soul, And lo! God's image glorifies the whole.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

THE indolent four-o'clock ladies Had waked from their long, dreamy rest, But the sun-flower's golden-lashed blossoms Had turned their brown eyes to the west, And the lilies grown suddenly weary, Lay hushed on the river's cold breast.

The blue-bells began a soft tinkle, The primroses opened their eyes; And the grasses waved low where the fairies Had stolen the violets' disguise; And above, through the angels' vast gardens, The stars blossomed out in the skies.

A voice from the lily-bells calling, Rang out on the even air clear: "O ye blossoms! awake, in the gardens! The Lord of the flowers cometh near! O awake! in the field and the woodland; The Maker of blossoms is here!"

The poppy just murmured: "I'm sleepy!" And nodded her round, drowsy head; And the tulips had closed their bright shutters "Against the night dew-drops," they said; And the little green balls of the daisies Never stirred in their soft, grassy bed.

But sweetly the tall, fragrant lily Uplifted her chalice of light, And the roses threw open their bosoms And gladdened the fair summer night, And the stars of the jasmine blossoms Leaned down from the trellises' height.

The Lord, walking slow through the garden, Smiled back at the rose's perfume, Caressing the lily's pale petals, Or shaking the hyacinth's plume, Till He came where the Cereus slumbered, Close-hiding her beautiful bloom.

She thrilled at the heavenly presence, And slowly uncovered her face, And swinging the pearl of her censer, With reverent, ineffable grace, Stood revealed in her magical beauty, The soul of that wonderful place.

Spellbound at the white, growing vision, The Lord watched the flower unfold, Till away from the quivering stamens The last snowy petal had rolled, Then He bent o'er the weird, witching blos- som, Left a kiss on its bosom of gold.

All tremulous with the keen rapture, And rich with the Master's breath, "Not one lesser touch shall defile me!" The night-blooming Cereus saith, And gathering her garments about her, She yielded her sweetness to death.

Whenever a Cereus blossoms, 'T is said that the Master is nigh, That He watches the glorious flower Uncurl the gold stamens that lie In the petals that tremble with rapture, And shut round His kiss when they die.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SCOTLAND sends forth this ambassador and interpreter, with his revelations shaped, as always, by the threefold mold of self, nation and common nature. Scott gave us her general characteristics, "national picturesqueness," romantic history; Burns laid bare her throbbing heart; MacDonald reveals her soul's belief and hope. Aberdeenshire's mountains and moors gave height and breadth to his youthful fancies, breathing to him many thoughts which he was to clothe and send out to the world, in novel, sermon, essay and poem. Born in 1828, with the blood of the fiery MacDonalds of Glencoe in his veins, he grew up as son of a Huntley mill owner, pupil of the University of Aberdeen, theological student at Owen's College, Manchester, and Indiana College, Highbury, London; then as Independent minister, preaching in Surrey and Sussex counties; and, finally, an author, with his ancestral glow and chivalric fire and force finding outlet in words, not deeds, in these quiet times of ours. He left the Independent ministry, became a member of the Church of England, and entered upon literary life in London; not really giving up that vocation of preacher to which he was born, since he took "the world for a parish." Poet-prophet he looks and has well been called. Strongly human, yet devoutly mystic, he can both feel men's joys and sorrows, and speak wise things concerning them. His wide love embraces man, Nature and God, in nowise separating them. Thought of God is thought of His love for His children, even in His wise punishments of them. The fresh breeze blowing its purifying way in nature's places, suggests to him its type:

"That sweet spirit-wind, which blows and blows
In human nature's heart;"

and man, with his hopeful kinship to the perfection of nature, and his and nature's God, suggests, even in his most imperfect state, the possibility of these perfections still. He cannot set his ideal too high. He must gain something by the mere seeking of it, as the hero of his romance "*Phantastes*," seeking his ideal, was glad at having at least lost his shadow.

His prose is full of poetry. He cannot look upon beautiful nature without a poetic rapture of words, whether he waits to put it into rhyme or not. As a poet, his rank is not yet fully established. His own measure of a poet is his power to produce intangible moods, as the thought of God, the beauty of nature does. The effect of his admiration of Wordsworth is often visible in his poetry. Whether the multitude will cling to a need of his poems, or relegate them to his own category of the many poems "good enough to be

their own reward, yet with no claim on the public," remains for time to prove.

Over and over, in poetry and prose, he overflows with his message:—God is, and God is Love; all things from birth through death, from joy through pain, are His good thought for us. His poems, therefore, deal most with belief, love and hope. His dialect poems are not unworthy a compatriot of Burns, and some of his ballads,—"*Earl of Quarterdeck*," "*Legend of the Corrievrechan*" and others are widely known. As editor of "*Good Things for the Young*," he has sent many messages to our embryo men and women; and children follow with delight his guidance into Facie-land.

He and his family, consisting, it is said, not only of his own sons and daughters, but of others "adopted into his great heart and home," dwell in London, wintering in Bordighera, Italy. His travels have extended over the continent, and Northern Africa, and as far as our United States.

He has given to the world, since his first book, a dramatic poem—"Within and Without,"—about twenty-eight novels, and several volumes of poems and essays. Surely he has done his part, according to his own ideal:

"The best that I can do
For the great world is the same best I can
For this my world. What truth may be therein
Will pass beyond my narrow circumstance
In truth's own right—the world is in God's hands,
This part in mine."

M. S. P.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL!

O LASSIE ayont the hill,
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht.
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I am tired and sick o'mysel'.
A body's sel' 's the sariest weicht:
O lassie come ower the hill!

Gin a body culd be a thought o' grace,
And no a sel' ava!
I'm sick o' my heid and my han's and my face,
And my thoughts and mysel' and a'.
I'm sick o' the warl' and a';
The licht gangs by wi' a hiss;
For throu my een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary hert they miss.
O lassie ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill;
Bidena ayont the hill.

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie heid,
And the sunlight o' yer hair,
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun deid,
I wad be mysel' nae mair.
I wad be mysel' nae mair,
Filled o' the sole remeid,
Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
Killed by yer body and heid.
O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

But gin ye lo'ed me ever sae sma',
• For the sake o' my bonnie dame,
Whan I cam to life, as she gaed awa',
I culd bide my body and name.
I might bide mysel', the weary same—
Aye settin' up its head
Till I turn frae the claes that cover my frame,
As gin they war roun' the deid.
O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
I wad ring my ain deid knell;
Mysel' wad vanish, shot through and through
Wi' the shine o' your sunny sel'.
By the shine o' your sunny sel',
By the licht aneath yer broo,
I wad dee to mysel', and ring my bell,
And only live in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Or roun the neuk o' the hill,
For I want ye sair the nicht.
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o'mysel'.
A body's sel' sariest weicht:
O lassie, come ower the hill.

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

The wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!"
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the king himself':
"Haud on for Dumferline!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helem intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

Quo' the king, "There's treason in this, I vow;
This is something underhand!"
'Bout ship!" Quo' the skipper, "Ver grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east wind sank behind;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea-roarin' wind,

And he turned her head into the north.
Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."
Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
To drink the gude French wine.
And up she came, his daughter fair,
And luiket ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
To the hail but and the weet;
Her snood it brak, and as lang's hersel',
Her hair drove out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' wind—
"What's that ahead?" quo' she,
The skipper he threw himself' frae the wind,
And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
Put to yer hand," quo' he;
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
Whether woman's or man's, at last.
To the tiller the lady she laid her hand,
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For the slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo' the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in your company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swam.
"And what for no too heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her hand frae the good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,
With the land far on the lee;
And up came the king upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king like a prince, "I was a' wrang.
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars came out,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-heid,
And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, knell down," the king he said,
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee;
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
I'm aboard my ain ship noe!"

"I canna mak ye king," said he,
"For the Lord alone can do that;
And, forby, ye took it intil yer ain han',
And crooned yersel sae pat!"

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring:
For ance I am your beck.
But first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yearl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king—
In his een for all his croon:
Said the skipper, "Here is your grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The Reid blude sprang into the king's face—
A wrathful man to see:
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upo' yon tree."

The skipper he sprang ahoard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast;
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on came the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed i' the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And awa' wi' the skipper goes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter?
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into high heaven wi' pride?

BETTER THINGS.

Better to smell the violet cool
Than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook
Than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle heart
Than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed
Than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness
Than bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart
Than the fountain by the way.

Better sit at a master's feet
Than thrill a listening state;
Better suspect that thou art proud
Than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen
Than watch the hour's event;
Better the well-done at the last
Than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief
Than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn
Than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done
Than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house
Than the king of all the earth.

SHADOWS.

ALL things are shadows of thee, Lord;
The sun himself is but a shade;
My soul is but the shadow of thy word,
A candle sun-bedayed.

Diamonds are shadows of the sun;
They drink his rays and show a spark:
My soul some gleams of thy great shine hath won,
And round me slays the dark.

All knowledge is but broken shades—
In gulf of dark a wandering horde:
Together rush the parted glory grades—
And lo, thy garment, Lord!

My soul, the shadow, still is light,
Because the shadow falls from Thee;
I turn, dull candle, to the center bright,
And home flit shadowy.

Shine, shine; make me thy shadow still—
The brighter still the more thy shade;
My motion be thy lovely, moveless will!
My darkness, light delayed!

BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

REJOICE.

"Rejoice," said the Sun; "I will make thee gay
With glory and gladness and holiday;
I am dumb, O man, and I need thy voice."
But man would not rejoice.

"Rejoice in thyself," said he, "O Sun,
For thy daily course is a lordly one;
In thy lofty place, rejoice if thou can:
For me, I am only a man."

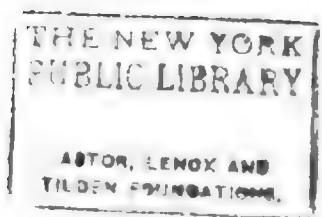
"Rejoice," said the Wind; "I am free and strong;
I will wake in thy heart an ancient song;
Hear the roaring woods, my organ noise!"
But man would not rejoice.

"Rejoice, O Wind, in thy strength," said he,
"For thou fulfillest thy destiny;
Shake the forest, the faint flowers fan:
For me, I am only a man."

"Rejoice," said the Night, "with moon and star;
The Sun and Wind are gone afar;
I am here with rest and dreams of choice."
But man would not rejoice.

For he said,—"What is rest to me, I pray,
Whose labor brings no gladsome day?
He only should dream who has hope behind.
Alas for me and my kind!"

Then a voice that came not from moon or star,
From the sun, or the wind roving afar,
Said, "Man, I am with thee—hear my voice."
And man said, "I rejoice."





GEORGE MEREDITH.

GEORGE MEREDITH was born in Hampshire, England, in 1828. His parents died when he was quite young, and he obtained his education as a ward in chancery. His education was received mostly in Germany, hence the Teutonic influence on all he has written. Intended for the profession of law, he soon abandoned it for literature. For many years his life was a hand to hand struggle with poverty in its harshest form. Early married to a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock the novelist, the union proved a very unhappy one lasting twelve years, and ended with his wife's death. Mr. Meredith's second wife died three years ago. By the first marriage he had one son, now living in Italy. By the second marriage a son, twenty-three, and a daughter, eighteen years old, now living with him in his pretty little cottage in one of the valleys of Surrey Downs. Mr. Meredith was naturally robust, but after sixty years of life in which the trials and sorrows were many, and the joys few he is described as being in delicate health.

Mr. Meredith is best known as a novelist, and is considered one of the greatest living writers of English fiction. In poetry he is original but obscure. Has been called "the Inarticulate Poet." It is only within the past few years that his poems have attracted any considerable attention in this country.

C. W. M.

THE TWO MASKS.

MELPOMENE among her livid people,
Ere stroke of lyre, upon Thaleia looks,
Warned by old contests that one muscetul ripple
Along those lips of rose with tendril hooks,
Forebodes disturbance in the springs of pathos,
Perchance may change of masks midway demand,
Albeit the man rise mountainous as Athos,
The woman wild as Cape Leucadia stand.

For this the Comic Muse exacts of creatures
Appealing to the fount of tears; that they
Strive never to outleap our human features,
And do Right Reason's ordinance obey,
In peril of the hum to laughter nighest.
But prove they under stress of action's fire
Nobleness, to that test of Reason highest,
She bows: she waves them for the loftier lyre.

HARD WEATHER.

BURSTS from a rending East in flaws
The young green leaflet's harrier, sworn

To strew the garden, strip the shaws,
And show our Spring with banner torn.
Was ever such virago morn?
The wind has teeth, the wind has claws.
All the wind's wolves through woods are loose,
The wild wind's falconry aloft.
Shrill underfoot the grassblade shrews,
At gallop, clumped, and down the croft
Bestrad by shadows, beaten, tossed;
It seems a scythe, it seems a rod.
The howl is up at the howl's accost;
The shivers greet and the shivers nod.

Is the land ship? we are rolled, we drive
Tritonly, cleaving hiss and hum;
Whirl with the dead, or mount or dive,
Or down in dregs, or on in scum.
And drums the distant, pipes the near,
And vale and hill are grey in gray,
As when the surge is crumbling sheer,
And sea-mews wing the haze of spray.
Clouds—are they bony witches?—swarms,
Darting swift on the robber's flight,
Hurry an infant sky in arms:
It peeps, it becks; 'tis day, 'tis night,
Black while over the loop of blue
The swathe is closed, like shroud on corse,
Lo, as if swift the Furies flew,
The Fates at heel at a cry to horse!

Interpret me the savage whirr:
And is it Nature scourged, or she,
Her offspring's executioner,
Reducing land to barren sea?
But is there meaning in a day
When this fierce angel of the air,
Intent to throw, and haply slay,
Can for what breath of life we bear,
Exact the wrestle? Call to mind
The many meanings glistening up
When Nature to her nurslings kind,
Hands them the fruitage and the cup!
And seek we rich significance
Not otherwhere than with those tides
Of pleasure on the sunned expanse,
Whose flow deludes, whose ebb derides?

Look in the face of men who fare
Lock-mouthed, a match in lungs and thews
For this fierce angel of the air,
To twist with him and take his bruise.
That is the face beloved of old
Of Earth, young mother of her brood;
Nor broken for us shows the mould
When muscle is in mind renewed:

Though farther from her nature rude,
Yet nearer to her spirit's hold:
And though of gentler mood serene,
Still forceful of her fountain-jet.
So shall her blows be shrewdly met,
Be luminously read the scene
Where Life is at her grindstone set,
That she may give us edging keen,
String us for battle, till as play
The common strokes of fortune shower.
Such meaning in a dagger-day
Our wits may clasp to wax in power.
Yea, feel us warmer at her breast,
By spin of blood in lusty drill,
Than when her honeyed hands caressed,
And Pleasure, sapping, seemed to fill.

Behold the life at ease; it drifts.
The sharpened life commands its course.
She winnows, winnows roughly; sifts,
To dip her chosen in her source:
Contention is the vital force,
Whence pluck they brain, her prize of gifts,
Sky of the senses! on which height,
Not disconnected, yet released,
They see how spirit comes to light,
Through conquest of the inner beast,
Which Measure tames to movement sane,
In harmony with what is fair.
Never is Earth misread by brain:
That is the welling of her, there
The mirror: with one step beyond,
For likewise is it voice; and more,
Benignest kinship bids respond,
When wail the weak, and them restore
Whom days as fell as this may rive,
While Earth sits ebon in her gloom,
Us atomies of life alive
Unheeding, bent on life to come.
Her children of the laboring brain,
These are the champions of the race,
True parents, and the sole humane,
With understanding for their base.
Earth yields the milk, but all her mind
Is vowed to thresh for stouter stock.
Her passion for old giantkind,
That scaled the mount, uphurled the rock,
Devolves on them who read aright
Her meaning and devoutly serve;
Nor in her starlessness of night
Peruse her with the craven nerve:
But even as she from grass to corn,
To eagle high from grubbing mole,
Prove in strong brain her noblest born,
The station for the flight of soul.

WHIMPER OF SYMPATHY.

HAWK or shrike has done this deed
Of downy feathers: rueful sight!
Sweet sentimentalists, invite
Your bosom's Power to intercede.

So hard it seems that one must bleed
Because another needs will bite!
All round we find cold Nature slight
The feelings of the totter-knee'd.

O it were pleasant, with you
To fly from this tussle of foes,
The shambles, the charnel, the wrinkle!
To dwell in yon dribble of dew
On the cheek of your sovereign rose,
And live the young life of a twinkle.

THE QUESTION WHITHER.

I.

WHEN we have thrown off this old suit,
So much in need of mending,
To sink among the naked mute,
Is that, think you, our ending?
We follow many, more we lead,
And you who sadly turf us,
Believe not that all living seed
Must flower above the surface.

II.

Sensation is a gracious gift,
But were it cramped to station,
The prayer to have it cast adrift,
Would spout from all sensation.
Enough if we have winked to sun,
Have sped the plough a season;
There is a soul for labor done,
Endureth fixed as reason.

III.

Then let our trust be firm in Good,
Though we be of the fasting;
Our questions are a mortal brood,
Our work is everlasting.
We children of Beneficence
Are in its being sharers;
And Whither vainer sounds than Whence,
For word with such wayfarers.

A BALLAD OF PAST MERIDIAN.

I.

LAST night returning from my twilight walk
I met the gray mist Death, whose eyeless brow
Was bent on me, and from his hand of chalk
He reached me flowers as from a withered bough
O Death, what bitter nosegays givest thou!

II.

Death said, I gather, and pursued his way.
 Another stood by me, a shape in stone,
 Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with breasts of
 clay,
 And metal veins that sometimes fiery shone:
 O Life, how naked and how hard when known!

III.

Life said, As thou hast carved me, such am I.
 Then memory, like the nightjar on the pine,
 And sightless hope, a woodlark in night sky,
 Joined notes of Death and Life till night's decline:
 Of Death, of Life, those inwound notes are mine.

MARTIN'S PUZZLE.

I.

THERE she goes up the street with her book in her hand,
 And her Good morning, Martin! Ay, lass, how d'ye do?
 Very well, thank you, Martin!—I can't understand!
 I might just as well never have cobbled a shoe!
 I can't understand it. She talks like a song;
 Her voice takes your ear like the ring of a glass;
 She seems to give gladness while limping along,
 Yet sinner ne'er suffer'd like that little lass.

II.

First, a fool of a boy ran her down with a cart.
 Then, her fool of a father—a blacksmith by trade—
 Why the deuce does he tell us it half broke his heart!
 His heart!—where's the leg of the poor little maid!
 Well, that's not enough; they must push her downstairs.
 To make her go crooked: but why count the list?
 If it's right to suppose that our human affairs
 Are all ordered by heaven—there, bang goes my fist!

III.

For if angels can look on such sights—never mind!
 When your next to blaspheming, it's best to be mum.
 The parson declares that her woes weren't designed;
 But, then, with the parson it's all kingdom-come.
 Lose a leg, save a soul—a convenient text;
 I call it Tea doctrine, not savoring of God.
 When poor little Molly wants 'chastening,' why, next
 The Archangel Michael might taste of the rod.

IV.

But, to see the poor darling go limping for miles
 To read books to sick people!—and just of an age
 When girls learn the meaning of ribands and smiles!

Makes me feel like a squirrel that turns in a cage.
 The more I push thinking the more I revolve:
 I never get farther:—and as to her face,
 It starts up when near on my puzzle I solve,
 And says, 'This crush'd body seems such a sad case.'

V.

Not that she's for complaining: she reads to earn pence;
 And from those who can't pay, simple thanks are enough.
 Does she leave lamentation for chaps without sense?
 Howsoever, she's made up of wonderful stuff.
 Ay, the soul in her body must be a stout cord:
 She sings little hymns at the close of the day,
 Though she has but three fingers to lift to the Lord,
 And only one leg to kneel down with to pray.

VI.

What I ask is, Why persecute such a poor dear,
 If there's Law above all? Answer that if you can!
 Irreligious I'm not; But I look on this sphere
 As a place where a man should just think like a man.
 It isn't fair dealing! But, contrariwise,
 Do bullets in battle the wicked select?
 Why, then it's all chance-work! And yet, in her eyes,
 She holds a fixed something by which I am checked.

VII.

Yonder riband of sunshine aslope on the wall,
 If you eye it a minute 'll have the same look:
 So kind! and so merciful! God of us all!
 It's the very same lesson we get from the Book.
 Then, is Life but a trial? Is that what is meant?
 Some must toil, and some perish, for others below;
 The injustice to each spreads a common content;
 Ay! I've lost it again, for it can't be quite so.

VIII.

She's the victim of fools: that seems nearer the mark.
 On earth there are engines and numerous fools.
 Why the Lord can permit them, we're still in the dark;
 He does, and in some sort of way they're his tools.

It's a roundabout way, with respect let me add,
If Molly goes crippled that we may be taught;
But, perhaps, it's the only way, though it's so bad;
In that case we'll bow down our heads,—as we
ought.

IX.

But the worst of *me* is, that when I bow my head,
I perceive a thought wriggling away in the dust,
And I follow its tracks, quite forgetful, instead,
Of humble acceptance: for, question I must!
Here's a creature made carefully—carefully made!
Put together with craft, and then stamped on,
and why?
The answer seems nowhere: it's discord that's
played.
The sky's a blue dish!—an implacable sky!

X.

Stop a moment. I seize an idea from the pit.
They tell us that discord, though discord, alone,
Can be harmony when the notes properly fit:
Am I judging all things from a single false
tone?
Is the Universe one immense Organ, that rolls
From devils to angels? I'm blind with the
sight.
It pours such a splendor on heaps of poor souls!
I might try at kneeling with Molly to-night.

EARTH'S SECRET.

Not solitarily in fields we find
Earth's secret open, though one page is there;
Her plainest, such as children spell, and share
With bird and beast; raised letters for the blind.
Not where the troubled passions toss the mind,
In turbid cities, can the key be bare.
It hangs for those who hither thither fare,
Close interthreading nature with our kind.
They, hearing History speak, of what men were,
And have become, are wise. The gain is great
In vision and solidity; it lives.
Yet at a thought of life apart from her,
Solidity and vision lose their state,
For Earth, that gives the milk, the spirit gives.

MY THEME.

I.

Or me and of my theme think what thou wilt:
The song of gladness one straight bolt can check.
But I have never stood at Fortune's beck:
Were she and her light crew to run atilt
At my poor holding little would be spilt;
Small were the praise for singing o'er that wreck.
Who courts her doom to strife his bended neck;

He grasps a blade, not always by the hilt.
Nathless she strikes at random, can be fell
With other than those votaries she deals.
The black or brilliant from her thunder-rift.
I say but that this love of Earth reveals
A soul beside our own to quicken, quell,
Irradiate, and through ruinous floods uplift.

II.

'Tis true the wisdom that my mind exacts
Through contemplation from a heart unbent
By many tempests may be stained and rent:
The summer flies it mightily attracts.
Yet they seem choicer than your sons of facts,
Which scarce give breathing of the sty's content
For their diurnal carnal nourishment:
Which treat with Nature in official pacts.
The deader body Nature could proclaim.
Much life have neither. Let the heavens of wrath
Rattle, then both scud scattering to froth.
But during calms the flies of idle aim
Less put the spirit out, less baffle thirst
For light than swinish grunters, blest or curst.

PEAR.

Fear of silence made them strive
Loud in warrior-hymns that grew
Hoarse for slaughter yet unwrecked.

—*The Nuptials of Attila.*

BEAUTY.

And she, most fair,
Sweet as victory half-revealed.

—*Ibid.*

TWILIGHT.

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twilight,
Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's brim,
Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-delighted
skylark
Clear as though the dewdrops had their voice in
him.

—*Love In The Valley.*

GOSSIP.

Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow
chamber

Where there is no other window, read not heaven
or her.

"When she was tiny," one aged woman quavers,
Plucks at my heart and leads me hy the ear.
Faults she had once as she learnt to run and
tumbled:

Faults of feature some see, beauty not complete.
Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy
Earth and air, may have faults from head to feet.

—*Ibid.*

NIGHT.

The soft night-wind went laden to death,
With smell of the orange in flower;
The light leaves prattled to neighbor ears;
The bird of the passion sang over his tears;
The night named hour by hour.

—*The Young Princess.*

WATER.

Water, first of singer's, o'er rocky mount and mead,
First of earthly singer's, the sun-loved rill,
Sang of him, and flooded the ripples on the reed,
Seeking whom to waken and what ear to fill.
Water, sweetest soother to kiss a wound and cool,
Sweetest and divinest, the sky-born brook,
Chuckled, with a whimper, and made a mirror-pool
Round the guest we welcomed, the strange hand shook.

—*Phabus with Admetus.*

FRANCE.

Immortal Mother of a mortal host!
Thou suffering of wounds that will not slay,
Wounds that bring death but take not life away!—
Stand fast and hearken while thy victors boast:
Hearken, and loathe that music evermore.
Slip loose thy garments woven of pride and shame:
The torture lurks in them, with them the blame
Shall pass to leave thee purer than before.
Undo thy jewels, thinking whence they came,
For what, and of the abominable name
Of her who in imperial beauty wore.

—*France, December, 1870.*

FATE.

The Mother of the many Laughters might
Call one poor shade of laughter in the light
Of her unwavering lamp to mark what things
The world puts faith in, careless of the truth:
What silly puppet-bodies danced on strings,
Attached by credence, we appear in sooth,
Demanding intercession, direct aid,
When the whole tragic tale hangs on a broken
blade!

—*Ibid.*

STRENGTH.

Lo, Strength is of the plain root-Virtues born:
Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in scorn,
Train by endurance, by devotion shape.
Strength is not won by miracle or rape.
It is the offspring of the modest years,
The gift of sire to son, thro' those firm laws
Which we name God's; which are the righteous
cause,
The cause of man, and manhood's ministers,

—*Ibid.*

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

OVERS of simple, genuine, and unmeretricious verse, associate the name of Horatio Nelson Powers with some of the best short poems that have appeared in American periodicals during the last two or three decades. Those who know the personality behind the name, recall a man of genial and dignified presence, of scholarly culture and kindly sympathies, whose friendship is at once a pleasure and an inspiration. A clergyman whose busy life has been largely devoted to the duties of his chosen calling, Dr. Powers has yet found time for the exercise of that literary talent and that wide range of intellectual activity that have given him name and influence far beyond the boundaries of his professional career. The latter may be briefly traced. Born in America, Dutchess County, New York, in 1826, he was graduated at Union College in 1850, and at the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in New York City, in 1853. He was ordained in Trinity Church, New York, by Bishop Horatio Potter, and immediately entered upon the work of the ministry, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. (afterward Bishop) Samuel Bowman, rector of St. James's Church, Lancaster, Pa. Two years later (in 1857) he accepted a call to a parish at Davenport, Iowa, where he remained eleven years. In 1868 he became rector of St. John's Church, Chicago, continuing there until 1875, when he was called to Christ Church, Bridgeport, Conn. This charge he retained for ten years, removing in 1885 to Piermont-on-the-Hudson, where he still resides as rector. The scenery about Piermont is romantic and inspiring; and in a beautifully situated and pleasant parsonage built for him last year, and amidst harmonious surroundings, Dr. Powers, in the ripeness and maturity of his life, has a full measure of that peace and happiness which he merits and is so well fitted to enjoy. Some charming glimpses of the region where he lives, and of his life there, are given in a little poem entitled "My Walk to Church," published in *Harper's Monthly* last year, which readers will be glad to find reprinted in the present issue of this magazine. The poem is interesting also as showing in a marked degree what are perhaps Dr. Powers's most noticeable characteristics of a poet—a feeling for Nature, that is Wordsworthian in its depth and tenderness; a contemplative habit that sees the spiritual meaning of even the humblest things; and a cheerfulness and youthfulness of heart that keeps him ever young and sensitive to all beautiful forms and thoughts. No one can read "My Walk to Church," and others of his poems in the same sweet key, without feeling that the author is indeed one of those to whom

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Dr. Powers's literary tastes developed in his youth, and led him early into literary work. His pen has seldom been idle. Besides poems, he has written innumerable essays, literary and art criticisms, etc. Two volumes of his poems have been published—"Early and Late," in 1876; and "A Decade of Song," in 1885. "Through the Year," a collection of his religious essays, appeared in 1875. Many of his poems have been widely copied, and have a place in the standard anthologies of English poetry. He has contributed to most of the leading periodicals of the country, and was for several years the American correspondent of *L'Art*, the great French art review. His interest in art has, indeed, been only secondary to his interest in literature, and has earned him the friendship of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who dedicated to him his charming book entitled "The Unknown River," and painted and presented to him two fine landscape pictures. Dr. Powers has been peculiarly fortunate in his friendships, and has enjoyed the companionship of Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and other distinguished literary men of his time. His home-life has also been fortunate. He married, in 1857, Clemence Emma, only daughter of the late Professor Francis Fauvel-Gouraud, of the University of France. Of the children born of this union, five are living—three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Edward Fauvel, resides chiefly in London, and is active and successful in extensive British enterprises, which he has developed in Uruguay and the Argentine Republic.

Dr. Powers has filled many positions of responsibility in literary, educational, and public work. He was for a time President of Griswold College, at Davenport, Iowa; and Regent of the Chicago University, President of the Foundlings' Home at Chicago, and a member of the Sanitary Relief Board organized after the Chicago fire in 1871, an associate editor of the Chicago *Alliance*, and one of the founders of the Chicago Literary Club, President of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Scientific Society, etc. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by Union College in 1867.

F. F. B.

MY WALK TO CHURCH.

BREATHING the summer-scented air
Along the bowery mountain way,
Each Lord's-day morning I repair
To serve my church, a mile away.

Below, the glorious river lies—
A bright, broad-breasted, sylvan sea—
And round the sumptuous highlands rise,
Fair as the hills of Galilee.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear

Music of unrecorded tone.

The heart of Beauty beats so near,
Its pulses modulate my own.

The shadow on the meadow's breast

Is not more calm than my repose
As, step by step, I am the guest
Of every living thing that grows.

Ah, something melts along the sky,

And something rises from the ground,
And fills the inner ear and eye
Beyond the sense of sight and sound.

It is not that I strive to see

What Love in lovely shapes has wrought—
Its gracious messages to me
Come, like the gentle dews, unsought.

I merely walk with open heart

Which feels the secret in the sign;
But, oh, how large and rich my part
In all that makes the feast divine!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds

That sang to Christ beyond the sea,
And softly His consoling words
Blend with their joyous minstrelsy.

Sometimes in royal vesture glow

The lilies that He called so fair,
Which never toil nor spin, yet show
The loving Father's tender care.

And then along the fragrant hills

A radiant presence seems to move,
And earth grows fairer as it fills
The very air I breathe with love.

And now I see one perfect face,

And hastening to my church's door,
Find Him within the holy place
Who, all my way, went on before.

THE COLOR-SPIRIT.

THROUGH hazy noons, crisp night, and luscious morning,

A Spirit has been busy everywhere,
The happy fields with gorgeous hues adorning,
Till color seemed to animate the air.

It breathed upon the forests which, enchanted,
Waved fiery plumes, and banner-pomp unrolled;

And the mysterious mountain-depths it haunted,
Till they were changed to palaces of gold.

It wrapped a glittering vest of scarlet splendor
Round quiet meads between the billowy hills,
And lit the cliffs, and sifted radiance tender
Through glowing boughs that screen the bickering rills.

Through briery dell and over vine-draped ledges
In trailing fire its devious wanderings sped;
It broidered sedgy pools and meadow edges
With scarfs of saffron tied with crimson thread.

Softly upon the bosses of the lea-lands
It wrote sweet poems in commingled hues,
And where the barberry droops beside the sea-sands,
It told in colored script the autumn news.

How dost thou paint, O Spirit, in such glory
The circling landscape and resplendent even?
The pictures wrought in thy illumined story
Are like a page torn from the book of Heaven.

What witchery works mutations so amazing?
How comes the art that the design conceives?
Who mixes colors when the lands are blazing
With seas of sunshine and transfigured leaves.

O the enchantment of the myriad beauty!
Wrought as in some delirium divine:
Be it the word of love, or trust, or duty,
The rapture of the message now is mine!

SEMPER UBIQUE.

SOFT through the shimmering sunshine
The wind of April breathes,
And the soothing touch of a spirit
Is the tender kiss it leaves.
Ah! what is the breath that caresses,
The lustre and charm that fall
On my heart, but the delicate greeting
Of the Life that is over all?

I roam through the quiet of woodlands,
As the buds begin to swell,
And the early flowers are peeping
Where last year's dead leaves fell;
And I know 'tis the pulses of Beauty
That under the surface move,
And that everywhere all that is lovely
Is born in the light of Love.

By the streams that laugh through the meadows,
In the birds that sing and fly,
In the moss of the rock, in the mountains,
And the tender blue of the sky,

Where the sea in the moon is gleaming,
And the stars in their grandeur roll,
I feel that the heart of Goodness
Is throbbing through the whole.

I look on the faces of mothers
With their children cheek to cheek,
On lovers whose silent rapture
No lips can ever speak,
I hear the songs that are sweetest
Of all that the happy sing,
And know each joy is a rill that flows
From one eternal Spring.

Yes, the Lord of all ages is with me—
The centre and Sun of life,
My Light in the dreariest darkness,
My Peace 'mid the storms of strife.
Of Him is the beauty that trances,
The blessing in all that is blest,
The worlds are safe on His bosom,
And on His bosom I rest.

OUR SISTER.

HER face was very fair to see—
So luminous with purity;
It had no roses, but the hue
Of lilies lustrous with their dew—
Her very soul seemed shining through!

Her quiet nature seemed to be
Tuned to each season's harmony.
The holy sky bent near to her;
She saw a spirit in the stir
Of solemn woods. The rills that beat
Their mosses with voluptuous feet,
Went dripping music through her thought.
Sweet impulse came to her unsought
From graceful things, and Beauty took
A sacred meaning in her look.

In the great Master's steps went she
With patience and humility.
The casual gazer could not guess
Half of her veiled loveliness;
Yet, ah! what precious things lay hid
Beneath her bosom's snowy lid:—
What tenderness and sympathy,
What beauty of sincerity,
What fancies chaste, and loves that grew
In heaven's own stainless light and dew.

True woman was she day by day
In suffering, toil, and victory.

Her life, made holy and serene
By faith, was hid with things unseen.
She knew what they alone can know
Who live above, but dwell below.

AUTUMN.

'Tis my creed that Age should carry,
'Mid its strifes and cares and losses,
The purple of its morning,
April-bloom and choral air;
That Wisdom, Cheer should marry,
That life ascends on crosses,
And that its best adorning
Is its joy in all things fair.

*—October Lilies.***OCTOBER.**

O apples, fragrant apples, piled high beside the
presses,
And heaped in wain and basket 'neath the broad-
branched, mossy trees,
Can we fairly call him sober—this splendid, rich
October—
Pouring out his sweets and beauty in such lavish
gifts as these?

*—In the Orchard.***PAIN.**

O sleepless Warden at the gate of life!
Prophet of human needs and ruthless woes!
Avenger of transgressions! Earth-born Pain!
Harsh is thy voice and dreadful, as it tells
The anguish of a world, but thou dost teach
Redemption, and deliverance, and the path
To glorious triumphs as thy scourges fall.

*—The Voice of Pain.***WORSHIP.**

Ah! Love is yet in his grave-clothes
With many who swiftly ran
This morning with odors of worship,
To welcome the risen One.
And many a flower-decked temple
Is vocal with praise to-day.
Where the Christ of the heart and the ages
Is cruelly thrust away.

*—Easter.***YOUTH.**

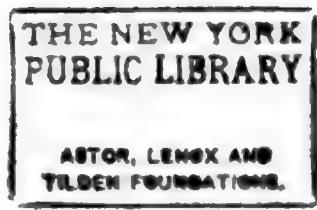
O radiant land! where my young eyes
Saw angels in the happy skies,
And felt Love's arms in all the air,
And heard Hope singing everywhere,—
Sweet land of boyhood! Rose unblown!
Delicious, heart-ensfolded Zone!
How soon—too soon
The burning Noon
Drank all thy dew from bud and leaf,
And seared the bowers of young Belief.

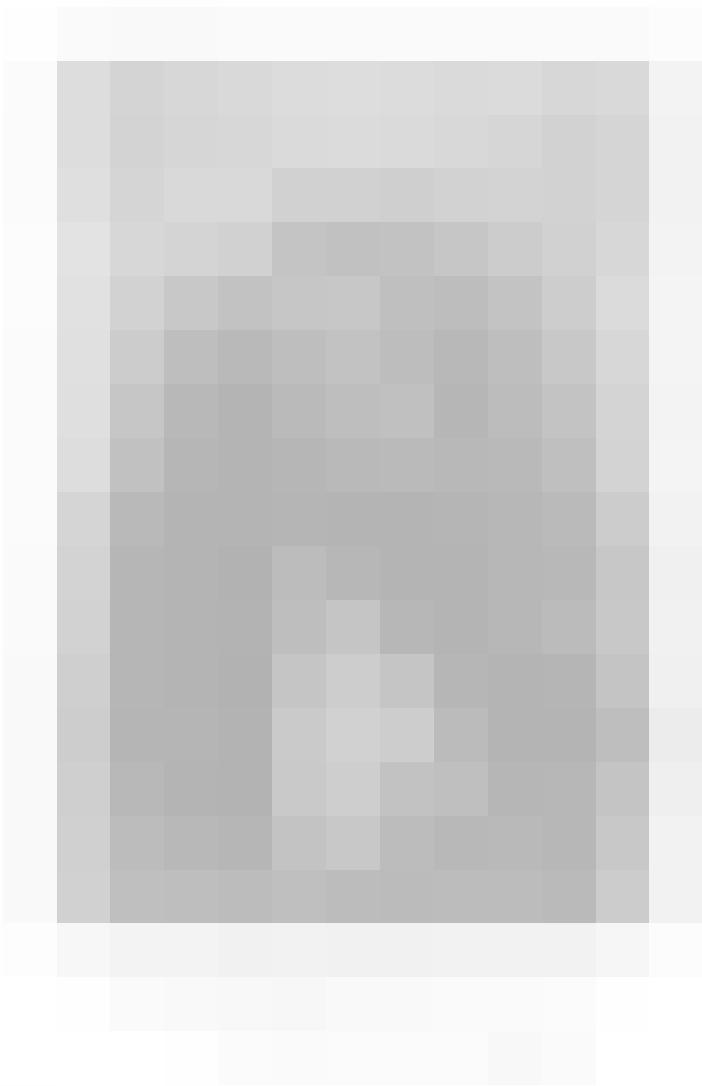
*—A Birthday Lyric.***EDMUND FLAGG.**

MORE than thirty years ago, the names of quite a large coterie of young poetical writers were associated with that of the celebrated George D. Prentiss of the *Louisville Journal*, embracing those of Gallagher, Shreve, Wallace, Cosby, Piatt, Amelia Welby, Rosa Vertner, Rebecca Nichols, Laura Thruston, Mattie Griffith, Catherine Warfield, and many others. Among these writers, and one of the youngest of them, was Edmund Flagg. As a journalist, an author, a dramatist, and, subsequently, in the civil and diplomatic service at home and abroad, he has been more widely known, however, than as a poet; although a prominent place has been awarded his metrical productions in several anthologies.

Mr. Flagg comes of Puritan and Revolutionary stock. The first of his name in New England, did not indeed "come over" in the "Mayflower," but, he did come in the "Rose," a few years later, landing at Boston in 1637. His great-grandfather, one of the earliest graduates of Harvard, was pastor of a church in Chester, N. H., sixty years, and died at the age of ninety-three; his grandfather was an Adjutant-General in the Revolution; his father was a graduate of Dartmouth a few years after his cousin Daniel Webster.

Mr. Flagg was born in the little seaport of Wiscasset, Maine, the home of his mother. Two months after graduating at Bowdoin he was teaching a Classical School at Louisville, Ky., and writing for the *Journal* with George D. Prentiss, a connection which in some form or other continued for nearly thirty years. During the summer of 1836, he traveled on horseback through Illinois and Missouri, and contributed a series of sketches to the *Journal*. In 1837-8, at St. Louis, he taught school, read law, and wrote for the press. During 1837, he entered the bar, and edited the *St. Louis Bulletin*. In 1838 he superintended the publication in New York, by the Harpers, of "The Far West," in two volumes, and with Prentiss, commenced the *Louisville Literary News-Letter*. In 1840 he was in the law office of S. S. Prentiss, of Vicksburg, Miss.; and, on March 4, 1841, as editor of the *Vicksburg Whig*, was severely wounded in a duel with the editor of the *Vicksburg Sentinel*. In 1842-3 he was editor of the *Gazette* at Marietta, Ohio, and wrote a series of romances for the New York *New World*, conducted by Park Benjamin. In 1844-5 he was editor and proprietor of the *St. Louis Evening Gazette*. In 1846-7 he was secretary of a mutual insurance company, and author of a treatise on that system; also reporter of a volume of debates in the Constitutional Convention of Missouri; and wrote or adapted for the stage, several plays, among them





being "Mary Tudor," "Catherine Howard," "Ray Bias," "Count Julian," "Carlton," and "Castilian Honor," the first three of which were successfully produced at St. Louis and in southern and western cities, and in New York. In 1848 he was official reporter of the courts of St. Louis. In 1849 he was attached as secretary to the American Legation at Berlin, and was a correspondent of the New York and western press. At this time "Edmond Dantes" a sequel to Dumas' "Count of Monte Cristo," from his pen, was published by the Petersons. Nearly forty years afterwards, in 1884, it was republished. In 1850 a tale of his entitled "Blanche of Artois" received from the *Courier* at Louisville a prize of \$100; and within the two ensuing weeks, two other similar prizes were awarded him for poems. Nothing at this time seemed to come amiss whether plays, prologues, odes, songs, hymns, epithalamiums, epitaphs, tales, treatises, lectures, speeches, reports of sermons, or criminal trials, descriptive pamphlets of panoramas and picture galleries, prose or verse. Quite a number of his fugitive pieces were adapted to popular airs, and are even yet to be heard. In 1851 he went as United States Consul to Venice. In 1852 he conducted the *St. Louis Times* through the heated Pierce and Scott presidential campaign. In 1853 he superintended the publication by Charles Scribners, at New York, of two illustrated volumes written by himself, entitled "Venice, the City of the Sea"; and wrote for Meyer's "United States Illustrated West," edited by Charles A. Dana, most of the letter press. He received an appointment in the Department of State, under Secretary Marcy. In 1854 he was placed as superintendent of statistics in charge of a report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations, ordered by Congress, which in 1856-57 was issued by the Government in four quarto volumes. He afterwards prepared an annual report on commercial relations, and several pamphlets on the cotton and tobacco trade, and on immigration. In 1858 he was Washington correspondent for several western papers, and in 1861, was placed in charge of a library in the Department of the Interior, where he remained until 1869, when he resigned and took up his residence at his "Eastwood Farm," in Fairfax County, Virginia, moving some years later to "Highland View," a country seat nearer the National Capital and looking down on its spires, monument and dome, and here he still resides, practicing law a little, writing for the press occasionally, preparing a volume of reminiscences of his long and eventful career based on a daily journal of more than forty years; and superintending somewhat extended interests in real estate in Washington and Virginia. In February, 1862, Mr. Flagg married Kate, the daughter

of Sidney S. Gallaher, of Jefferson County, West Virginia, and has three sons. E. H. F.

WAR.

THOU hast thy glories, War? Thy flashing arms,
And marshal'd hosts,—thy banners on the breeze,
And dancing plumes, and the wild melody,
Which o'er thy serried ranks riseth and falls
Like choral hymn of seraphs,—these are thine;
And gorgeous pomp, imperial pageantry,
And all the dread magnificence of Death
Decked in his kingliest of robes.—And yet, dark
War,

Thy horrors who shall tell? Who shall conceive,
Save mind omnipotent, thy dread design?
Who comprehend the end of thy decrees,
Or the mysterious purpose of thy birth?
The whirlwind's dreadful rush,—the lightning's
sweep,—

Tornado, earthquake, and volcanic wrath,—
The fearful ravages of flame and flood,—
The tumbling billows of the tortur'd main,—
All the wild rage of elemental strife,—
These have their limit,—and they may not
pass:—

These are restrained by an Almighty hand,—
By mercy prompted, and by love withheld;
And through the folds of murkiest tempest-cloud,
The spirit of the storm looks calmly down,
And braids on Heaven's brow the promised bow.
But thou, dread War!—thy throne is built of
skulls

With blood cemented,—yet by man uprear'd!
From thy beginnings who shall tell the end?
What power arrest thy dreadful enginery once
free?

Over thy gore-drenched battle-plains bendeth
No rainbow-smile,—no halo of Heaven's peace.
The widow's wail, the orphan's piteous cry
Echoes the triumph shout of every field.
Alas! on that dark ground no flower of hope
Bloometh to bless the parting spirit's flight—
No flower of hope, save to the patriot's prayer,—
No wreath, save that of Glory's laurel'd dream!
No mother's voice in gentle cadence falls
On the dull ear:—no sister's smile may soothe
The last stern agony. And she—and she,—
The star, perchance, of all his mortal being,—
Life of his life,—the hope of his existence,—
She bends not above his gory rest,
Nor on her lips catches his last low sigh!
Ah, could the heart's wild wishes win with woe
Fulfillment of its hopes,—were its deep yearnings

Sorcerers to bless the soul with all it craved,—
Could the sad dreams of Sorrow conquer Fate,
Or, sighs, and prayers, and tears, and agonies,
Recall the loved and lost,—this weary world
Would be no more man's pilgrimage,
And many a heart, now agonized and wrung,
With joy would leap. Yet, better,—better far
Thy horrors, War, in all their blackest gloom,—
Better the patriot's gory, glorious rest,
And the wild wail of loved ones far away,—
Than on the scutcheon'd banner of our land
One star should pale its beams; one stripe be
dimm'd!

Home of the beautiful!—the brave!—the free!
Glorious in peace, and glorious still in war!
Long may that star-lit banner burn and stream,
Terrific in its gorgeous heraldry,
Along old Ocean's dark blue wave!—long light,
With splendor blazing, the wide welkin dome!
And, as from out that radiant standard-sheet,
Star after star in brilliancy gleams forth,
Oh, may it fling abroad increasing beams
Along the hill-tops of a midnight world!

THE STARS.

AND you, ye glittering hosts
Which on my brow pour out your holy light,
As ye look down from your far heavenly homes
In sweet and mournful beauty on our world
Of sorrow,—ye types of time unending,—
Time which knew no beginning!—"sons of God,"
Which erst, when the earth was born, as on ye
held
Your mighty march eternal, shouted forth,
With myriad voice, in sweet sphere-music,
Your rejoicing!—even ye,—beauteous,
And pure, and blessed, as ye are—ye stars
At times rush madly from your ranks, and, like
The fairest daughter of fair Pleione,
No more are viewed among the hosts on high!
Yet, ye, bright orbs, were watchers at our birth!—
As radiant then in your proud blazonry
As ye are now! Though many,—many storms
Have veiled your glory, ye are glorious still!
Though many lights have vanish'd from your
ranks,
Yet, ye are still, like ocean-sands, untold!
Still ye shine on, as in your earliest hour,
Unshorn of might; and onward,—onward still
The bickering chariot-wheels of planets.
Suns, and systems, in holy harmony
Roll choiring through th' immensity of space!
A wonder and a glory ye are now,
As erst ye were, when our old world was young.

And Chaldea's shepherd-seers, at noon of night,
Amid the high, hushed, heavenly stillness
Of their mountain-pastures, worshipp'd and
gazed,
And gazed and worshipped.—And ye will beam
As sweetly on our rest, when we are gone,
As ye are beaming on the rest of those
Who now are slumb'ring quietly,—upon
Whose hearts, once passionate, the earth is
chill.—
Ye silver-sandal'd sentinels,—tireless,—
Untired!—ye signal-lights, time-hallowed,—
Kindled along the ramparts of high heaven
By God's own finger!—wardens eternal
On the empyrean-portals planted!—
Altar-fires, before Jehovah's shrine
Forever burning; or, the living eyes
Of seraph-hosts, that round his mighty throne,
Veiling their faces, bow, while myriad voices
Shout in sweet sphere-music their rejoicing,—
Ye are the types of Fate, if ye are not,—
As hoary men of old have loved to dream,—
Its arbiters, and, on the giant scroll
Of the blue-pillard boundless firmament,
Glitt'ring all o'er with gorgeous heraldry,—
Is writ the record of another year!
Star after star ceaseth to shine on high,—
Year after year passeth from human life
And earthly being!

MOTHERHOOD.

A MOTHER'S LOVE!
Oh, there is not, in all this cold, and false,
And hollow-hearted world, one fount of love
So pure, so deep, so deathless, strong as death,—
A love, whose joy might swell an angel's breast—
Whose tear would sully not an angel's cheek,—
Upon whose pride a Deity might smile,—
As that, which in a youthful mother's breast
Wells up, while bending o'er her first-born child!
Ocean's dark caves can boast no pearl so pure,
And earth, upon her bosom holds no flower,
And, in her jewel'd depths, no gem so rare!—
A mother's love! Oh, it can bear all suffering.—
It will dare despair, death, peril, ev'n crime,—
All that the spirit shinks from,—drain the cup
Of sorrow to the dregs, nor drop one tear,
Nor know an instant's pause, though met by pride
And petulence from that so wildly loved—
Be it deformed, and swart, and hideous,
Or, bright and beauteous as a poet's dream.

—A Mother's Love.

SHIPS AT SEA.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago:
None have yet come home to me,
But keep sailing to and fro.
I have seen them, in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they staid
From me, sailing round the world;
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,—
Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices which they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport;
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And contented watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights, for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, " You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I can buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Every thing except a heart:
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Poorer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore, evermore.

ROBERT BARRY COFFIN.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wing'd boat, a bird afloat,
Skims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks it sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim the mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits, her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff:
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie, blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled:
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail,
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense, the cooling sense,
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes my spirit flies
Where summer sings and never dies—
O'erveiled with vines, she glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children, hid the cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls, with tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rock like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one its course has run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh! happy ship, to rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh! happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

IN THE MIST.

SITTING all day in a silver mist,
In silver silence all the day,
Save for the low, soft hiss of spray
And the lisp of sands by waters kissed,
As the tide draws up the bay.

Little I hear and nothing I see,
Wrapped in that veil by fairies spun;
The solid earth is vanished for me
And the shining hours speed noiselessly,
A woof of shadow and sun.

Suddenly out of the shifting veil
A magical bark, by the sunbeams lit,
Flits like a dream — or seems to flit —
With a golden prow and a gossamer sail,
And the waves make room for it.

A fair, swift bark from some radiant realm,
Its diamond cordage cuts the sky
In glittering lines, all silently
A seeming spirit holds the helm
And steers. Will he pass me by?

Ah! not for me is the vessel here,
Noiseless and swift as a sea-bird's flight
She swerves and vanishes from the sight;
No flap of sail, no parting cheer,—
She has passed into the light.

Sitting some day in a deeper mist,
Silent, alone, some other day,
An unknown bark, from an unknown bay,
By unknown waters lapped and kissed,
Shall near me through the spray.

No flap of sail, no scraping of keel,
Shadowy, dim, with a banner dark,
It will hover, will pause, and I shall feel
A hand which grasps me, and shivering steal
To the cold strand, and embark.

Embark for that far, mysterious realm
Where the fathomless, trackless waters flow.
Shall I feel a Presence dim, and know
Thy dear hand, Lord, upon the helm,
Nor be afraid to go?

And through black waves and stormy blast
And out of the fog-wreaths, dense and dun,
Guided by thee, shall the vessel run,
Gain the fair haven, night being past,
And anchor in the sun?

SAKAH WOOLSEY.

EN VOYAGE.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone ;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas ;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wast me on my way,
But leave it to a higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so ;
And, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

TREASURE SHIPS.

O BEAUTIFUL, stately ships,
Ye come from over the seas,
With every sail full spread
To the glad, rejoicing breeze!
Ye come from the dusky East,
Ye come from the golden West,
As birds that out of the far blue sky
Fly each to its sheltered nest.

All spoils of the earth ye bring ;
From the isles of far Cathay,
From the fabled shores of the Orient,
And realms more rich than they.
The prisoned light of a thousand gems,
The gleam of the virgin gold,
Lustre of silver, and sheen of pearl,
Shut up in the narrow hold.

Shawls from the looms of Ispahan ;
Ivory white as milk ;
Shimmer of satin and rare brocade,
And fold upon fold of silk ;
Gauzes that India's maidens wear ;
Spices, and rare perfumes ;
Fruits that hold in their honeyed cups
The wealth of the summer blooms.

The blood of a thousand vines ;
The cotton's drifted snow ;
The fragrant heart of the precious woods
That deep in the tropics grow ;
The strength of the giant hills ;
The might of the iron ore ;
The golden corn, and the yellow wheat,
From earth's broad threshing-floor.

Yet, O ye beautiful ships!
There are ships that come not back,
With flying pennant and swelling sail,
Over yon shining track!
Who can reckon their precious stores,
Or measure the might have been ?
Who can tell what they held for us—
The ships that will ne'er come in ?

JULIA C. R. DOOR.

WHEN MY SHIP WENT DOWN.

I.

SANK a palace in the sea,
When my ship went down;
Friends whose hearts were gold to me—
Gifts that ne'er again can be—
'Neath the waters brown.

There you lie, O Ship, to-day,
In the sand-bar stiff and gray!
You who proudly sailed away
From the splendid town.

II.

Now the ocean's bitter cup
Meets your trembling lip ;
Now your gilded halls look up
From Disaster's grip.
Ruin's nets around you weave ;
But I have no time to grieve ;
I will promptly, I believe,
Build another ship.

WILL CARLETON.

OUTWARD BOUND.

OUT upon the unknown deep,
Where the unheard oceans sound,
Where the unseen islands sleep.—
Outward bound.
Following towards the silent west
O'er the horizon's curved rim,—
Or to islands of the blest,
—He with me and I with him—
Outward bound.

Nothing but a speck we seem
In the waste of waters round,
Floating, floating like a dream,—
Outward bound.
But within that tiny speck
Two brave hearts with one accord
Past all tumult, grief, and wreck,
Look up calm,—and praise the Lord,—
Outward bound.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE EXPECTED SHIP:

Titus I heard a poet say,
As he sang in merry glee,
"Ah! 't will be a golden day,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!"

"I do know a cottage fine,
As a poet's house should be,
And the cottage shall be mine,
When my ship comes o'er the sea"

"I do know a maiden fair,
Fair, and fond, and dear to me,
And we'll be a wedded pair,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!"

"And within that cottage fine,
Blest as any king may be,
Every pleasure shall be mine,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!"

"To be rich is to be great;
Love is only for the free;
Grant me patience, while I wait
Till my ship comes o'er the sea!"

Months and years have come and gone
Since the poet sang to me,
Yet he still keeps hoping on
For the ship from o'er the sea!

Thus the siren voice of Hope
Whispers still to you and me
Of something in the future's scope,
Some golden ship from o'er the sea!

Never sailor yet hath found,
Looking windward or to lee,
Any vessel homeward bound,
Like that ship from o'er the sea!

Never comes the shining deck;
But that tiny cloud may be—
Though it seems the merest speck—
The promised ship from o'er the sea!

Never looms the swelling sail,
But the wind is blowing free,
And that may be the precious gale
That brings the ship from o'er the sea!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

MY SHIP.

A white sail gleamed across the bay;
"Is it my ship?" a maiden cried,
"Or some lone cloud?" I heard her say,
"Such as my grand-dame's eye espied?"

Oft couched around the evening blaze,
When shadows flickered on the wall,
What tales, methought, of other days
That fair girl's simple words recall?

What freighted barques, on many a breeze,
Came laden with their precious store,
From isles of spice and Indian seas,
Of silks and gems and glittering ore.

Our nurse of all these wonders told—
"When comes our ship, though yet unseen,
Julian shall have a watch of gold,
And Marion pearls to fit a queen,

"And Kitty darling for her share,
We'll say a richly broidered gown,
Or something yet more rich and rare,
The prettiest doll from London town."

So ran the legend; and our eyes
Grew wider as the talk went on;
How fancy reveled in each prize,
Prize, ship, and all like shadows gone!

My sea-beat home upon the shore
Looks far across the mournful main,
But on that sea such barque before
I ne'er beheld, nor shall again.

Illumined by that damsel's glance
Earth, sea and sky a glamour cast;
High waved her snowy arm; her dance,
As neared the ship, grew light and fast.

Down clanged the anchor, and anon
Out sprang a boat to reach the land,
As swiftly as the beach it won
Leaped a young seaman to the strand.

Stood heart to heart, and lip to lip
That captain and the maiden fair—
"My ship!" she cried, and he, "your ship
And mine, dear love!" My dream was air.

GEORGE LUNT.

AT SEA.

WORN voyagers, who watch for land
Across the endless wastes of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
Why look ye not to what ye flee?

The stars by which the sailors steer
Not always rise before the prow;
Though forward nought but clouds appear,
Behind, they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed vain?
Can guides so oft found true deceive?

Oh, sail we to the south or north,
Oh, sail we to the east or west,
The port from which we first put forth
Is our heart's home, is our life's best.

F. W. BROOKS.

LEFT ASHORE.

SOFTLY it stole up out of the sea,
The day that brought my dole to me;
Slowly into the star-sown gray
Dim and dappled it soared away.
Who would have dreamed such tender light
Was brimming over with bale and blight?
Who would have dreamed that fitful breeze
Fanned from the tumult of tossing seas?
Oh, softly and slowly stole up from the sea
The day that brought my dole to me.

Glad was I at the open door,
While my footfall lingered along the floor,
For three bright heads at that dawn of day
Close on the self-same pillow lay;
Three dear mouths I bent and kissed
As the gold and rose and amethyst
Of the eastern sky was round us spread;
And three little happy faces sped
To the dancing boat,—and he went too—
And lightly the wind that morning blew.

Many a time had one and all
Gone out before to the deep-sea haul,
Many a time come rowing back
Against the tide of the Merrimack.
With shining freight and a reddening sail
Flapping loose in the idle gale;
While over them faded the evening glow,
With stars above and with stars below,
Trolling and laughing a welcome din
To me and the warm shore making in.

Then why, that day, as I watched the boat,
Did I remember the midnight roar
That rolled a signal across my sleep
Of the storm that rolled from deep to deep,
Plunging along in its eager haste
Across the desert and desolate waste,
Far off through the heart of the gray mid seas
To rob me forever of all my ease?
Oh, I know not; I only know
That sound was the warning of my woe.

For lo, as I looked, I saw the mist
Over the channel curl and twist,
And blot the breaker out of sight
Where its angry horn gored the waters white.
Only a sea-turn, I heard them say,
That the climbing sun will burn away;
But I saw it silently settling down
Like an ashen pall upon the town.
"Oh, hush!" I cried; "'tis some huge storm's rack,
And I know my darlings will never come back."

All day I stood on the old sea-wall
Watching the great swell rise and fall,
And the spume and spray drove far and thin,
But never a sail came staggering in.
And out of the east a wet wind blew,
And over my head the foam-flakes flew;
Down came the night without a star;
Loud was the cry of the raging bar;
And I wrung my hands and called and prayed,
And the black, wild east all answer made.

Oh, long ere the cruel night was done
Came the muffled toll of the minute gun.
Nothing it meant to me, I knew,
Save that other women were waiting too.
For many the craft that cast away
On the shoals of the long Plum Island lay,
Wrecked and naked, a hungry horde
Of fierce white surges leaping aboard,
And bale and bundle came up from the sea,
But nothing ever came back to me.

And through every pool where the full tides toss
I search for some lock of curling floss.
Yet still in my window, night by night,
The little candle is burning bright.
For, oh, if I suddenly turned to meet
My darling coming with flying feet,
While I, in the place they left me, sat,
No greater marvel 'twould be than that
When so softly, slowly stole from the sea
The day that brought my dole to me.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

AT SEA.

UPON the shore stood friends,
Who gazed upon the barque and little crew
Till all had faded in the golden west,
And darkness settled on the lonely sea.
Then whispered they, with voices low and sad,
"Will they return to vine-clad Spain, their home,
Or perish in some far-off clime alone?"
Far o'er the sea the little vessel passed
Till all grew tired of the moaning waves,
And at the dismal creaking of the masts,
The hollow beating of the sails; they turned
Their longing eyes far o'er the restless sea,
And thought of home, and friends, and vine-clad
Spain.

In dreams the tender voice of Philomel
Their souls did soothe, and wandered 'neath the
moon,
With love-lit eyes, fair maids, whose silvery laugh
Stole o'er the slumbering sense like music sweet.

PHILLIPS STEWART.

SINGLE POEMS.

OLD AND YOUNG.

I.

THEY soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who hire for self and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold.
For them their youth itself is old.

II.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung:
For them old age itself is young.

CHRISTOPHER PEASE CRANCH.

IN GOD'S ACRE.

I.

THOU art alive, O grave,—
Thou with thy living grass,
Blown of all winds that pass,—
Thou with thy daisies white,
Dewy at morn and night,—
Thou on whose granite stone
Greenly the moss has grown,—
Thou on whose holy mound,
Through the whole summer round,
Sweetly the roses thrive,—
Thou art alive!
O grave, thou art alive!

II.

Answer me then, O grave,—
Yea, from thy living bloom
Speak to me, O green tomb,—
Say if the maid I know,
Sepulchred here below,—
Say if the sweet white face,
Hidden in this dark place,—
Say if the hair of gold
Buried amid thy mould,—
Say, O thou grave, her bed,—
Is my love dead?
O say, are the dead dead?

THEODORE TILTON.

DE LIBRIS.

TRUE—there are books and books. There's Gray,
For instance, and there's Bacon;
There's Longfellow, and Monstrelet,
And also Colton's "Lacon,"

With "Laws of Whist," and those of Libel,
And Euclid, and the Mormon Bible.

And some are dear as friends, and some
We keep because we need them;
And some we ward from worm and thumb,
And love too well to read them.
My own are poor and mostly new,
But I've an Elzevir or two.

That as a gift is prized, the next
For trouble in the finding;
This Aldine for its early text,
That Plantin for the binding;
This sorry Herrick hides a flower,
The record of one perfect hour.

But whether it be worth or looks
We gently love or strongly,
Such virtue doth reside in books
We scarce can love them wrongly;
To sages an eternal school,
A hobby (harmless) to the fool.

Nor altogether fool is he
Who orders, free from doubt,
Those books which "no good library
Should ever be without,"
And blandly locks the well-glazed door
On tomes that issue never more.

Less may we scorn his cases grand,
Where safely, surely linger
Fair virgin fields of type, unscanned
And innocent of finger.
There rest, preserved from dust accurst,
The first editions—and the worst.

And least of all should we that write
With easy jest deride them,
Who hope to leave when "lost to sight"
The best of us inside them,
Dear shrines! where many a scribbler's name
Has lasted—longer than his fame.

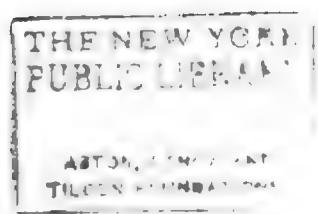
COSMO MONKHOUSE.

IN THE CLOISTERS, WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

(Suggested by the sight of a boy's gravestone.)

How broad the gulf which delving Time hath
made
Between those happy living and these dead.

Two things are ever with us, youth and death—
The Faun that pipes, and Pluto unbeguiled;
From age to age still plays the eternal child,





George Mac Donald.

Nor heeds the eternal doom that followeth,
Ah, precious days of unreflecting breath!
There lay (so might we fancy) one who smiled
Through all life's paradox unreconciled,
Enjoying years the grown man squandereth.
And if his latest hour was touched with pain,
And some dim trouble crossed his childish brain,
He knew no fear,—in death more blest than we.
And now from God's clear light he smiles again,
Not ill-content his mortal part to see
In such a spot, amid such company.

E. C. LEFROY.

CHORUS.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

BEFORE the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;

They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE WELL OF ST. JOHN.

"THERE is plenty of room for two in here,
Within the steep tunnel of old gray stone;
And the well is so dark, and the spring is so
clear,

It is quite unsafe to go down alone."

"It is perfectly safe depend upon it,
For a girl who can count the steps like me,
And if ever I saw dear mother's bonnet,
It is there on the hill by the old ash tree."

"There is nobody but Rees Morgan's cow
Watching the dusk on the milk-white sea.
'Tis the time and place for a life-long vow,
Such as I owe you, and you owe me."

"Oh, Willie, how can I, in this dark well?
I shall drop the brown pitcher, if you let go:
The long roof is murmuring like a sea-shell,
And the shadows are shuddering to and fro."

"'Tis the sound of the ebb in Newton Bay,
Quicken the spring as the tide grows less,
Even as true love flows alway
Counter the flood of the world's success."

"There is no other way for love to flow;
Whenever it springs in a woman's breast,
To the home of its own heart it must go,
And run contrary to all the rest."

"Then fill the sweet cup of your hand, my love,
And pledge me your maiden faith thereon,
By the touch of the lettered stone above,
And the holy water of St. John."

"Oh what shall I say? My heart drops low;
My fingers are cold, and my hand too flat.
Is love to be measured by handful so?
And you know that I love you—without that."

They stooped in the gleam of the faint light over
The print of themselves on the limpid gloom;
And she lifted her full palm toward her lover,
With her lips prepared for the words of doom.

But the warm heart rose, and the cold hand fell,
And the pledge of her faith sprang, sweet and
clear.

From a holier source than the old saint's well,
From the never-ebbing tide of love—a tear.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

THE PLAGUES OF IRELAND.

Oft, Ireland, my country, the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed,
And the chain that was spurned in thy moments
of power

Hangs heavy around thee at last.

There are marks in the fate of each clime,
There are times in the fortunes of men,
But the changes of realms and the chances of time
Shall never restore thee again.

Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe
By links which a world cannot sever,
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm
thou shalt go,
And thy sentence is bondage forever.
Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil,
Thou art left for the proud to disdain,
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of thy soil
Shall be lavished and lavished in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken,
Thy valor with coldness be paid,
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and for-
saken
Not one shall stand forth in thine aid.
In the nations thy place is left void,
Thou art lost in the list of the free;
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake
destroyed
May revive, but no hope is for thee.

THOMAS FURLONG.

CHANGE.

Oft! wild birds sing to me a strain,
The old familiar blessed lays;
Oh! fill my heart with joy and pain,
And so bring back the vanished days.

While here I lie upon the grass,
And the old trees their shadows fling;
And clouds across the blue sky pass,
Oh! wild birds sing, oh! wild birds sing.

Bring back, bring back, the vanished years,
Oh! bring me back one vanished face
I lost in that thick mist of tears;
Fill once again her vacant place.

Once more, once more, oh! bring once more,
To my cold heart the swell and glow,
That dear voice brought in days of yore;
Sing low, sweet birds, sing soft and low!

Bring back, bring back, the oiden time,
When we were children, she and I,
And life was one long rush of rhyme;
Ah! sing dear birds, sing clear and high!

Time creeps or flies, and all things change;
Who keepeth aught of all he had?
The dear old dreams grow cold and strange;
Sing low, sweet birds, sing low and sad!

And who hath done what once he planned,
When first he gaily hoisted sail,
And shaped his course for his dreamland?
Ah! wild birds droop your wings and wail:

All—all that course is scattered o'er
With cold, dead hopes that shrouded lie,
Whose wailing ghosts for evermore
Haunt our low steps, and moan and cry!

With outstretched hands, in dark and gloom,
We grope our way we know not where;
Uncertain shades beside a tomb;
Oh, birds your wailing seems despair!

The shadows fall and day is past,
The cold white moon gleams o'er the hill;
The last faint whispering notes—the last!
Tremble and cease, and all is still.

PHILIP GARTH.

THE FUTURE IS BETTER THAN THE PAST.

NOR where long passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees,
In the future folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies.

All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirits' perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient and the striving,
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise and faithful living.

When all error is worked out,
From the heart and from the life;
When the sensuous is laid low,
Through the Spirit's holy strife;
When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound;
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes;
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit land, afar,
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir nor toil nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

ELIZA THAYER CLAPP.

FLOWERS.

How bright and beauteous are the flowers,
Those undertones of love,
Which God has given to us below,
From Eden bowers above.
They bloom upon the hillside,
And in the lovely glen,
They brighten children's faces,
And cheer the hearts of men.

Their fragrance fills the evening air,
Floats on the evening breeze,
And like an angel whisper,
Speaks to the hearts of ease.
The flowers of spring are beautiful,
But summer blooms more rare,
The autumn and the winter flowers,
May teach us—ne'er despair.

The springtime of our life would seem
A landscape, covered o'er
With flowers in bright and rich array,
Exhaustless in their store;
While summer flowers of life are filled
With dews distilled from care,
We find no rose without a thorn,
How e'er so bright and fair.

The "sear and yellow leaf" of age
Bears on its fragile stem,
The flowers of hope and love and faith,
A glorious diadem.
These flowers we find forever,
Beyond the "shining shore,"
Within the Amaranthine bowers,
They bloom to pale no more.

MRS. ELIZABETH MAY BADGER.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

Going out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light;
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night.
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with woe and sin;
Ceaseless streams of restless pilgrims
Going out and coming in!

Through the portals of the homestead,
From beneath the blooming vine;
To the trumpet tones of glory,
Where the bays and laurels twine;
From the loving home-caresses
To the chill voice of the world—
Going out with gallant canvass
To the summer breeze unfurled.

Through the gateway, down the footpath,
Through the lilacs by the way;
Through the clover by the meadow,
Where the gentle home-lights stray;
To the wide world of ambition,
Up the toilsome hill of fame,
Winning oft a mighty triumph,
Winning oft a noble name.

Coming back all worn and weary,
Weary with the world's cold breath;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death.
Weary of its empty flattery,
Weary of its ceaseless din,
Weary of its heartless sneering,
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrows dark;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming in with mastless barque.
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving
Wreaths of fame and love to win,
From the doorways of the homestead
Going out and coming in!

MRS. MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

Cash prizes to the amount of Three Hundred Dollars will be awarded by the Publisher to the persons who will name the author of the greatest number of the Prize Quotations. Rules for Competitors may be found on another page.

135.

A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

136.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate

137.

How beautiful is gentleness, whose face
Like April sunshine, or the summer rain,
Swell everywhere the buds of generous thought?
So easy, and so sweet it is; its grace
Smoothes out so soon the tangled knots of
pain.
Can ye not learn it? will ye not be taught?

138.

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds, so wild, would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

139.

The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas.

140.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow, and the moor;
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!

141.

Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same.

142.

O, the good gods,
How blind is pride! What eagles are we still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own!

143.

Pride—of all others the most dangerous fault—
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast.

144.

There is nothing lighter than vain praise.

145.

Yellow, yellow leaves,
Falling, falling, falling!
Death is best, when hope
There is no recalling;
Yet O, yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves.

146.

The impatient Wish, that never feels repose,
Desire, that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs, of Hope and Fear,
Joy distant still, and Sorrow ever near

147.

Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

148.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

149.

They are flown.
Beautiful fictions that our fathers' wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished: they are
flown
Before the wand of Science!

150.

Patience! why 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

151.

Who gripes too much casts all upon the ground;
Too great a grateness greatness doth confound.

152.

Thou art perhaps like me for a season;
Thy years will have an end.
Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,

Careless of the voice of the morning.
Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy
youth!

153.

When the humid shadows hover over all the starry
spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy
tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow of a cottage-cham-
ber bed,
And lie listening to the patter of the soft rain over-
head.

154.

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight;
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad invisible pinions sweep
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free,
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the winds; but can ye tell
Wither we go, or where we dwell?

155.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From Youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

156.

Beside each fearful soul there walks
The dim, gaunt phantom of uncertainty,
Bidding it look before, where none may see,
And all must go.

157.

We knew and did not know,
We saw and did not see,
The nets that long ago
Fate wove for you and me;
The cruel nets that keep
The birds that sob and moan,
And I would we were asleep,
Forgotten and alone!

158.

I praise thee for the power to love the Right,
Though Wrong awhile show fairer to the sight;
The power to sin, the dreadful power to choose
The evil portion and the good refuse;
And last, when all the power of ill is spent,
The power to seek Thy face and to repent.

159.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write
By none offended, and offending none.

To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to dis-
please.

160.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind;
Though much I want which most would
have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

161.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears
torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought and act accountable to none
But to himself and to the gods alone.

162.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

163.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

164.

A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by,
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow,
At th' end of which, a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors
graced.

165.

Let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But coach! coach! coach! O for a coach, ye
gods!

166.

'T is over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay;
And beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homewards she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

167.

It was such a funny story! how I wish you could
have heard it,
For it sets us all a laughing from the little to
the big;
I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to
word it,
Though it travels to the music of a very lively
jig.

168.

There is a stone there that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent;
'T is he may clamber to a lady's chamber
Or become a member of Parliament:
A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer, to be let alone:
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone!

169.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.
But for me—I never shall pause or ask
Which dog may be in the right—
For my heart will beat while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

170.

The light the sun gives ev'ry day's as light as any
feather,
And the Tower guns are heavier than the heaviest weather.
The broadest joke is not so broad as any railway
gauge,
One blade of grass is twice as green as any green
old age.

171.

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney-coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

172.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

173.

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeable hue—
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best;
Oh! what is the South to the beautiful West?

Then come to the West, and the rose on thy
mouth,

Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the
South.

174.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here;
Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

175.

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy?
You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

176.

Some gracious, grand, and most accomplished few,
Each with a little kingdom in his brain,
Who club together to recast the world,
And love so many that they care for none.

177.

There's a little mischief-maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland
That are never seen in this;
Dashing from our lips the pleasure
Of the present, while we sigh:
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is "By-and-By."

178.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

179.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

180.

Let thine arm, O Queen, support me;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear!
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

CURRENT POEMS.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

THE sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St.
Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust.
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong.
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning
word;
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

—*The Independent*, May 2, 1889.

THE MAN WHO RODE TO CONEMAUGH.

INTO the town of Conemaugh,
Striking the people's souls with awe,
Dashed a rider, afame and pale,
Never alighting to tell his tale,

Sitting his big bay horse astride.
 "Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried;
 "Run to the hills!" was what he said
 As he waved his hand and dashed ahead.

"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
 Spurring his horse, whose reeking side
 Was flecked with foam as red as flame.
 Whither he goes and whence he came
 Nobody knows. They see his horse
 Plunging on in his frantic course,
 Veins distended and nostrils wide,
 Fired and frenzied at such a ride.
 Nobody knows the rider's name—
 Dead forever to earthly fame.
 "Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried;
 "Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

"Stop him! he's mad! just look at him go!"
 "Tain't safe," they said, "to let him ride so."
 "He thinks to scare us," said one, with a laugh.
 "But Conemaugh folks don't swallow no chaff.
 'Tain't nothing, I'll bet, but the same old leak
 In the dam above the South Fork Creek."
 Blind to their danger, callous of dread,
 They laughed as he left them and dashed ahead.
 "Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
 Lashing his horse in his desperate ride.

Down through the valley the rider passed,
 Shouting, and spurring his horse on fast;
 But not so fast did the rider go
 As the raging, roaring, mighty flow
 Of the million feet and the millions more
 Of water whose fury he fled before.
 On he went, and on it came,
 The flood itself a very flame
 Of surging, swirling, seething tide,
 Mountain high and torrents wide.
 God alone might measure the force
 Of the Conemaugh flood in its V-shaped course.
 Behind him were buried under the flood
 Conemaugh town and all who stood
 Jeering there at the man who cried,
 "Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

On he sped in his fierce wild ride.
 "Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried.
 Nearer, nearer came the roar
 Horse and rider fled before.
 Dashing along the valley ridge,
 They came at last to the railroad bridge.
 The big horse stood, the rider cried,
 "Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"
 Then plunged across, but not before
 The mighty, merciless, mountain roar

Struck the bridge and swept it away
 Like a bit of straw or a wisp of hay.
 But over and under and through that tide
 The voice of the unknown rider cried.
 "Run to the hills! to the hills!" it cried—
 "Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

JOHN ELIOT BOWER

—*Harper's Weekly*, June 15, 1889.

ON LIFE'S BANQUET STAIRS.

We pass each other on Life's banquet stairs;
 New guests are mounting to the festal light
 While we descend together to the night,
 Close muffled 'gainst the outside wintry airs.

They tread upon our shadows as they climb
 With quick strong steps to join the crowd and
 crush.—

We see, in sparkling eyes and speaking blush,
 How expectation gilds the coming time.

Young forms go by us, tossing rosy sprays
 In brave apparel: tints of flower and bird,
 And blossom-patches by the summer stirr'd,
 With sheen of woven silk, and gems that scatter
 rays.

Knew we such rest, true heart! when mounting up?
 Such haste to lift the chalice to our lips,
 To learn if pleasure sweeter is in sips,
 Or when, with manhood's thirst, we drain the cup?

Shall we stand by and carp at these—and say—
 "Go giddy ones, and moth-like fire your wings,—
 Pleasure is pain, and laughter sorrow brings."
 Shall we speak thus, who once were young as
 they?

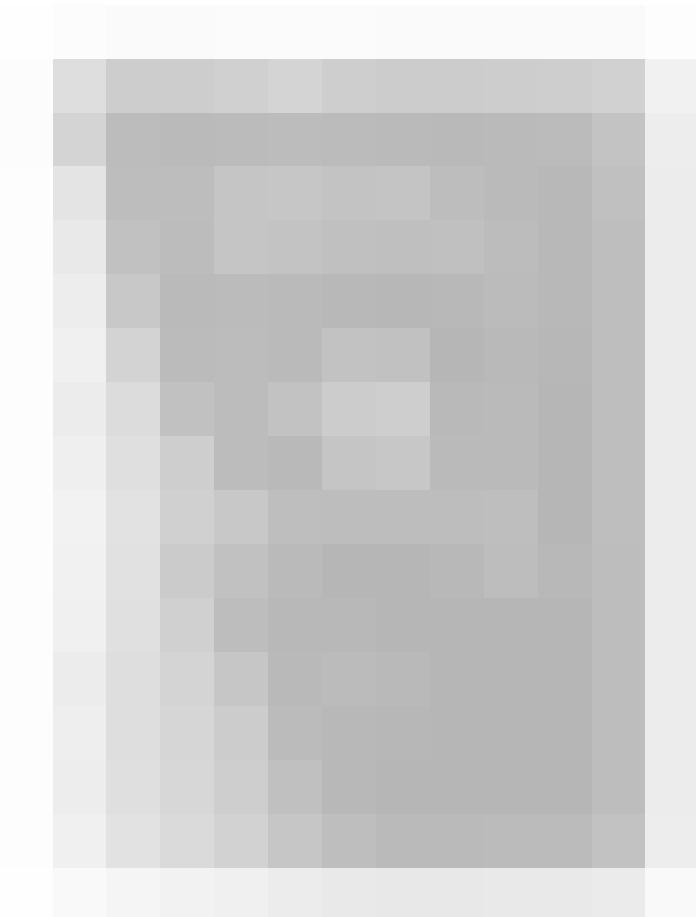
Nay—rather will we greet with smiles—our eyes
 God-speeding them—warm sun about our snow.
 To one or two, we'll whisper as they go—
 Night follows noon.—Be moderate, be wise!

For me—ah true! I've sung 'neath Heaven's
 dome—
 Sung at my work—and bask'd in kindly rays
 That seem, when gleaming out of memory's
 haze,

The efflorescence of an unseen Home.

And I have known mute days of gloom and cloud
 When copse and wood were voiceless in the
 Spring
 To my shut ears.—When hope, outrun, took
 wing,
 And sorrow swathed my soul as with a shroud.





But God's sun drank the mists and clouds, as dew;
Dim paths grew clear and soft, and safe to tread;
The woods found hidden voices overhead,
And I found love in eyes of April blue.—

Farewell! we've supp'd—Life's wine was keen
and bright;
Old friends move by and gain the outer door—
The wind blows buffets with a northern roar—
And past the shadow gleams the distant light.
W. WILSEY MARTIN.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

AFTER-LIFE.

My Soul desires to live:
To keep its reason and its health;
To add yet more unto its wealth,
And, grasp the gold the ages give;
To sit somewhere at ease
And as the True is borne thro' centuries,
To add new Truths unto its stock and store;
To watch, with clear, wide-open eyes,
The great, new wonder-worlds arise
Out of the sea of Time;
To mark old faiths sublime
Walk on the shining marge like giants hoar—
Co-heritors of Dawn
With changeless raiment on.

My soul desires to live
Since life, it feels, is best.
What boots the upward guest,
Or hope which says—Believe?—
Why gather the soul lore
From every plastic age and shore
If all is but a being and forgetting?
Within I have no fear
That I shall lose ought, anywhere,
Of my small stock of gain;
Rather I feel that, after one sharp pain,
My eyes shall see a day that hath no setting,
And straightway find again
Knowledge beyond their ken.

My soul desires to live;
To move in circles void of length;
To gain in action and in strength
And, *here or there*, receive
Supreme Light that flows
Into the little space it knows.
Therefore I feel, within my inmost being,
That this whereof I strive
Shall otherwhere survive,
And somewhere, in a meadowy place,
Find fuller radius and space,

And calm beyond my thinking or my seeing;
Else wherefore raise we sail
If shoreless voids prevail?

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.
—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

THE RECALL.

RETURN, they cry, ere yet your day
Set, and the sky grow stern:
Return, strayed souls, while yet ye may
Return.

But heavens beyond us yearn;
Yea, heights of heaven above the sway
Of stars that eyes discern.

The soul whose wings from shoreward stray
Makes toward her viewless bourne
Though trustless faith and unfaith say,
Return.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
—“*Poems and Ballads, Third Series.*”

TRUTH.

“COME,” said her voice, and from earth's devious
ways
Her chosen answered to the entrancing call.
One fought her fight, one bore her torch ablaze,
And one, the bravest, broke opinion's thrall.
SARAH D. HOBART.
—*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April 23, 1889.*

WHENCE—WHITHER.

Out of the darkness—whence?
Into the darkness—whither?
O for the long suspense,
And the searching hither and thither.
When the silver cord is loosed,
And the golden bowl is broken,
How is the light diffused
That has been, and leaves no token?

The sound of a tender strain,
The flash of a crystal river—
Then into the never again,
Or into the long forever?
Is it life for the living, and naught
But death 'neath the sable curtain?
Whence is the truth, and what?
And where is it clear and certain?

Fear not, for He is there,
And the curtain is withdrawn;
The truth is bright and fair,
And the light streams further on;
While over the world's dark strife—
Sounds a voice of sweet direction—
"I am the way of Life,
I am the Resurrection."

I. E. DIEKENGA.

—*America, June 13, 1889.*

HODGE THE CAT.

BURLY and big his books among
Good Samuel Johnson sat,
With frowning brows and wig askew,
His snuff-strewn waistcoat far from new;
So stern and menacing his air
That neither "Black Sam" nor the maid
To knock or interrupt him dare—
Yet close beside him, unafeard,
Sat Hodge the cat.

"This participle," the Doctor wrote,
"The modern scholar cavils at,
But"—even as he penned the word,
A soft protesting note was heard.
The Doctor fumbled with his pen,
The dawning thought took wings and flew,
The sound repeated came again—
It was a faint reminding "Mew!"
From Hodge the cat.

"Poor Pussy!" said the learned man,
Giving the glossy fur a pat,
"It is your dinner-time, I know,
And—well, perhaps I ought to go;
For if Sam every day were sent
Off from his work your fish to buy,
Why—men are men—he might resent,
And starve or kick you on the sly—
Eh! Hodge my cat?"

The Dictionary was laid down—
The Doctor tied his vast cravat,
And down the buzzing street he strode
Taking an often-trodden road,
And halted at a well-known stall;
"Fish-monger," spoke the Doctor, gruff,
"Give me six oysters—that is all;
Hodge knows when he has had enough—
Hodge is my cat."

Then home; Puss dined, and while in sleep
He chased a visionary rat,
His master sat him down again,
Re-wrote his page, re-nibbed his pen;

Each I was dotted, each T was crossed;
He labored on for all to read,
Nor deemed that time was waste or lost
Spent in supplying the small need
Of Hodge the cat.

That dear Old Doctor! fierce of mien,
Untidy, arbitrary, fat,
What gentle thoughts his name enfold!
So generous of his scanty gold,
So quick to love, so hot to scorn,
Kind to all sufferers under heaven—
A tenderer despot ne'er was born
His big heart held a corner even
For Hodge the cat.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

—*Wide Awake, July, 1889.*

THE HEIGHT OF AMBITION.

THERE dwelt, upon a fertile plain,
A discontented wight,
And evermore he longed to gain
The distance-purpled height.
"Could I but reach the top," quoth he
"How very near the stars I'd be!"

At last he sought to scale the peak
Of which he oft had dreamed;
He walked a day—he walked a week—
And yet no nearer seemed.
"The more I tug and toil," quoth he,
"The more it slips away from me."

The mountain slope was bleak and high—
Rough crags and bowlders gray;
He reached the top; alas! the sky
Was just as far away.
"Now, what a climb I've had," quoth he,
"And how the stars will mock at me!"

The scene that spread beneath his gaze
Till lost in distance dim,
Was not the scene of early days
That held such hope for him.
"The world is very flat," quoth he,
"I miss the hills I used to see!"

EUDORA S. BUMSTRAD.

—*Youth's Companion, April 11, 1889.*

A DERVISH.

LIKE Joseph's coat his tattered raiment shows
A rainbow blending of its countless hues;
The desert dust has stained his pilgrim shoes,

His frame is gaunt, yet on and on he goes,
Few are the hours his weary limbs repose,
Few are the drops that wet his earthen crust;
The path is long, the sharp flints cut and bruise,
And yet at heart a dreamful rest he knows.
His visions are of calm celestial days,
Of peaceful groves of palm beyond the skies;
Forever shine before his ardent eyes
The fountained heavenly courts through golden
haze:
He deems the more he bears on mortal ways
The greater his reward in Paradise.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, July, 1889.*

ULLABY.

I WAS loung'n' amongst m' pillows,
Coax'n' sleep with many a sigh,
'N' some one 'n th' room above me
Was a-singin' a lullaby;
'N' I cud hear th' cradle a-rock'n'—
Creakety, creakety, to 'n' fro,
'N' th' woman a-singin' "Hush—thee—
Go—t—sleep—t—sleep-e-e—go."

Ther' wasn't a mite of a carpit
Awn th' floor o' thet room, yuh bet,
'N' th' reg'lar swing o' th' cradle,
W'y, I kin almos' hear 't yet;
'N' th' sleepy coo o' th' baby
Thet was bein' swung to 'n' fro,
T' th' wonderful music o' "Hush—thee—
Go—t—sleep—t—sleep-e-e—go."

Yuh wouldn't a thought thet a feller
Thet's got down 's low 's I
Would 'a felt kinder queer 'cause a woman
Was a-sing'n' a lullaby!
'N' t first I felt jest like swear'n',
Thet a hotel shud treat me so,
For I cudn't hear noth'n' but "Hush—thee—
Go—t—sleep—t—sleep-e-e—go."

But 't seemed ter git soft'r 'n' low'r,
'N' kinder familyer too,
Wi' th' cradle a-goin' slow'r,
Jest like my cradle ust ter do,
Till I cud almos' feel th' motion,
Rock-a-bye—rock-a-bye—to 'n' fro,
'N' my mother a-sing'n, "Hush—thee—
Go—t—sleep—t—sleep-e-e—go."

Fur she sung 't t' "I love Jesus,"
Jest 's my mother ust ter do,

'N' t set my heart all ter ach'n',
'N' th' tears to com'n' too;
'N' I jest *wish* I cud slouch back thar,
'N' my mother cud set thar 'n' sew,
'N' I cud hear her, jest onct, sing'n' "Hush
—thee—
Go—t—sleep—t—sleep-e-e—go."

ELLA HIGGINSON.

—*Harper's Weekly, June 1, 1889.*

OMAR KHAYYAM.

AT Naishapur his ashes lie
O'ershadowed by the mosque's blue dome;
There folded in his tent of sky
The star of Persia sleeps at home.

The Rose her buried Nightingale
Remembers, faithful all these years;
Around his grave the winds exhale
The fragrant sorrow of her tears.

Sultans and slaves in caravans
Since Malik Shah have gone their way,
And ridges in the Kubberstans
Are their memorials to-day.

But from the dust in Omar's tomb
A Fakir has revived a Rose—
Perchance the old, ancestral bloom
Of that one by the mosque which blows.

And from its petals he has caught
The inspiration Omar knew,
Who from the stars his wisdom brought—
A Persian rose that drank the dew.

The Fakir now in dust lies low
With Omar of the Orient;
Fitzgerald, shall we call him? No;
'Twas Omar in the Occident!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

—*Atlantic Monthly, May, 1889.*

TWO SONGS.

I.

So sweet, so sweet, she sang, is love,
Lifting the cup to lips that laughed,
Drinking the deep enchantment off,
Fire, spice, and honey in the draught.

II.

So sad, so sad, she sighed, is love,
Bitter the lees, and black the art
That from the deep enchantment wrings
A spell to break a woman's heart!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

—*Harper's Magazine, June, 1889.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

WHO is the poet? He whom Nature chose
In that sweet season when she made the rose.
Though with the changes of our colder clime
His birthday will come somewhat out of time,
Though all the shivering winter's frost and chill
The bloom and fragrance cling around it still.
He is the poet who can stoop to read
The secret hidden in a wayside weed;
Whom June's warm breath with childlike rapture
fills
Whose spirit "dances with the daffodills";
Whom noble deeds with noble thoughts inspire
And lend his verse the true Promethean fire;
Who drinks the waters of enchanted streams
That wind and wander through the land of
dreams;
For whom the unreal is the real world,
Its fairer flowers with brighter dews impearled.
He looks a mortal till he spreads his wings—
He seems an angel when he soars and sings!
Behold the poet! Heaven his days prolong,
Whom Elmwood's nursery cradled into song!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—From Poem in *The Atlantic Monthly, April, 1889.*

A WORD.

A word, and all a heart
With joy unspeakable is filled.
A word, and there's no art
Can bid the throb of pain be stilled.

A word, and Love is decked
In rainbow-hopes that arch the sky.
A word, and Faith is wrecked,
And all a life is marred, for aye!

A word, and Honor dies;
Remorse wails out its deathless cry.
A word, and Peace long fled
From some sad heart breathes its low sigh.

Words gentle, cheering, wise,
Kind, trustful, loving, true—speak such!
What power in them lies
To help and heal, to bless and touch!

Words, angry, careless, vile,
False, bitter, black! O! evil weeds!
Ye fester rank, by wile
Of Satan die in fearful deeds!

O! lips, God-made, to let
The music out of Heaven! O! gate
Whence devils leap! God set
A guard before thee ere too late!

FRANCES COURTNEY BAYLOR.
—*America, March 7, 1889.*

THE TOAST.

DREAM not I hold too dear
The gleam of yonder shooting star
One moment shining near,
The next fading afar.

You touched your glass to mine
In careless, half-regretfulness,
But while you drank the wine,
I drank forgetfulness!

MARGARET CROSBY.

—*The Century, May, 1889.*

HOW I CONSULTED THE ORACLE OF THE GOLDFISHES.

I WATCH you in your crystal sphere,
And wonder if you see and hear
Those shapes and sounds that stir the wide
Conjecture of a world outside;
In your pent lives, as we in ours,
Have you surmises dim of powers,
Of presences obscurely shown,
Of lives a riddle to your own,
Just on the senses' outer verge,
Where sense-nerves into soul-nerves merge,
Where we conspire our own deceit
Confederate in deft Fancy'sfeat,
And the fooled brain befools the eyes
With pageants woven of its own lies?
But are they lies? Why more than those
Phantoms that startle your repose,
Half seen, half heard, then flit away,
And leave you your prose-bounded day?

The things ye see as shadows I
Know to be substance; tell me why
My visions, like those haunting you,
May not be as substantial too.
Alas! who ever answer heard
From fish, and dream-fish, too? Absurd!
Your consciousness I half divine,
But you are wholly deaf to mine.
Go, I dismiss you; ye have done
All that ye could; our silk is spun:
Dive back into the deep of dreams,
Where what is real is what seems!

Yet I shall fancy till my grave
 Your lives to mine a lesson gave;
 If lesson none an image, then,
 Impeaching self-conceit in men
 Who put their confidence alone
 In what they call the Seen and Known,
 How seen? How known? As through your
 glass
 Our wavering apparitions pass
 Perplexingly, then subtly wrought
 To some quite other thing by thought.
 Here shall my resolution be;
 The shadow of the mystery
 Is haply wholesomer for eyes
 That cheat us to be overwise,
 And I am happy in my right
 To love God's darkness as His light.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

—*Atlantic Monthly, July, 1889.*

THE BROKEN HARP.

If this now silent harp could wake,
 How pure, how strong, how true
 The tender strain its chords would make
 Of love and grief for you!
 But like my heart, though faithful long
 By you cast forth to pain,
 This hushed and frozen voice of song
 Must never live again.

Yet haply when your fancy strays
 O'er unregarded things,
 And half in dream your gentle gaze
 Falls on its shattered strings,
 Some loving impulse may endear
 Your memories of the past,
 And if for me you shed one tear
 I think 'twould wake at last:

Wake with a note so glad, so clear,
 So lovely, so complete,
 That birds on wing would pause to hear
 Its music wild and sweet;
 And you would know—alas, too late!—
 How tender and how true
 Is this fond heart that hugs its fate—
 To die for love and you.

WILLIAM WINTER.

—*Harper's Magazine, May, 1889.*

CONEMAUGH.

"Fly to the mountain! fly!"
 Terribly rang the cry.

The electric soul of th' wire
 Quivered like sentient fire.
 The soul of the woman who stood
 Face to face with the flood
 Answered to the shock
 Like the eternal rock.
 For she stayed
 With her hand on the wire,
 Unafraid,
 Flashing the wild word down
 Into the lower town.
 Is there a lower yet and another?
 Into the valley she and none other
 Can hurl the warning cry:
 "Fly to the mountain! Fly!
 The water from Conemaugh
 Has opened its awful jaw.
 The dam is wide
 On the mountain side."

"Fly for your life, oh, fly!"
 They said.
 She lifted her noble head :
 "I can stay at my post and die."

Face to face with duty and death,
 Dear is the drawing of human breath.
 "Steady, my hand! Hold fast
 To the trust upon thee cast.
 Steady, my wire! Go, say
 That death is on the way.
 Steady, strong wire! Go, save!
 Grand is the power you have!"

Grander the soul that can stand
 Behind the trembling hand,
 Grander the woman who dares.
 Glory her high name wears.
 "This message is my last!"
 Shot over the wire, and passed
 To the listening ear of the land.
 The mountain and the strand
 Reverberate the cry:
 "Fly for your lives, oh, fly!
 I stay at my post and die."

The torrent took her. God knows all.
 Fiercely the savage currents fall
 To muttering calm. Men count their dead.
 The June sky smileth overhead.
 God's will we neither read, nor guess.
 Poorer by one more hero less
 We bow the head, and clasp the hand:—
 "Teach us, although we die, to stand."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
 —*The Independent.*

RONDELET.

A RONDELET

Is just seven verses rhymed on two.

A rondelet

Is an old jewel quaintly set

In poesy—a drop of dew

Caught in a roseleaf. Lo! for you,

A rondelet.

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

—*The Literary World, April 27, 1889.*

NOTES.

WHITING. Of Mr. Whiting's poems "The Beautiful Stranger" has undoubtedly been most copied. It was recently published in *Great Thoughts*, a magazine published in London, and is now going the rounds of the English newspapers.

COATES. The poems by Mrs. Coates were published in *Harper's Magazine*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, and *The Century*.

CLARK. "Coming and Going" was published first in *The Aldine* when under the editorship of R. H. Stoddard. "Love is Sweeter than Rest" was suggested by the last words of Henry Timrod, the poet. "Cassie and I" and "Barn-Yard Confab" are well adapted for elocutionary purposes.

SMITH. "If We Knew" originally appeared in the *Rochester Union and Advertiser* of February 23, 1867. It was one of Mrs. Smith's earliest poems. It has been set to music. "Tired Mothers" was written for *The Aldine*. "My Mother" was first published in *The Rochester Rural Home*, and was written on the occasion of the seventy-third birthday of Mrs. Smith's mother. "Sometime" has been credited to Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. Mrs. Smith says of it in "Waifs and their Authors,"—"Yes, I wrote 'Sometime' on the cars one day, journeying from Chicago to Springfield. It was suggested by the conversation of a lady and gentleman occupying seats in front of me. She held in her hand the portrait of a lovely child, and sometimes kissed it, and as she talked of the little one her tears fell like rain. I grew sober and sad, and drew my pencil from my pocket and wrote out my thoughts on a piece of crumpled paper."

BLANDEN. "Pandean" and other poems by Mr. Blanden first appeared in *The Century*.

COOLBRITH. One of Miss Coolbrith's most famous poems, "The Poet," appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, Vol. I, page 105.

O'MALLEY. "After-Life" appearing in the *Current Poems* of this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY was written especially for its pages.

POWERS. "Poems, Early and Late," was published in Chicago in 1876.

COFFIN. Robert Barry Coffin was born at Hudson, New York, in 1826. His great-grandfather was one of the original thirteen proprietors of the island of Nantucket. Mr. Coffin received a good classical education; and, after some experience as a clerk and a bookseller, formed a literary connection with Morris and Willis of the *Home Journal* (1858). In 1862 he accepted a position in the New York Custom-House. Several volumes in prose from his pen, and one in poetry (1872), have appeared under the name of Barry Gray. Mr. Coffin recently died. "Ships at Sea" is his best known poem.

CARLETON. "When My Ship Went Down," from *The Current*, April 24, 1886.

TILTON. "In God's Acre," from published volume "Thou and I."

BLACKMORE. The old well of St. John, in the parish of Newton-Nottage, Glamorganshire, has a tide of its own, which is generally believed to run counter to that of the sea, some half mile away. More careful observation shows that the contrariety is less exact, though still sufficient to support its reputation, and gives zest to the cold, pellucid draught.

FURLONG. In his great lecture on "Daniel O'Connell," Wendell Phillips always repeated two stanzas of a poem on Ireland so sad and so hopeless that it seemed the very moan of a despairing spirit. It was long a question in this country who was the author of the poem. Mr. Phillips himself did not know, until the knowledge was given to him in Canada by Mr. Thomas Furlong of St. John, nephew and namesake of the author. This interesting information is given by Mr. George Stewart, Jr., editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*. Mr. Stewart writes: "When Wendell Phillips lectured on O'Connell in St. John, N. B., March 17, 1877, he quoted a verse of the poem 'Oh, Ireland, my country,' etc. He was at that time unacquainted with the author's name. In the audience, however, sat a friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Furlong, who, by an odd coincidence, proved to be the nephew of the bard, and namesake of the same. Mr. Phillips dined with me on Sunday, March 18, and I told him the name of the author. He seemed pleased, and asked me if I could get for him the entire poem. I saw Mr. Furlong, and he

lent me the only copy in America of 'The Plagues of Ireland,' by his uncle, Thomas Furlong, published in 1824, where I found the poem. I had it reprinted in the *St. John Daily News* of March 20, 1877, and forwarded copies to Mr. Phillips. These must have gone astray, for towards the end of June, 1877, he wrote to me from Boston, and asked if I remembered the incident, and begged me to send him a copy of the poem. I borrowed the little volume from Mr. Furlong to verify the printed newspaper copy. This was on the 20th of June. I sent the poem to Mr. Phillips, and locked the precious book in my safe. That night my house was burned to the ground, and when the safe was pried open only charred remains of 'The Plagues of Ireland' were found. Of course, Mr. Furlong felt his loss keenly, as there was not another copy extant, so far as he knew. There is the history. I thought it might interest you, as it fills a gap in Wendell Phillips' lecture on the great Liberator."

CLAPP. One of the most notable of the poems published in the now famous *Dial*, was one with the title "The Future is Better than the Past," which has generally been ascribed to Emerson. It is now known to have been written not by Emerson, but by Miss Eliza Thayer Clapp. As generally printed it appears only in part. Rev. George W. Cooke, of Dedham, Mass., who has written the history of the *Dial*, gives the poem in full. Mr. Cooke says of it in his history of the *Dial*: "The poem in the first number of the second volume, entitled, 'The Future is Better than the Past,' has often been credited to Emerson. It first appeared over his name in 'Hymns for the Church,' compiled by Rev. F. H. Hedge and Rev. F. D. Huntington, in 1853. Then it was so printed in the 'Hymns of the Spirit,' by Rev. Samuel Longfellow and Rev. Samuel Johnson, and in Dr. James Martineau's 'Hymns of Praise and Prayer.' It was contributed to the *Dial*, at Emerson's request, by one of his most ardent disciples, Eliza Thayer Clapp. Miss Clapp was born in Dorchester, Mass., and has always lived a quiet home-life in that suburb of Boston. The transcendental movement brought new life to her Unitarian faith, and she entered into its spirit with zeal. As a Sunday-school teacher, having charge of a class of girls from ten to fifteen years of age, she prepared her own lessons for their instruction. These were published as 'Words in a Sunday-school.' A little later, in 1845, another book, prepared in the same manner, was published as 'Studies in Religion.' These little books were received with much favor

by a small circle of readers, such as the Rev. W. H. Furness, who long kept a copy lying on his study table for constant reference. Miss Clapp has been an occasional contributor of poetry to the *Christian Register*, but she has published only a few pieces. The five poems of hers printed in the *Dial* of July, 1841, all appeared there because Emerson solicited their publication. The one which has been so often credited to him is worthy of his genius, and it embodies, as no other poem of the period does, the very heart and spirit of the transcendental movement."

BADGER. Elizabeth May Wyatt Badger was born in Palatka, Florida, September 27, 1841, and died at Gonzales, Texas, August 17, 1881.

DAVIS. Mrs. Mollie E. Moore Davis was born in Alabama, and now resides in New Orleans,

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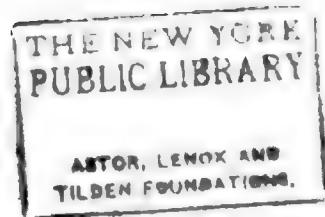
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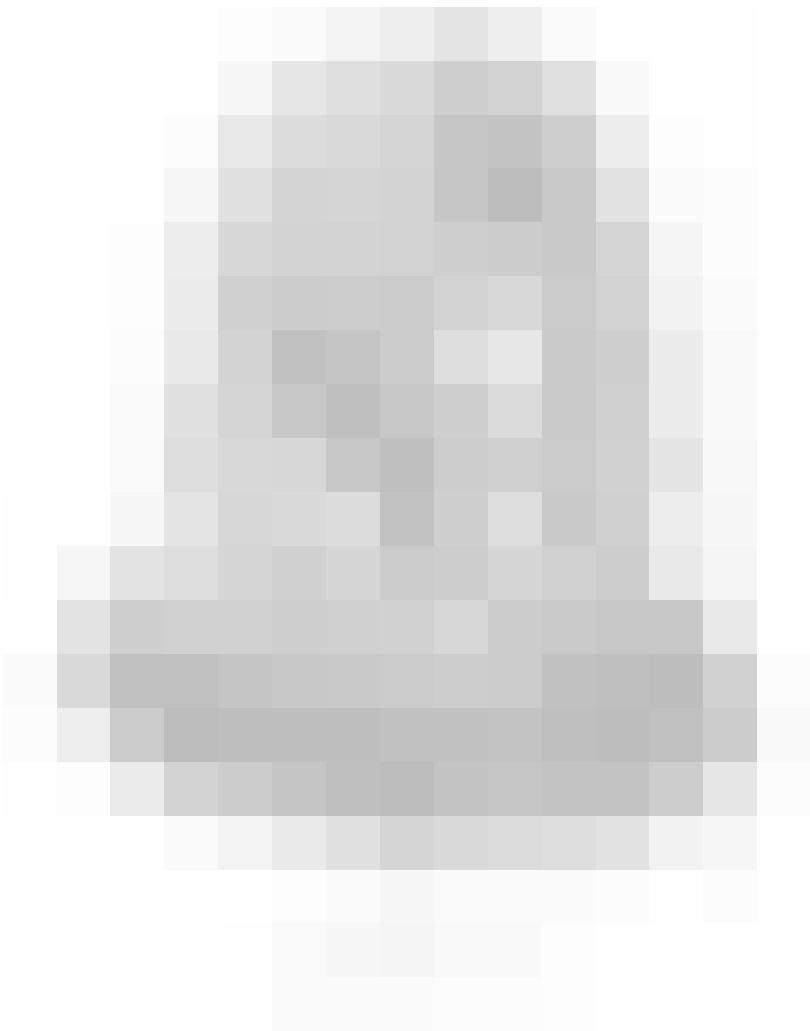
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ad Flagg.





THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. I.

NO. 4.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

"IN the month of December, 1844, died, near Columbus, Georgia, one of the truest and sweetest lyric poets this country has yet produced." So wrote Paul Hamilton Hayne in his introduction to the poems of his beloved brother poet, Frank O. Ticknor, and as I read it I thought the sympathetic artist had unconsciously drawn in it a picture of himself. The best biography of Col. Hayne that has been or is likely to be written, is the poet's "Life of Henry Timrod." That essay is one of the most beautiful and sympathetic in the language, for in portraying the poetic nature of Timrod, we see the tender, luminous and inspired soul of Hayne himself by reflection, the same as we see the lovely spirit of Robert Southey in the "Life of Cowper." Would you know the inner heart of Hayne, read his "Life of Henry Timrod."

We first met Col. Hayne in Boston, after the war had ruined his fortune, and destroyed his health. It was some years before his death, but the fever of consumption was already kindling and renewing its fires. He had been to the White Hills, N. H., for his health, and his heart had been greatly elated while there amid the tonic air, but only to be depressed again by a hemorrhage on Lake Winnipisogee. I well recall his fine intellectual and spiritual face, his officer-like bearing, his wonderful talk, his aspirations, and the expression of his sensitive soul in verse that flowed almost daily from his pen; his visit to Whittier, and his views of religious things which he unfolded to me on a Sunday walk to Trinity church. To have met him at that time was to cherish a most wonderful memory; sickness had mellowed his spirit, and brought to it an almost celestial light; his thoughts had the tinge of the future, and the passing clouds were celestial chariots. The last time that I met him, was at his cottage home at Copse Hill, Georgia, a few months before his death. It was a March evening, and he had recently sent to *Harper's Magazine* his last representative poem, "Face to Face." The fevers of consumption had long burned, and they had now nearly changed to ashes the fuel of life. He told

me privately that he would soon die, and said that only for the sake of his beloved wife and son he would be in a hurry to go. His Christian faith lifted him, and he felt no fear. He desired to read to me his poem "Face to Face." "I wish the world to know," he said, "that this is my view of death, as a dying man." His careful wife feared that it might be too much for his strength for him to read the poem aloud. But he insisted upon doing it. I can see him now as he stood that evening before the blazing logs of the open fire, and read that wonderful and beautiful soul analysis, a poem that ought to be forever quoted when one writes of him. If the last poems of the great poet should ever be collected, "Face to Face," would stand distinct among them all. It is a tender heroism, a beautiful spirituality, a brushing of the unimprisoned wing against the rays of the eternal morning. The effect of the reading injured him; he was not able to rise on the following morning.

Paul H. Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1st, 1830. His ancestors were distinguished both in England and in the colonial history of the Carolinas. The famous orator and statesman, Robert Y. Hayne, governor and United States Senator, was his uncle. He was graduated from Charleston College. He was a poet from youth. The Attic bees hummed about his cradle by the southern sea, and like Cowley, he "lisped in numbers." He was early brought under the influence of William Gilmore Simms, the novelist and poet, the Fenimore Cooper of the South.

There was a distinct literary period in Charleston at this time, as distinct as that of Boston in the early days of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Simms was the leader of it; Calhoun entered into it; Legaré, Timrod and Hayne were its principal members. The literary coterie established a magazine, and young Hayne was appointed the editor. So his literary life began, a life whose influence for good was destined to be felt in every American household.

His first volume of poems was published by the old house of Ticknor & Co., Boston, when he was twenty-five years of age. His poetry now began to enter into magazine literature, and collection

after collection was made. The war came. Col. Hayne became an aid of Gov. Pickens, and a member of his staff. During the bombardment of Charleston, his beautiful home and its valuable library were destroyed. The war left poor the long enriched family. Col. Hayne's health began to be seriously impaired, and he built him a cottage in the seclusion of the pine barrens at Copse Hill, near Augusta, Ga., at Groveton, where the work of his last years was done.

Col. Hayne was blessed with a true, noble and sympathetic wife, who was the heart of his life, and who entered into all of his work with clear judgment and appreciative sympathy. Her maiden name was Mary Middleton Michel, a name well known among the most honored families of the South. She was the daughter of a French Huguenot, who rendered distinguished services as a physician to the French army under Napoleon. She still lives at Copse Hill, Ga. She is a clear-sighted but generous critic of the literature of the times, especially of poetry. She will ever be beloved by the public for what she was to the poet in both his prosperity and in the days of his altered fortune. Col. Hayne's only son, the well known poet William H. Hayne, who inherits his father's insights of nature and culture in art, lives with his mother at Copse Hill.

Paul H. Hayne is the representative poet of the South, the Longfellow of the new land of literary inspiration and art. He will always hold this place among the poets of the past. He thoroughly believed in the divine callings of the poet, and that the true poet was the voice of the seer crying in the wilderness of the world. He held the calling to be the highest among men. He saw nature and the soul with a prophet's eyes, and his heart went out to humanity, and he wrote to make the whole world better and to add to its happiness and hope. His works are pure and Christian. They express what the South once was. They voice and picture the Carolinas of the past. The son of the poet sees a new age, and stands at the door of a new era. May Heaven long bless the cottage home at Copse Hill.

H. B.

FACE TO FACE.

SAD mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high:
Thou wouldest turn from the Pyrrhonist schools
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of Truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath —

I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs:
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of haleyon breath —
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells —
But they hold few mysteries now —
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest:
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat:
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals:
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with hateless breath —
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
 O'er the past that is withered and dead;
 What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be fled?
 Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
 Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the
 soul,
 "Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the
 goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
 Are a burden too heavy to bear,
 What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
 Of a jealous and craven despair?
 Down, down with the fetters of fear!
 In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
 With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"*Too late!*" through God's infinite world,
 From his throne to life's nethermost fires.
 "*Too late!*" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
 Of the soul that repents and aspires.
 If pure thou hast made thy desires,
 There's no height the strong wings of immortals
 may gain
 Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in
 vain.

Then, up to the contest with fate,
 Unbound by the past, which is dead!
 What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be fled?
 Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
 And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun
 Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won!

CHOICE AND CHANGE.

THREE maidens at a fair, one day,
 Chose each a flower from out the same bouquet.
 One chose a violet; "May my life," said she,
 "Like this sweet flower's, be passed in privacy!"
 Another—a glad Hebe—deftly chose
 From the rare cluster an imperial rose:
 "May life for me," she said, "through all its hours,
 Be bright like thine, thou empress of the flowers!"
 A third the lily chose. "I mark in thee,
 Passion," she whispered, "wed to purity."

The maiden shy who fain had dwelt apart,
 Led Fashion's Queen—though with aching heart.
 She, whose warm soul the yearning hope did crave
 A bliss, rich, rose-like,—filled an early grave!
 While she who loved the lily,—hapless maid!—
 Perished forlorn,—dishonored and betrayed!

PRE-EXISTENCE.

WHILE sauntering through the crowded street
 Some half-remembered face I meet,
 Albeit upon no mortal shore
 That face, methinks, hath smiled before.
 Lost in a gay and festal throng,
 I tremble at some tender song—
 Set to an air whose golden bars
 I must have heard in other stars.
 In sacred aisles I pause to share
 The blessings of a priestly prayer—
 When the whole scene which greets mine eyes
 In some strange mode I recognize
 As one whose every mystic part
 I feel prefigured in my heart.
 At sunset, as I calmly stand,
 A stranger on an alien strand—
 Familiar as my childhood's home
 Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.
 One sails toward me, o'er the bay,
 And what he comes to do and say
 I can foretell. A prescient lore
 Springs from some life outlived of yore.
 O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
 Of deep soul-knowledge! not as *dreams*
 For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
 But oft with lightning certainty
 Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
 To make old thoughts and memories plain—
 Thoughts which perchance must travel back
 Across the wild, bewildering track
 Of countless aeons; memories far,
 High-reaching as yon pallid star,
 Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace
 Faints on the outmost rings of space!

LOVE'S AUTUMN.

(To My Wife.)

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
 Of those white locks which like a milky way
 Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;
 I would not lose, O sweet! the misty shine
 Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
 Whence Love looks forth, touched by the shadow
 of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,
 The lips less dewy-red than when the South,—
 The young South wind of passion sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
 On thy wan cheeks, soft as September's rose
 Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace
Which breathed divinely from thy patient face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in rest;

Naught would I miss of all thou hast, or art,
O! friend supreme, whose constant, stainless heart,
Doth house unknowing, many an angel guest;

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure;
While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and
more
Divinely beautiful with perished years;

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet! repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears;

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and
bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land.
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There, I behold thee, young again and bright,
In a great flood of rare transfiguring light,
But there as here, thou smilest, Love! on me!

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

WHEN the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
And the early breath of the wakening rose
Floats on the air in balm,
I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze
Borne over the field with its Hermes feet,
And its subtle odor of Southern seas;
While out of the infinite azure deep
The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,
Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

Aurora faints in the fulgent fire
Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,
And the summer day climbs higher and higher
Up the cerulean space;
The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,
And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,
And soon in the noontide's soundless rain
The field seems graced by a million eyes;
Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold,
As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,
While the slumbrous glamor of beam and heat
Glides over and under the windless wheat.

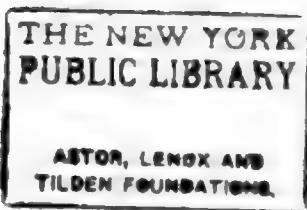
Yet the languid spirit of lazy Noon,
With its minor and Morphean music rise,
Is pulsing in low, voluptuous tune
With summer's lust of life.
Hark! to the droning of drowsy wings,
To the honey-bees as they go and come,
To the "boomer" scarce rounding his sultry rings.
The gnat's small horn, and the beetle's hum;
And hark to the locust!—Noon's one shrill song,
Like the tingling steel of an elfin gong,
Grows lower through quavers of long retreat
To swoon on the dazzled and distant wheat.

Now Day declines! and his shafts of might
Are sheathed in a quiver of opal haze;
Still through the chastened, but magic light,
What sunset grandeurs blaze!
For the sky, in its mellowed lustre, seems
Like the realm of a master poet's mind—
A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams—
With fuller and fairer truths behind;
And the changeful colors that blend or part
Ebb like the tides of a living heart,
And the splendor melts and the shadows meet,
And the tresses of Twilight trail over the wheat.

Thus Eve creeps slowly and shyly down,
And the gurgling notes of the swallows cease,
They flicker aloft through the foliage brown,
In the ancient vesper peace;
But a step like the step of a conscious fawn
Is stealing — with many a pause — this way,
Till the hand of my love through mine is drawn,
Her heart on mine in the tender ray;
O hand of the lily, O heart of truth,
O love, thou art faithful and fond as Ruth;
But I am the gleaner — of kisses — Sweet,
While the starlight dawns on the dimpling wheat!

A COMPARISON.

I THINK, oftentimes, that lives of men may be
Likened to wandering winds that come and go,
Not knowing whence they rise, whither they blow
O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee.
Some lives are buoyant zephyrs sporting free
In tropic sunshine; some long winds of woe
That shun the day, wailing with murmurs low,
Through haunted twilights, by the unresting sea;
Others are ruthless, stormful, drunk with might,
Born of deep passion or malign desire:
They rave 'mid thunder-peals and clouds of fire.
Wild, reckless all, save that some power unknown
Guides each blind force till life be overblown,
Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless night.



LAOCOON.

A GNARLED and massive oak log, shapeless, old,
Hewed down of late from yonder hill-side gray,
Grotesquely curved, across our hearth-stone lay;
About it, serpent-wise, the red flames rolled
In writhing convolutions; fold on fold
They crept and clung with slow portentous sway
Of deadly coils; or in malignant play,
Keen tongues outflashed, twixt vaporous gloom
and gold.
Lo! as I gazed, from out that flaming gyre
There loomed a wild, weird image, all astrain
With strangled limbs, hot brow, and eyeballs dire,
Big with the anguish of the bursting brain:
Laocoön's form, Laocoön's fateful pain,
A frescoed dream on flickering walls of fire!

THE POET'S MIND.

DAY follows day; years perish; still mine eyes
Are opened on the self-same round of space;
Yon fadeless forests in their Titan grace,
And the large splendors of those opulent skies.
I watch, unwearied, the miraculous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy Dryad in a lonely place,
Thrilled with low whispering and strange sylvan
sighs:—
Weary? The poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft refilled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and
new
Even in a weed's heart, the earved leaves of corn,
The spear-like grass, the silvery rime of morn,
A cloud rose-tinged, and fleeting stars at night.

RIGHT.

"Whatever is, is right!" O! falsehood bland,
Too oft Life's key-note jangles harshly wrong;
We can but hope the Great Musician's hand
May make harmonious still Life's dissonant
song.

—Quatrains.

SUSPENSE.

Of all fierce tortures of the rack-bound mind,
Whose dark commission's signed and counter-
signed
By powers of hell, to wrench both soul and sense,—
He stands supreme, the demon named, Suspense!

—Ibid.

TYRANNICAL LOVE.

That restless, dominant love which strives to make
(Tho' true at heart) the one beloved a thrall,
Is scarcely pardoned for even love's sweet sake,
And in effect is soon . . . no love at all!

—Ibid.

FRIENDSHIP.

He who has found a new star in the sky
Is not so fortunate as one who finds
A new, deep-hearted friend; the stars must die,
They are but creatures of the sun and winds;
But Friendship throws her firm sheet anchor deep,
Beside the shores of eternity.

JOY.

Joy is a Nymph so shy, so winged of feet,
Vainly we follow her untracked retreat;
But on some morn, when Hope has ceased to chase,
Of her own will she meets us, face to face.

NATURE.

. . . Thus hath Nature taught amid her all,—
The complex miracles of land and sea,
And infinite marvels of the infinite air,—
No life is trivial, no creation small!

—Unveiled.

FERNs.

Net-work of golden ferns, whose tracery weaves
In lingering twilights of warm August eves,
Ethereal frescoes, pictures fugitive,
Drawn on the flickering and fair-foliaged wall
Of the dense forest, ere the night shades fall.

—Ibid.

LOVE.

Love scorns degrees; the low he lifteth high,
The high he draweth down to that fair plain
Whereon, in his divine equality,
Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain;
'Gainst such sweet leveling custom cries amain,
But o'er its harshest utterance one bland sigh,
Breathed passion-wise, doth mount victorious still,
For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

—The Mountain of the Lovers.

MIDNIGHT.

The Moon, a ghost of her sweet self,
And wading through a watery cloud,
Which wraps her lustre like a shroud,
Creeps up the gray, funereal sky,
Wearily, how wearily!

—Midnight.

BOOKS.

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service.

—My Study.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN was born on the seventeenth of November, 1861, at the little village of Morpeth, on the shore of Lake Erie. Situated in the County of Kent, on what is known as the Talbot road, the poet's birth-place is in the very garden of Canada, surrounded on every side by productive farms and rich fruit lands. His parents were both of German families which came to New England in the middle of the last century. At the outbreak of the war of Independence his father's family removed to Canada. They were staunch U. E. Loyalists, and took an active part in the War of 1812. His mother was a Gesner, of the Gesner and Stewart families, well known in Nova Scotia. Mr. Lampman's father is a Church of England clergyman, and in the course of events he was removed from Morpeth in 1886, and was sent to the parish of Perry Town, in the County of Durham. This seemed like desolation after the richness and beauty of the County of Kent, and after a sojourn of about a year the place was found so uncongenial that the family, which now consisted of one boy and three girls, removed to Gore's Landing, on Rice Lake. Although this place may have been undesirable in some respects it had the advantage of beautiful scenery, and it is doubtless responsible for some of Mr. Lampman's finest work. Here schooling was commenced at a private institution. After attending this school for some time he afterwards attended a public school. The family could never be considered well off, and it is chiefly owing to his mother, a woman of high ideals and of rare energy and bravery, that young Lampman was enabled to enjoy the best educational advantages that the country afforded. In 1876 he was sent to Trinity College school, Port Hope, which is modelled after the English public schools, and which is a preparatory institution for Trinity College, Toronto. Here he was very successful taking many prizes, and in his last year was head-boy at the school. In 1879 he entered Trinity College, Toronto, and, aided by the scholarships he obtained, he remained there until 1882, when he took the degree of B. A. with honors. At Trinity he was always foremost in literary matters, editing the college paper, writing constantly in both prose and verse for that and another college journal.

After graduating, Mr. Lampman accepted the assistant-mastership of the Orangeville high school, and although fitted for such a position by his learning, he found the trials of the post unbearable. In January of 1883 he received an appointment in the Post Office Department, and removed to Ottawa, where he continues to reside. In 1887 he married Maud, youngest daughter of Edward Playter, M. D. From the time of his removal to Ottawa

his literary activity commenced, and he has ever since continued composing, and from time to time contributes to the Canadian literary paper, *The Week*, and the American magazines. In December, 1888, his first collection of poems, entitled "Among the Millet," was published.

D. C. S.

AMONG THE MILLET.

THE dew is gleaming in the grass,
The morning hours are seven,
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old for moulding
In simple beauty such a dream,
And I could lie beholding,

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
The wind from morn till even,
Forever shepherd you across
The shining field of heaven.

AN IMPRESSION.

I HEARD the city time-bells call
Far off in hollow towers,
And one by one with measured fall
Count out the old dead hours;

I felt the march, the silent press
Of time, and held my breath;
I saw the haggard dreadfulness
Of dim old age and death.

IN OCTOBER.

ALONG the waste, a great way off, the pines,
Like tall slim priests of storm, stand up and bar
The low long strip of dolorous red that lines
The under west, where wet winds moan afar.
The cornfields all are brown, and brown the mead-
ows
With the blown leaves' wind-heaped traceries,
And the brown thistle stems that cast no shadows,
And bear no bloom for bees.

As slowly earthward leaf by red leaf slips,
The sad trees rustle in chill misery.
A soft strange inner sound of pain-crazed lips,
That move and murmur incoherently;
As if all leaves, that yet have breath, were sighing,
With pale hushed throats, for death is at the door,
So many low soft masses for the dying
Sweet leaves that live no more.

Here I will sit upon this naked stone,
Draw my coat closer with my numbèd hands,
And hear the ferns sigh, and the wet woods moan,
And send my heart out to the ashen lands;
And I will ask myself what golden madness,
What balmèd breaths of dreamland spicery,
What visions of soft laughter and light sadness
Were sweet last month to me.

The dry dead leaves fit by with thin wierd tunes,
Like failing murmurs of some conquered creed,
Graven in mystic markings with strange runes,
That none but stars and biting winds may read;
Here I will wait a little; I am weary,
Not torn with pain of any lurid hue,
But only still and very gray and dreary,
Sweet sombre lands, like you.

SONG OF THE STREAM-DROPS.

By silent forest and field and mossy stone,
We come from the wooded hill, and we go to the sea.
We labor, and sing sweet songs, but we never moan,
For our mother, the sea, is calling us cheerily.
We have heard her calling us many and many a day
From the cool grey stone and the white sands far away.

The way is long, and winding and slow is the track,
The sharp rocks fret us, the eddies bring us delay,
But we sing sweet songs to our mother, and answer her back;
Gladly we answer our mother, sweetly repay.
On, we hear, we hear her singing wherever we roam,
Far, far away in the silence, calling us home.

Poor mortal, your ears are dull, and you cannot hear;
But we, we hear it, the breast of our mother abeat;

Low, far away, sweet and solemn and clear,
Under the hush of the night, under the noon-tide heat:
And we sing sweet songs to our mother, for so we shall please her best,
Songs of beauty and peace, freedom and infinite rest.

We sing, and sing, through the grass and the stones and the reeds,
And we never grow tired, though we journey ever and aye,
Dreaming, and dreaming, wherever the long way leads,
Of the far cool rocks and the rush of the wind and the spray.
Under the sun and the stars we murmur and dance and are free,
And we dream and dream of our mother, the width of the sheltering sea.

A PRAYER.

Oh earth, oh dewy mother, breathe on us
Something of all thy beauty and thy might,
Us that are part of day, but most of night,
Not strong like thee, but ever burdened thus
With glooms and cares, things pale and dolorous,
Whose gladest moments are not wholly bright;
Something of all thy freshness and thy light,
Oh earth, oh mighty mother, breathe on us.

Oh mother, who wast long before our day,
And after us full many an age shalt be.
Careworn and blind, we wander from thy way:
Born of thy strength, yet weak and halt are we
Grant us, oh mother, therefore, us who pray,
Some little of thy light and majesty.

KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT is more large than knowledge and more sweet;
Knowledge of thoughts and deeds, of rights and wrongs,
Of passions and of beauties and of songs;
Knowledge of life; to feel its great heart beat
Through all the soul upon her crystal seat;
To see, to feel, and evermore to know;
To till the old world's wisdom till it grow
A garden for the wandering of our feet.

Oh for a life of leisure and broad hours,
To think and dream, to put away small things,
This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts;

To wander like the bee among the flowers
Till old age finds us weary, feet and wings
Grown heavy with the gold of many thoughts

THE POETS.

HALF god, half brute, within the self-same shell,
Changers with every hour from dawn till even,
Who dream with angles in the gate of heaven,
And skirt with curious eyes the brinks of hell,
Children of Pan, whom some, the few, love well,
But most draw back, and know not what to say.
Poor shining angels, whom the hoofs betray,
Whose pinions frighten with their goatish smell.

Half brutish, half divine, but all of earth,
Half-way 'twixt hell and heaven, near to man,
The whole world's tangle gathered in one span,
Full of this human torture and this mirth:
Life with its hope and error, toil and bliss,
Earth-born, earth-reared, ye know it as it is.

AUTUMN MAPLES.

THE thoughts of all the maples who shall name,
When the sad landscape turns to cold and grey?
Yet some for very ruth and sheer dismay,
Hearing the northwind pipe the winter's name,
Have fired the hills with beaconing clouds of flame;
And some with softer woe that day by day,
So sweet and brief, should go the westward way,
Have yearned upon the sunset with such shame,
That all their cheeks have turned to tremulous rose;
Others for wrath have turned a rusty red,
And some that knew not either grief or dread,
Ere the old year should find its iron close,
Have gathered down the sun's last smiles acold,
Deep, deep, into their luminous hearts of gold.

APRIL.

Pale season, watcher in unvexed suspense,
Still priestess of the patient middle day,
Betwixt wild March's humored petulance
And the warm wooing of green kirtled May,
Maid month of sunny peace and sober grey,
Weaver of flowers in sunward glades that ring
With murmur of libation to the spring:
As memory of pain, all past, is peace,
And joy, dream-tasted, hath the deepest cheer,
So art thou sweetest of all months that lease
The twelve short spaces of the flying year.

The bloomless days are dead, and frozen fear
No more for many moons shall vex the earth,
Dreaming of summer and fruit laden mirth.

—April.

FROGS.

Often to me who heard you in your day,
With close wrapt ears, it could not choose but seem
That earth, our mother, searching in what way,
Men's hearts might know her spirit's inmost dream,
Ever at rest beneath life's change and stir,
Made you her soul, and bade you pipe for her.

—*The Frogs.*

SUMMER.

Till the slayer be slain and the spring displace
The might of his arms with her rose-crowned bands,

Let her heart not gather a dream that is base:
Shadow her head with your golden hands.

—*Ballade of Summer's Sleep.*

SLEEP.

Shy goddess, at keen seeking most afraid
Yet often coming, when we least have prayed.

—*Sleep.*

TONGUES.

Ah, woe to our tongues, that, forever unsleeping,
Harp and uncover the old hot care,
The soothing ash from the embers sweeping,
Wherever the soles of our sad feet fare.

—*The Three Pilgrims.*

MARRIAGE.

Earth and thought and time
Lie far beyond them, a great gulf of joy,
Absorbing fear, regret and every grief,
A warm eternity: or now perchance
Night and the very weight of happiness,
Unsought, have turned upon their tremulous eyes
The mindless stream of sleep; nor do they care
If dawn should never come.

—*An Athenian Revue.*

DEATH.

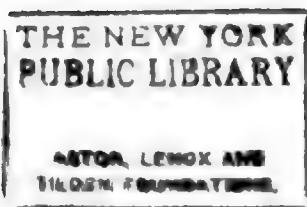
But all things journey to the same quiet end
At last, life, joy and every form of motion.
Nothing stands still. Not least inevitable,
The sad recession of this passionate love,
Whose panting fires, so soon and with such grief,
Burn down to ash.

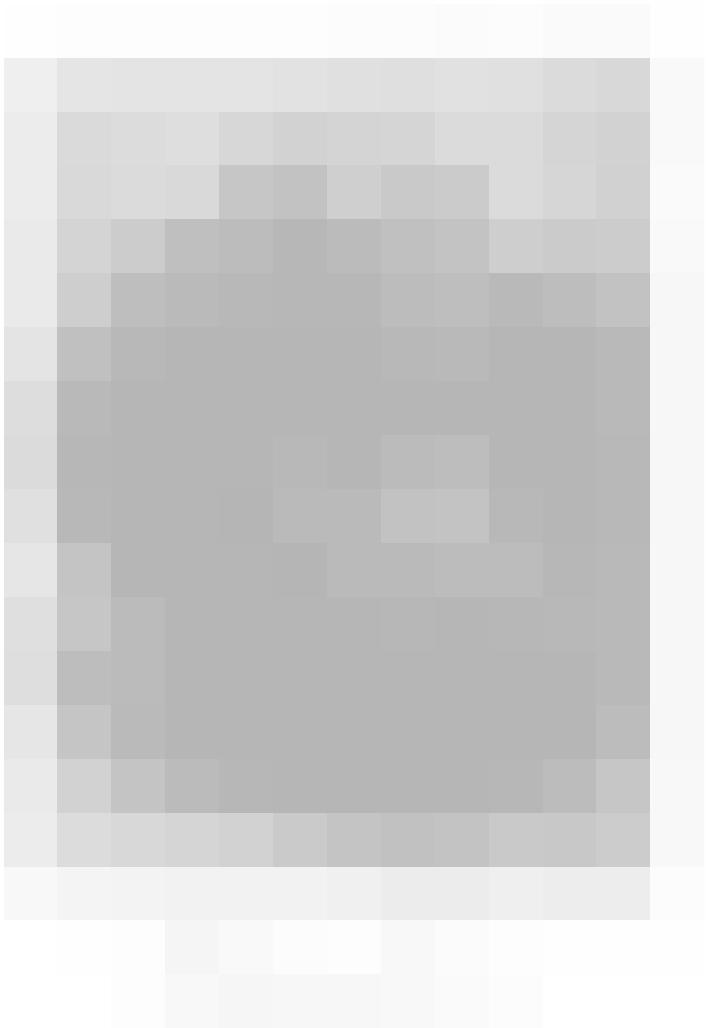
—*Ibid.*

POETS.

Poets speak of passion best,
When their dreams are undistressed,
And the sweetest songs are sung,
E'er the inner heart is stung.

—*What do Poets want with Gold?*





WALLACE BRUCE.

THE Hon. Wallace Bruce whose recent appointment to the Consulate of Leith, Scotland, has been received with such marked satisfaction by the best elements of all parties, is a literary man of whom it may be said that personal association with him is as great a privilege as his poems are a delight. At his home in Poughkeepsie he is idolized by his fellow citizens, and at his winter place, Dream Cottage, Defuniak Springs, Florida, he is equally popular. Indeed his poetical works are but the reflection or rather the outpouring of that fine, generous, and sunny nature which has all his life endeared him to his friends, and, at forty, has kept fresh and unsullied the high ideals of his youth. Is it any wonder that his songs, coming as they do from such a source, have the all brightness of springtime and the music of hope? Well may Yale be proud of the son whom in 1867 she sent forth to fulfill in the great world the promise foreshadowed in the triumphs of his university course. In his case assuredly the boy was father to the man, for during his college years, so great was his literary reputation that by the undisputed choice of his fellow students, he became Chief Editor of the *Yale Lit*; one of the most coveted honors of the undergraduate career in that institution.

After taking his degree, Mr. Bruce determined to devote himself to a life of letters, and it was not long before his poems, essays and addresses brought him into national notice. The Bryant Literary Union of New York secured his services at once, and his lectures delivered under the auspices of that organization on "Robert Burns," "Ready Wit," "Native Mettle," "Landmarks of Scott," "Washington Irving," and "Womanhood in Shakespeare," have delighted thousands of his fellow countrymen. United with a magnetic presence, his wit, humor, fancy, pathos and logic clothed in a diction as clean-cut as a cameo, render him a moving and resistless orator.

It is as a poet, however, that his genius shines with clearest lustre. Disregarding the mannerisms and conceits of the present school, whose productions are at best but ephemeral, he has held fast to old standards, and struck a tone whose echo is destined to vibrate in the hearts of listeners, now and hereafter. His claim on the future is the adequateness with which he celebrates enduring sentiments. No American poet of this generation, not even Whittier, has set to sweeter music the tender memories of home. Without the broad effects of Will Carleton or the stilted moralizing of Longfellow, Wallace Bruce's "Old Homestead Poems" have that delicacy of fancy, sincerity of expression, and depth of feeling which give fitting utterance to the vague sanctity with which we

hallow the past. The same truthfulness of motive is characteristic of all his verses, even when his abounding humor ripples into song. This nobility of purpose and excellence of execution are the qualities which make those familiar with his work enthusiastic admirers. His shorter lyrics published in the leading magazines have always been widely praised and copied; and the fervent patriotism that pulsates through his poems has caused his selection as poet on many distinguished occasions, notably at the Newburg Centennial, over which President Arthur presided and at which Senator Evarts and Senator Bayard were the chief orators. The success of "The Long Drama" read by Mr. Bruce was by common consent the triumph of the celebration. In 1887, "The Candle Parade" delivered before the Society of the Army of the Potomac was received with like acclaim. Happiest of all these efforts perhaps was his masterly production in 1880 at the Dedication of the Statue of Robert Burns in Central Park, New York, when George William Curtis gave the oration. The sincerity and music of his utterance cannot fail at any time to excite appreciation. His popularity will increase with the years, for his poems have the grace of the scholar, the heart of the toiler and the soul of the dreamer.

R. B. M.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WELCOME, ye pleasant dales and hills,
Where, dreamlike, passed my early days!
Ye cliffs and glens and laughing rills
That sing unconscious hymns of praise!
Welcome, ye woods, with tranquil bowers
Embathed in autumn's mellow sheen,
Where careless childhood gathered flowers,
And slept on mossy carpets green!

The same bright sunlight gently plays
About the porch and orchard trees;
The garden sleeps in noon tide haze,
Lulled by the murmuring of the bees;
The sloping meadows stretch away
To upland field and wooded hill;
The soft blue sky of peaceful day
Looks down upon the homestead still.

I hear the humming of the wheel—
Strange music of the days gone by.
I hear the clicking of the reel;
Once more I see the spindle fly.
How, then, I wondered at the thread
That narrowed from the snowy wool,
Much more to see the pieces wed,
And wind upon the whirling spool!

I see the garret once again,
With rafter, beam, and oaken floor;
I hear the pattering of the rain
As summer clouds go drifting o'er.
The little window towards the west
Still keeps its webs and buzzing flies,
And from this cosey childhood nest
Jack's bean-stalk reaches to the skies.

I see the circle gathered round
The open fire-place glowing bright,
While birchen sticks with crackling sound
Send forth a rich and ruddy light.
The window-sill is piled with sleet,
The well-sweep creaks before the blast,
But warm hearts make the contrast sweet,
Sheltered from storm, secure and fast.

O loved ones of the long ago,
Whose memories hang in golden frames,
Resting beneath the maple's glow,
Where few e'er read your chiselled names,
Come back, as in that Christmas night,
And fill the vacant chairs of mirth!
Ah me! the dream is all too bright,
And ashes lie upon the hearth.

Below the wood, beside the spring,
Two little children are at play,
And Hope, that bird of viewless wing
Sings in their hearts the livelong day.
The acorns patter at their feet,
The squirrel chatters 'neath the trees,
And life and love are all complete—
They hold Aladdin's lamp and keys.

And, sister, now my children come
To find the water just as cool,
To play about our grandsire's home,
To see our pictures in the pool;
Their laughter fills the shady glen,
The fountain gurgles o'er with joy
That, after years full three times ten,
It finds its little girl and boy.

No other spring in all the world
Is half so clear and cool and bright
No other leaves by autumn curled
Reflect for me such golden light.
Of childhood's faith this is the shrine;
I kneel beside it now as then,
And though the spring's no longer mine,
I kiss its cooling lips again.

Unchanged it greets the changeful years;
Its life is one unending dream;
No record here of grief or tears.
But, like the limpid meadow stream,
It seems to sympathize with youth,
Just as the river does with age,
And ever whispers—sweetest truth
Is written on life's title-page.

A HAND-SHAKE.

TO A CLASSMATE, AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

WHAT! fifteen years? No, not that long!
The record, David, must be wrong.
Dear Mother Yale, correct your sight,
It's only 'sixty-seven to-night.

There's some mistake—no jesting here—
We're hardly out of senior year.
Dear mother, look again, I pray!
Last June was our Commencement-day.

The elms on old New Haven green
Have scarcely lost their russet sheen;
It only seems an evening since
We sat upon the college fence.

But tell me, now, whose bairns are these—
Bright boys and girls, about your knees?
Somehow they seem to look like you.
Old Yale is right—'tis 'eighty-two.

Ay, facts are chieirs which winna ding,
And chieirs are facts the decades bring.
Come home with me, I'll introduce
Another flock that looks like Bruce.

I think we'll have another pair
To take our seats in college there—
Ah, David, how old Yale will shine
When she receives your boys and mine!

They'll never sleep in Chapel!—no!—
Like bricks tipped sideways in a row;
They'll never help each other through
Old Euclid, like some lads we knew.

It's our good-luck and dearest joy
To find more gold in each alloy;
For in each bright and childish face
We both can read their mother's grace.

Let others boast their gear and wealth,
These are our treasures, rich with health;
The living gold that's coined above,
Fresh from the mint, and stamped with love,

Upon this truth we take our stand,
Two brothers of a scattered band.
Give us your hand, for words are lame,
I find you, David, just the same;

With cheery voice, with generous heart,
With will to do the manly part;
A noble leader now as then—
"Twas as then of boys, but now of men

THE SNOW ANGEL.

THE sleigh-bells danced that winter night;
Old Brattleboro rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas-tree.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught:
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.

He waited until the guests were gone;
He waited to dream his dream alone;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;
He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light save the stars to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.

The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they call it "The Angel," divining its name.
For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;
But its features wasted beneath the sun;
Its life went out ere the day was done;
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
I will carve the Angel in lasting stone;
In another land beyond the sea
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone.
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won.
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might;
He has gained renown in the land of art;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;

And the dream of the boy, that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Snow Angel in marble—his purpose won;
And the man toils on.

A STAR-EYED DAISY.

SAN MARCO, ST. AUGUSTINE.

(Tri-Centennial Anniversary, 1886.)

ENSIGNS of empires flaunt thy flanking wall,
Grim ancient warders guard thy storied gate,
Loud Babeled centuries at thy bastions wait
On Spanish, French, and English seneschal.
Rich yellow folds of Castile's haughty state,
Fair Fleur de Lys from proud Parisian hall,
St. George's Cross triumphant o'er them all,
Recall long years of fierce and bloody hate.
But now the star-eyed daisy lifts its form
From crevice, chink, and crumbling parapet,
Without one stain of battle's crimson storm
On snowy leaf with golden petal set:
Bright banneret which Nature kindly rears,
To deck with light the mould of bitter years.

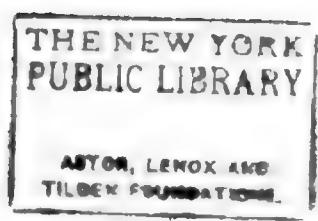
"INASMUCH."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

YOU say you want a Meetin'-house for the boys in
the gulch up there,
And a Sunday-school with pictur'-books? Well,
put me down for a share.
I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em
read
As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the
cattle feed.
And I believe in preachin' too—by men for preachin'
in' born,
Who let alone the husks of creed and measure out
the corn.
The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are
Gospel-fed;
And they say 'twas to a manger that the Star of
Glory led.
So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and
the stalls;
I always give the best I've got whenever my partner calls.
And, stranger, let me tell you: I'm beginning to
suspect
That all the world are partners, whatever their
creed or sect;

That life is a kind of pilgrimage—a sort of Jericho road,
And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in the code.
No matter about the 'nitals—from a farmer, you understand,
Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an ornary hand.
I've never struck it rich, for farming, you see, is slow;
And whenever the crops are fairly good the prices are always low.
A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same;
The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game.
It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon his knees—
"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these."
I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to quote;
It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote.
I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain:
'Twas down in 'Frisco, years ago—had been there hauling grain;
It was just across the ferry, on the Sacramento pike,
Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scatterin' like—
Not the likeliest place to be in. I remember the saloon,
With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all in one.
And this made up the picture—my hair was not then gray.
But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday.
A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter there—
Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with grief and care;
And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold—
Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely old.
She said: "Two bits for bread and tea, ma hasn't much to eat;
She hopes next week to work again, and buy us all some meat.
We've been half-starved all winter, but spring will soon be here

And she tells us, 'Keep up courage, for God is always near.'"
Just then a dozen men came in; the boy was called away
To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as Forty-niners say.
I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud
As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd.
But the poor tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to revels deep,
On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.
Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at the bar
Said, "Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over thar?"
The boy then told her story; and that crew, so fierce and wild,
Grew intent, and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child.
The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader
"Boys, see here;
All day we've been pouring whiskey, drinking deep our Christmas cheer.
Here's two dollars. I've got feelings, which are not entirely dead,
For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread."
"Here's a dollar." "Here's another;" and they all chipped in their share,
And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there.
Then the spokesman took a golden double-eagle from his belt,
Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt;
Took the "two bits" from her fingers, changed her silver piece for gold.
"See there, boys, the girl is dreaming." Down her cheeks the tear-drops rolled.
One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street.
Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet
With a dazed and strange expression, saying:
"Oh, I thought 'twas true!
Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stone roses grew.
We had everything we wanted, food enough, and clothes to wear;
And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair."



As she looked and saw the money in her fingers
glistening bright—
“ Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she
won’t believe me quite,
How you’ve sent ‘way up to heaven, where the
golden treasures are,
And have also got an angel clerking at your gro-
cery bar.”
That’s a Christmas story, stranger, which I
thought you’d like to hear;
True to fact and human nature, pointing out one’s
duty clear.
Hence, to matters of subscription you will see
that I’m alive—
Just mark off that dollar, stranger; I think I’ll
make it five.

AMERICA.

So, Robie, mak’ yoursel’ at home,
‘Mang friends and brithers you have come,
And here’s a land that’s quite as fair
As that between the Doon and Ayr.
A land that glories in its youth,
That owns no creed but living truth,
Where “ pith o’ sense and pride o’ worth ”
A refuge find frae rank and birth;
A land that’s made your verses real,
Whose guinea-stamp is honor’s seal;
Ay, Robie, here they’ve quite forgot
To write the “ Sir”—just Walter Scott.

—*Scott’s Greeting to Burns.*

YALE.

A University, in truth,
That meets the people’s high demand,
A fountain of eternal youth,
The pride and glory of the land.
—*Yale Phi Beta Kappa Poem, 1887.*

ROYALTY.

The diamond in the monarch’s crown
Is crystallized from peasants’ tears;
The purple of his royal gown
Betokens blood of bitter years.
—*Yorktown Dedicational Poem, 1881.*

SARAH JANE.

Oh yes, I’ve seen your Boston girls,
And anchored close to Cambridge curls;
But from Ches’peake ‘way down to Maine,
There is no girl like Sarah Jane.
What love-lit eyes! Twin beacons rare!
What landscape cheeks! what wavy hair!
Her mouth—a sort of inland sea,
Her smile—a whole Geography.

—*A Coast Survey.*

AUBREY DE VERE.

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE was born January 10, 1814, the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., at the old family home of “Curragh Chase,” near the interesting village of Adare, some twenty miles south-west of the city of Limerick, Ireland. The father was born at the same place, August 28, 1788, and died there July 28, 1846. While both father and son have led the lives of quiet country gentlemen, few names have been better known in the highest literary and political circles of Great Britain. They both have enjoyed the warm friendship of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Lord Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, Landor, Cardinals Cullen and Newman, R. C. Trench, W. E. Gladstone, the Brownings, Whewell, Lord Salisbury—and scores of others might also be mentioned. The father was a schoolmate of Byron and Sir Robert Peel, at Harrow. Wordsworth “pronounced the sonnets of Sir Aubrey de Vere to be the most perfect of our age.” The son graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. The Baronet lived and died an Anglican, but Lady de Vere, Sir Vere de Vere, an elder brother, and Aubrey, “went over to Rome”—the latter in 1851. This fact is regretted by Sir Henry Taylor, but in the most kindly spirit. He says in his “Autobiography” (vol. 2, p. 75): “ His conversion was a loss to us, no doubt, but the friendship had been interwoven with almost every thread of —— life, and for ten or twelve years with many threads of mine; and whatever was lost to it, enough was left to give vitality to twenty friendships of a less tenacious texture.” He adds that his friend “had found peace and happiness in that Church”—“his soul was satisfied”—and “we ought to rejoice.” In a letter very recently, Mr. de Vere, in alluding to this as one of a “few dates” in his “uneventful life,” says: “ I became a Catholic in 1851 (a blessing for which I have felt more grateful every successive year).” He never entered any profession. A considerable portion of his time has been spent in traveling, but chiefly in reading and writing, in the “cool sequestered vale” of Curragh Chase.

While he speaks of his life as “uneventful,” each one of his many publications has been a notable event in the literary history of the last forty-seven years. He has published the following poetical works: “The Waldenses; or the Fall of Rora: a lyrical tale,” 1842; “The Search after Proserpine, Recollections of Greece, and Other Poems,” 1843; “Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred,” 1853; “May Carols,” 1857 and 1881; “The Sisters; Inisfail, and Other Poems,” 1861; “The Infant Bridal, and Other Poems,” a selection from his poetry, 1864; “Irish Odes and Other Poems,” 1869; “The Legends of St. Patrick,” 1872; “Alexander the Great, a Dramatic Poem,” 1874; “St.

"Thomas of Canterbury, a Dramatic Poem," 1876; "Legends of the Saxon Saints," 1879; "The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age," 1882; and "Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire," 1887. His prose works are as follows: "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," 1848; "Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey," 2 vols., 1850; "Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It," 1867; "Pleas for Secularization," 1867; "The Church Establishment of Ireland," 1867; "The Church Settlement of Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda," 1868; "Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action," 1881; "Essays, Chiefly on Poetry," 1887; and "Essays: Literary and Critical," 1889. While Mr. de Vere is now well along in his 76th year, he is still a prolific writer, both of poetry and prose, and there are plenty of indications that his works are increasing in popularity both at home and abroad.

The writer of these lines had the rare pleasure, by kind invitation, of spending some hours at Curragh Chase, in July, 1888, but unfortunately for us, neither of the brothers was at home. Sir Stephen (author of "Translations from Horace") was to arrive on the following day, while Mr. Aubrey had gone down to London, on his way to the south of England. This is a magnificent old estate—an ideal home for a poet and lover of nature. It contains some two thousand acres of field and forest, "upland, glade and glen." The grand old mansion stands upon a moderate elevation, overlooking a most beautiful little lake. Across the lake, upon a high crag is planted a large pillar in the form of an Irish cross, around the base of which are inscribed the names of those of the family who have passed away. A belt of timber surrounds the whole tract. How much of this had been planted one could hardly determine—the arrangement was so natural and so beautiful; but I have seldom seen such grand old elms, oaks, lindens and beeches, and they were almost everywhere interspersed with evergreens and thickets of shrubbery. The beeches—both the common and the red varieties—grow in wonderful perfection, with wide-spreading limbs, forming perfect pyramids to the height of 60 to 80 feet. When we were there they were so loaded with nuts that the lower branches often rested upon the ground. I did not wonder that the poet is proud of his trees. There are drives leading to all parts of the estate, rustic bridges, and beautiful walks,

"With seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The hall of the mansion contains several pieces of fine statuary, among which were a copy of Michel Angelo's "Moses," and a bust of Sir Henry Taylor, author of "Philip Van Artevelde," and the life-long friend of the de Veres'. The most of

our time, however, was spent in the library, which must contain some thousands of volumes. I picked up one at random. It had been presented to Sir Aubrey de Vere by the author, Sir Walter Scott, with his compliments written upon a fly leaf. There were many of these presentation copies, "autographed" by the authors, no doubt first editions, and now of almost priceless value. But one feature which interested me very greatly was the unique copies of the works of the father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, and his two sons, Sir Stephen and the subject of this notice. The original manuscript, and a printed copy of each separate work, had been bound together in a single volume. I could not see them all in my limited time, but this impressed me as a most interesting feature of this fine old library.

In past times many of the most notable men and women of the United Kingdom have crossed the threshold and been hospitably entertained at Curragh Chase. It is to be hoped that Aubrey de Vere will yet cause them to "live again," in an Autobiography, which this gifted man is so competent to write.

Mr. de Vere's poetry would seem to be entering upon a period of wider appreciation than it has heretofore enjoyed. His "Legends of St. Patrick" has been added, as No. 175, to the Messrs. Cassell's "National Library" (London and New York,) though it is a copyright work at home. In paper these volumes, comprising the very best works of past and present times, sell for the trifling sum of 10 cents, and in cloth for 25 cents. The experience of these publishers curiously shows, (as in the instances of the writings of Mr. Coventry Patmore and others,) that in these exceedingly cheap and popular styles the sales not only run up to scores of thousands of copies, but that the demand for the expensive editions is thereby increased. His later works, as well as the new editions of those of former years, are now announced in New York very speedily after their appearance in London, giving him the opportunity, so gratifying to literary men and women of Great Britain, of securing an audience in the United States.

C. A.

ODE TO THE DAFFODIL.

I.

O LOVE-STAR of the unbelovèd March,
When, cold and shrill,
Forth flows beneath a low, dim-lighted arch
The wind that beats sharp crag and barren hill,
And keeps unfilmed the lately torpid rill!

II.

A week or e'er
Thou com'st thy soul is round us everywhere;
And many an auspice, many an omen,
Whispers, scarce noted, thou art coming.

Huge, cloudlike trees grow dense with sprays and buds,
And cast a shaplier gloom o'er freshening grass,
And through the fringe of ragged woods
More shrouded sunbeams pass.
Fresh shoots conceal the pollard's spike
The driving rack out-braving;
The hedge swells large by ditch and dike;
And all the uncolored world is like
A shadow-lined engraving.

III.

Herald and harbinger! with thee
Begins the year's great jubilee!
Of her solemnities sublime
A sacristan whose gusty taper
Flashes through earliest morning vapor,
Thou ring'st dark nocturns and dim prime.
Birds that have yet no heart for song
Gain strength with thee to twitter;
And, warm at last, where hollies throng,
The mirrored sunbeams glitter.
With silk the osier plumes her tendrils thin:
Sweet blasts, though keen as sweet, the blue
lake wrinkle;
And buds on leafless boughs begin
Against grey skies to twinkle.

IV.

To thee belongs
A pathos drowned in later scents and songs!
Thou com'st when first the Spring
On Winter's verge encroaches;
When gifts that speed on wounded wing
Meet little save reproaches!
Thou com'st when blossoms blighted,
Retracted sweets, and ditty,
From suppliants oft deceived and spited
More anger draw than pity!
Thee the old shepherd, on the bleak hill-side,
Far distant eyeing leans upon his staff
Till from his cheek the wind-brushed tear is dried:
In thee he spells his boyhood's epitaph.
To thee belongs the youngling of the flock,
When first it lies, close-huddled from the cold,
Between the sheltering rock
And gorse-bush slowly overcrept with gold.

V.

Thou laugh'st, bold outcast bright as brave,
When the wood bellows, and the cave,
And leagues inland is heard the wave!
Hating the dainty and the fine
As sings the blackbird thou dost shine!
Thou com'st while yet on mountain lawns high up
Lurks the last snow; while by the berried brier

As yet the black spring in its craggy cup
No music makes or charms no listening ear:
Thou com'st while from the oak stock or red beech
Dead Autumn scoffs young Spring with splenetic
speech;
While in her vidual chastity the Year
With frozen memories of the sacred past
Her doors and heart makes fast,
And loves no flower save those that deck the bier:
Ere yet the blossomed sycamore
With golden surf is curdled o'er;
Ere yet the birch against the blue
Her silken tissue weaves anew:
Thou com'st while, meteor-like 'mid fens, the weed
Swims, wan in light; while sleet-showers whitening glare;
Weeks ere by river brims, new furred, the reed
Leans its green javelin level in the air.

VI.

Child of the strong and strenuous East!
Now scatter wide o'er dusk hill bases
Now massed in broad, illuminate spaces;
Torch bearer at a wedding feast
Whereof thou may'st not be partaker,
But mime, at most, and merrymaker;
Phosphor of an ungrateful sun
That rises but to bid thy lamp begone:—
Farewell! I saw
Writ large on woods and lawns to-day that Law
Which back remands thy race and thee
To hero-haunted shades of dark Persephonè.
To-day the Spring has pledged her marriage vow;
Her voice, late tremulous, strong has grown and
steady:
To-day the Spring is crowned a queen; but thou
Thy winter hast already!
Take my song's blessing, and depart,
Type of true service—unrequited heart.

SONG—LOVE LAID DOWN HIS GOLDEN HEAD.

LOVE laid down his golden head
On his mother's knee;
"The world runs round so fast," he said,
"None has time for me."
Thought, a sage unhonored, turned
From the on-rushing crew;
Song her starry legend spurned;
Art her glass down threw.
Roll on, blind world, upon thy track
Until thy wheels catch fire!
For that is gone which comes not back
To seller nor to buyer!

SONG—WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

I.

WHEN I was young, I said to Sorrow,
 "Come, and I will play with thee!"—
 He is near me now all day;
 And at night returns to say,
 "I will come again to-morrow,
 I will come and stay with thee."

II.

Through the woods we walk together;
 His soft footsteps rustle nigh me;
 To shield an unregarded head,
 He hath built a winter shed;
 And all night in rainy weather,
 I hear his gentle breathings by me.

SONG—SOFTLY, O MIDNIGHT HOURS.

I.

SOFTLY, O midnight Hours!
 Move softly o'er the bowers
 Where lies in happy sleep a girl so fair!
 For ye have power, men say,
 Our hearts in sleep to sway,
 And cage cold fancies in a moonlight snare.
 Round ivory neck and arm
 Enclasp a separate charm:
 Hang o'er her poised; but breathe nor sigh nor
 prayer:
 Silently ye may smile,
 But hold your breath the while,
 And let the wind sweep back your cloudy hair!

II.

Bend down your glittering urns
 Ere yet the dawn returns,
 And star with dew the lawn her feet shall tread;
 Upon the air rain balm;
 Bid all the woods be calm;
 Ambrosial dreams with healthful slumber wed.
 That so the Maiden may
 With smiles your care repay
 When from her couch she lifts her golden head;
 Waking with earliest birds,
 Ere yet the misty herds
 Leave warm 'mid the grey grass their dusky bed.

SONG—SEEK NOT THE TREE OF SILKIEST BARK.

SEEK not the tree of silkiest bark
 And balmiest bud,

To carve her name—while yet 'tis dark—
 Upon the wood.

The world is full of noble tasks,
 And wreathes hard-won:
 Each work demands strong hearts, strong
 hands,
 Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veined skin
 That cheek's pale roses;
 The lily of that form wherein
 Her soul repose!
 Forth to the fight, true man, true knight!
 The clash of arms
 Shall more prevail than whispered tale
 To win her charms.

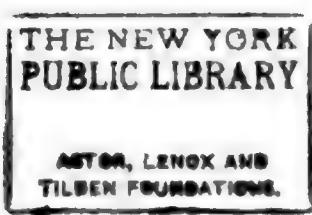
The warrior for the True, the Right,
 Fights in Love's name:
 The love that lures you from that fight
 Lures thee to shame,
 That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
 The spirit free,
 That love, or none, is fit for one
 Man-shaped like thee.

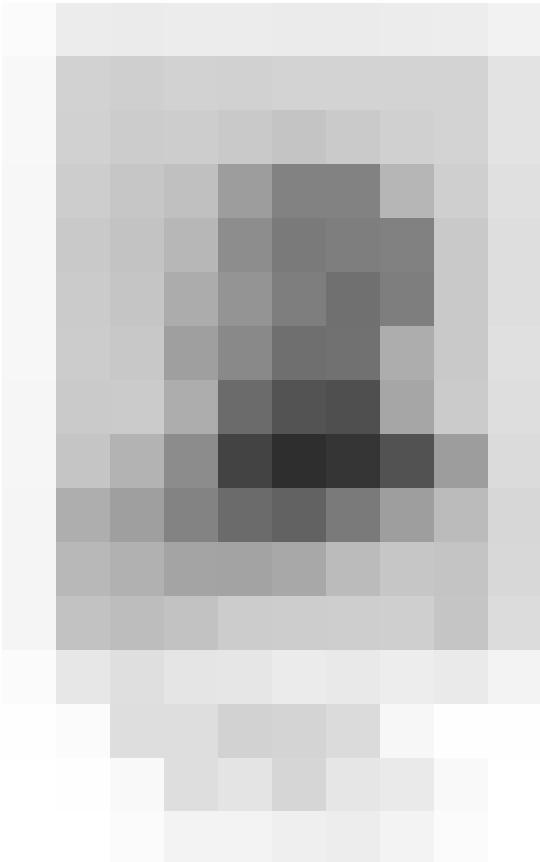
SONG—SING THE OLD SONG.

SING the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
 That burden treasured in your hearts too long;
 Sing it with voice low breathed, but never
 name her.
 She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
 High thoughts, too high to mate with mortal
 song—
 Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but do not
 claim her!

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses,
 She shades the bloom of her unearthly days;
 And the soft winds alone have power to woo
 her:
 Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;
 And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where
 she strays,
 Intelligible music warbling to her.

That Spirit charged to follow and defend her,
 He also, doubtless, suffers this love-pain;
 And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing:
 And yet that face is not so sad as tender;
 Like some sweet singer's when her sweetest
 strain
 From the heaved heart is gradually dying!





HUMAN LIFE.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self sown, have overtapped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing;
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet:
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left us
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize
them
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or
denies them.

SONNET—BLESSED IS HE.

BLESSED is he who hath not trod the ways
Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
Which loftier minds are studious to abhor:
Blessed is he who hath not sought the praise
That perishes, the rapture that betrays;
Who hath not spent in Time's vainglorious war
His youth; and found, a schoolboy at fourscore,
How fatal are those victories which raise
Their iron trophies to a temple's height
On trampled Justice; who desires not bliss,
But peace; and yet when summoned to the fight,
Combats as one who combats in the sight
Of God, and of His Angels, seeking this
Alone, how best to glorify the right.

ÆSCHYLUS.

A SEA-CLIFF carved into a base-relief!
Dark thoughts and sad, conceived by brooding
Nature;
Brought forth in storm:—dread shapes of Titan
stature,
Emblems of Fate, and Change, Revenge, and Grief,
And Death, and Life:—a caverned Hieroglyph
Confronting still with thunder-blasted frieze
All stress of years, and winds, and wasting seas:—
The stranger nears it in his fragile skiff
And hides his eyes. Few, few shall pass, great Bard,
Thy dim sea-portals! Entering, fewer yet
Shall pierce thy mystic meanings, deep and hard:
But these shall owe to thee an endless debt:
The Eleusinian caverns they shall tread
That wind beneath man's heart; and wisdom
learn with dread.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EVERY poet lives two lives—that of which poetry is the fruit, and that which makes poetic labor possible. The one is aesthetic, the other practical. The first is dependent upon the second for sustenance. For the occupation by which a poet earns his living is often as far removed as possible from the realm of poesy. Yet sometimes the lifework of a poet lies not far from and almost parallel with the track of daily duty. To such an estate Margaret Elizabeth Munson was born, at New Rochelle, Long Island, February 22, 1838. She was principally educated at home, and early displayed a strong literary bent. When twenty years of age she married Mr. George Sangster. The labors of her pen gradually impelled her toward editorial work till in 1871 Mrs. Sangster became associate editor of *Hearth and Home*, which position she held until 1873. She then accepted a similar chair on *The Christian at Work*, laboring for that excellent religious weekly for six years. In 1879 Mrs. Sangster transferred her pen to the service of the *Christian Intelligencer*, which she assisted in editing until 1888, in the meantime, in 1882, assuming the editorial control of *Harper's Young People*. On the death of Miss Booth, she was, early this year, appointed as the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a responsible and lucrative position.

During the entire period of her editorial work Mrs. Sangster has been writing verse. The natural inclination of her mind was toward religious things, and her connection with the press always has been characterized by the exertion of a strong moral influence. Her poetry, like her prose, is oftenest directed to the moral sense, the devotional spirit. The home, the family, and the influences affecting or emanating from domestic shrine and circle, naturally enlist her pen.

Mrs. Sangster's poems that are generally deemed most successful are "Our Own," "The Sin of Omission," and "Are the Children at Home?" She has published collections of verse, entitled "Poems of the Household," (1883), and "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," (1887). Beside several books for the Sunday school library, Mrs. Sangster has given the world a "Manual of Missions of the Reformed Church in America," (1878). She is still a frequent contributor to the periodical press, her poetry being widely copied whenever it appears.

A. G. B.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,

I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain ;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night ;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah ! lip with the curve impatient ;
Ah ! brow with that look of scorn,
'T were a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

MOTH-EATEN.

I HAD a beautiful garment
And I laid it by with care ;
I folded it close, with lavender leaves,
In a napkin fine and fair :
"It's far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on ;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key,
In the perfumed dusk alone.—
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company ;
I knew I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care ;
I give them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare ;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast-day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine ;
I would please myself with the luster
Of its shifting colors fine ;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out of the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day.
Alas ! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that it seals,
To the grace of a constant blessing,
The beauty that use reveals,
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotton,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say ;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind ;
These chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds,—
They come in night and silence,—
Each chill, reproachful wraith,—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion,
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,—
Echoing boyish strife,—
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me:
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home, long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a Better Land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know,—yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows:
My boys that I gave to freedom,—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner:
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted:
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

COMPORT.

Comfort her not with the angels,
Since—changing her day to night—
Some pitiless angel carried
Her firstborn out of her sight!
—*A Vanished Hope.*

SILENCE.

The jar-fly broke with his cadenced whir,
A comma of sound in a silent space;
The south wind moved with a gentle stir
Through the shadowy leaves of his hiding-place.

—*Love-Lorn.*

CONTENT.

O Bird, my Bird, you never were meant
To warble songs for the world to hear!
You were made for the stillness of shy content,
And the quiet round of a homely sphere.

—*Ibid.*

SORROW.

Yet sorrow reigns a queen on earth.
At many a door, a guest unbid,
She lifts the latch; nor less the hearth
She darkens when her form is hid
From stranger eyes, when asphodels
Spring, spear-like, by no new-made grave,
Nor gloom of mourning-garment tells
How keen a blow her sword-thrust gave.

—*Ashes of Roses.*

ASHES.

Still, whether fade the rose of love
Before a blighting wind of fate,
Or, angel-born to realms above,
It bloom anew at heaven's gate,—
If once its fragrance blessed our life,
We never wholly lose the past;
Its ashes are with sweetness rife,
And make us richer to the last. —*Ibid.*

SUMMER.

So, Summer the royal, the fault is not thine
If thou bear to our spirits more shadow than
shine,—

If, grasping thy roses with olden desire,
Too soon of their passionate fragrance we tire;
In all the rich chords of thy manifold strain,
If to us be a minor, keen-edged as with pain,
. Thou bringest back Eden,—an angel of strife
Still bars from our taking its green tree of life.

—*The Sadness of Summer.*

WILD-APPLE.

A tree that no thrif of the farmer
Had cared in its life to protect,
All twisted and stunted and barren,
The orphan of nature's neglect.

—*Apple Blossoms.*

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

With a fragrance aromatic, with a wild and care-
less grace,
As if somehow to the garden came the freedom
of the woods,
Lifts each fair chrysanthemum her dear, captiv-
ating face,
Filled with sympathy for us, in our fluctuating
moods.

—*Chrysanthemums.*

MORNING.

O silver dawn! O listening hush!
O kindling glory of the morn!
What beauty in the roseate flush,
What sheen of gems on leaf and thorn!
How near to God the spirit waits
Who worships in the morning gates.

—*A Summer Morning.*

LILIES.

Each in her place appointed,
The lily dwells serene;
She cares not though the thistle blow
Anear her leaf of green;
Her neighbors cannot vex her soul,
For she was born a queen.

—*Lilies.*

MAPLES.

So bright in death I used to say,
So beautiful through frost and cold!
A lovelier thing I know to-day,
The leaf is growing old,
And wears in grace of duty done,
The gold and scarlet of the sun.

—*A Maple Leaf.*

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

TO readers of contemporaneous poetry no name is more familiar than that of Frank Dempster Sherman. Mr. Sherman was born in Peekskill, New York, on the 6th of May, 1860. He obtained his early education in the town of his birth, and received the degree of Ph. B. from Columbia College in 1884. He was made a Fellow of this institution in 1887, and is at present connected with it as Instructor of the Department of Architecture. During the winter of 1884 and '85 he attended lectures at Harvard University where he would have taken a degree had not family interests called him for a time from the pursuance of literature. He was married in November, 1887, to Miss Joliet Mersereau Durand, daughter of the Rev. Cyrus B. Durand, of Newark, New Jersey.

Like Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Mr. Sherman unites the practical and ideal in letters, being both mathematician and poet. His taste for figures he inherits from his father, a man of rare powers; his poetic gift comes from his mother, to whose memory he has paid a most beautiful tribute in "An Old Song," which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for August, 1888. Though no American has touched so piquantly the spirit of love in youth with blithe "patrician rhymes," it is in another direction, as Mr. Howells pointed out in a recent number of *Harper's* that Mr. Sherman's best and most natural expression reveals itself. He is a literary descendent of Herrick and Carew. He believes in the lyric, and never hesitates to proclaim such a belief. Every poem from his pen shows that his creed in regard to technique is the same as that proclaimed by Mr. Dobson in his "*Ars Victorix*." Poetry with him is never a thing to be "thrown off," as many are fond of expressing it, but something to be as carefully moulded as the most symmetrical statue. A sprightliness of fancy, a delicacy of touch, and a rare melody characterize all of his work, and his choice of epithet is unfailingly happy. Mr. Sherman is a true bibliophile, and some of his most charming poems are anent books. In this connection might be mentioned his "*Book-hunter*," and two pieces recently printed in the *Century Magazine*. He is particularly successful in the line of children's verses, having, among other things, contributed in this vein a series of ten month poems to the *St. Nicholas*.

Mr. Sherman has published "Madrigals and Catches" (1887), and "New Waggings of Old Tales" (1888), the latter being in conjunction with Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. He has in preparation a treatise upon the elements of architecture, a volume of children's poems, and a collection of miscellaneous pieces. The last will contain his "Greeting to Spring," one of the most exquisite lyrics of the day.

C. S.

THE BOOK-HUNTER.

A cup of coffee, eggs, and rolls
 Sustain him on his morning strolls:
 Unconscious of the passers-by,
 He trudges on with downcast eye;
 He wears a queer old hat and coat,
 Suggestive of a style remote;
 His manner is preoccupied,—
 A shambling gait, from side to side.
 For him the sleek, bright-windowed shop
 Is all in vain,—he does not stop.
 His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves
 Where musty volumes hide themselves,—
 Rare prints of poetry and prose,
 And quaintly lettered folios,—
 Perchance a parchment manuscript,
 In some forgotten corner slipped,
 Or monk-illumined missal bound
 In vellum with brass clasps around;
 These are the pictured things that throng
 His mind the while he walks along.

A dingy street, a cellar dim,
 With book-lined walls, suffices him.
 The dust is white upon his sleeves;
 He turns the yellow, dog-eared leaves
 With just the same religious look
 That priests give to the Holy Book.
 He does not heed the stifling air
 If so he find a treasure there.
 He knows rare books, like precious wines,
 Are hidden where the sun ne'er shines.
 For him delicious flavors dwell
 In books as in old Muscatel;
 He finds in features of the type
 A clew to prove the grape was ripe.
 And when he leaves this dismal place,
 Behold, a smile lights up his face!
 Upon his cheeks a genial glow,—
 Within his hand Boccaccio,
 A first edition worn with age,
 "Firenze" on the title-page.

BACCHUS.

LISTEN to the tawny thief,
 Hid behind the waxen leaf,
 Growling at his fairy host,
 Bidding her with angry boast
 Fill his cup with wine distilled
 From the dew the dawn has spilled;
 Stored away in golden casks
 Is the precious draught he asks.

Who,—who makes this mimic din
 In this mimic meadow inn,
 Sings in such a drowsy note.
 Wears a golden belted coat;
 Loiters in the dainty room
 Of this tavern of perfume;
 Dares to linger at the cup
 Till the yellow sun is up?

Bacchus, 'tis, come back again
 To the busy haunts of men;
 Garlanded and gayly dressed,
 Bands of gold about his breast;
 Straying from his paradise,
 Having pinions angel-wise,—
 'Tis the honey-bee, who goes
 Reveling within a rose!

PEPITA.

Up in her balcony where
 Vines through the lattices run
 Spilling a scent on the air,
 Setting a screen to the sun,
 Fair as the morning is fair,
 Sweet as a blossom is sweet,
 Dwells in her rosy retreat
 Pepita.

Often a glimpse of her face
 When the wind rustles the vine
 Parting the leaves for a space
 Gladdens this window of mine—
 Pink in its leafy embrace,
 Pink as the morning is pink,
 Sweet as a blossom I think
 Pepita.

I who dwell over the way
 Watch where Pepita is hid—
 Safe from the glare of the day
 Like an eye under its lid:
 Over and over I say—
 Name like the song of a bird,
 Melody shut in a word—
 "Pepita."

Look where the little leaves stir!
 Look, the green curtains are drawn!
 There in a blossomy blur
 Breaks a diminutive dawn—
 Dawn and the pink face of her—
 Name like a lisp of the south,
 Fit for a rose's small mouth—
 Pepita'

WIZARD FROST.

WONDROUS things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,—
Trees whose branches never stir,—
Skies without a cloud to blur,—
Birds below them sailing high,—
Church-spires pointing to the sky,—
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream,
Dressed in finest kinds of lace:
'T is a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn,
Quick and see what he has done
Ere 't is stolen by the Sun.

ON SOME BUTTERCUPS.

A LITTLE way below her chin,
Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
Some buttercups are fastened in,—
Ah, how I envy them!

They do not miss their meadow place,
Nor are they conscious that their skies
Are not the heavens, but her face,
Her hair, and mild blue eyes.

There, in the downy meshes pinned,
Such sweet illusions haunt their rest;
They think her breath the fragrant wind,
And tremble on her breast;

As if, close to her heart, they heard
A captive secret slip its cell,
And with desire were sudden stirred
To find a voice and tell!

A REMINISCENCE.

THERE was a time, fond girl, when you
Were partial to caresses;
Before your graceful figure grew
Too tall for ankle-dresses;
When "Keys and Pillows," and the rest
Of sentimental pastimes,
Were thought to be the very best
Amusement out of class-times.

You wore your nut-brown hair in curls
That reached beyond your bodice,
Quite in the style of other girls,—
But you I thought a goddess!
I wrote you letters, long and short,
How many there's no telling!
Imagination was my forte:—
I can't say that of spelling!

We shared our sticks of chewing-gum,
Our precious bits of candy;
Together solved the knotty sum,
And learned the *ars amandi*:
Whene'er you wept, a woful lump
Stuck in my throat, delayed there!
My sympathetic heart would jump:—
I wondered how it stayed there!

We meet to-day,—we meet, alas!
With salutation formal;
I'm in the college senior class,
You study at the Normal;
And as we part I think again,
And sadly wonder whether
You wish, as I, we loved as when
We sat at school together!

HER CHINA CUP.

HER china cup is white and thin;
A thousand times her heart has been
Made merry at its scalloped brink;
And in the bottom, painted pink,
A dragon greets her with a grin.

The brim her kisses loves to win;
The handle is a manikin,
Who spies the foes that chip or chink
Her china cup.

Muse, tell me if it be a sin:
I watch her lift it past her chin
Up to the scarlet lips and drink
The Oolong draught. Somehow I think
I'd like to be the dragon in
Her china cup.

A QUATRAIN.

Hark at the lips of this pink whorl of shell
And you shall hear the ocean's surge and roar;
So in the quatrain's measure, written well,
A thousand lines shall all be sung in four!
—A Bunch of Quatrains.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE was born in Fryeburg, Maine, but has resided in Portland since early childhood. Her pleasant house, on one of the most beautiful streets of the city, now shared with the family of her nephew, was the home of her parents, and she has lived in it more than thirty years. There has been written most of the poems that have given her a position among the leading singers of a state that enjoys the peculiar distinction of having furnished a large proportion of the best lyric verse of our country. A Massachusetts critic, in enumerating the eight songs by American women sung everywhere, calls attention to the fact that four of them were written in Maine, and one of them, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," by the subject of this sketch. This popular song was written by Mrs. Howe in 1856, and first published in *Gleason's Pictorial*. A few years later it appeared in another Boston paper, set to music, the composer claiming the words as his own. Several other composers have been equally unscrupulous, and it was not until after many years that the question of authorship was finally settled, through the efforts of Mr. Oliver Ditson, and proper credit given thereafter by various publishers.

Her first literary work appeared in the *Portland Transcript*, and in this, as in other leading publications her contributions of prose and verse have long been favorably received by the public. She has written for many important occasions, and been ever ready to lend the aid of her versatile and gifted pen to charitable enterprises. In 1862, the Massachusetts S. S. Society published in book form a story written by her, which has passed through several editions.

Her verse is characterized by lyric power, by grace of diction, by religious fervor and aspiration, and a sincere heartiness that reaches by the surest path the hearts of all readers. It has been found admirably adapted for music, and more than thirty of her hymns and songs are published in collections for church choirs, and in sheet music, and have become very popular.

We cannot give a better idea of the feeling she inspires among her friends and intimates, than by quotations from a letter written by her sister-in-song, Mrs. Frances L. Mace, who first met her at a literary gathering in Portland. She says, "I shall never forget my first view of her. There was that in the greeting that made me strangely desirous for her further acquaintance. Bright, sympathetic, witty and kind, she made every one happy, and was the right hand of our hosts. In three years correspondence I find her a perennial fount of fresh and sparkling thought, and wide intelligence. She sees the comical side of people

and things, and her pen has a diamond point; but her keenest hits are without malice."

In 1885 a collection of Mrs. Howe's poems was made under title of "Ashes for Flame and Other Poems," in a handsome volume which was warmly welcomed by her many friends, and met with ready sale.

S. T. P

ASHES FOR FLAME.

THE amber waves of sunset drift
Majestic, up the western skies!
They burn, they deepen, as they sift
Their glowing coals through vein and rift,
Wherein strange altars seem to rise
And call for living sacrifice!
The picture fades. The clouds uplift
Their mantles gray, with purple dyes,
And twilight brings its slow surprise,
Ashes for flame! The day's last gift!

Silence through all! The senses reel!
Oh, for a breath, a voice, a sound,
To tell that there is life! To feel
Where solitude has set its seal,
A Presence in the deeps profound!
Still motionless are earth and air!
Are there no life-springs centred there,
To move their pulses swift and strong
To grand old harmonies of song?

Too long the Sabbath-hush has lain
On fevered brow, and aching brain!
Bright-bird! shake out thy plumage rare,
And smite the silence like a prayer.

A single note! a wave! a trill!
High up the quivering leaves among,
And hark! a crystal burst of song,
Caught up by forest, vale, and hill,
In glad pulsations borne along,
Its destined mission to fulfill,
Until all Nature is athrill!

O singer! at the set of sun,
With recognition still unwon,
Upon whose weary heart and brain
The bitter sense of loss has lain,
Who gave thee voice, in ways recluse,
Hath power to hold it to His use!
Haply thy spirit, brooding long,
May smite the silence with a song,
That into weary hearts shall drift,
In glad pulsations pure and high,
Like living coals through seam and rift,
To warm, and light, and beautify!

If thou the simplest song can sing,
By which another's thought may rise
To animate and crystalize,
Although thy song unseen takes wing,
Sing on! And sing unfaltering!
Ere purple shadows onward drift,
And twilight brings its slow surprise,
Ashes for flame! The day's last gift.

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.

LEAF by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry,
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew
In the pleasant April rain,
And the summer's sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in their bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent germ apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to sun and dew.
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's silent clime.

DROOPING VISIONS.

THE heavens have glory for uplifted eyes,
But drooping visions never see the stars.
Take thou the lesson, thou made sorrow-wise,
And bid thy soul ope wide its prison bars.

Seek light within; where duty bids thee go,
Go thou, with steps unfaltering and firm;
If but one ray of sunshine lends its glow,
That ray shall wake to life some sleeping germ.

What though the Past shows only ruins nigh!
A cheerful courage may rebuild again
A nobler temple, facing toward the sky,
Above whose columns storms shall rage in vain.

Fold not thy hands, and in the shadows sit;
Gird on thy faith, and in its might arise!
Hath God in vain this lamp of being lit?
Give answer thou, with soul made sorrow-wise!

One great resolve — one struggle for the true,
One generous purpose blooming in the breast—
A heart to know—a hand to dare and do,
Be these thine own, and leave to heaven the rest!

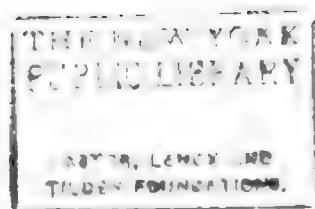
A GRAND OUTGROWTH.

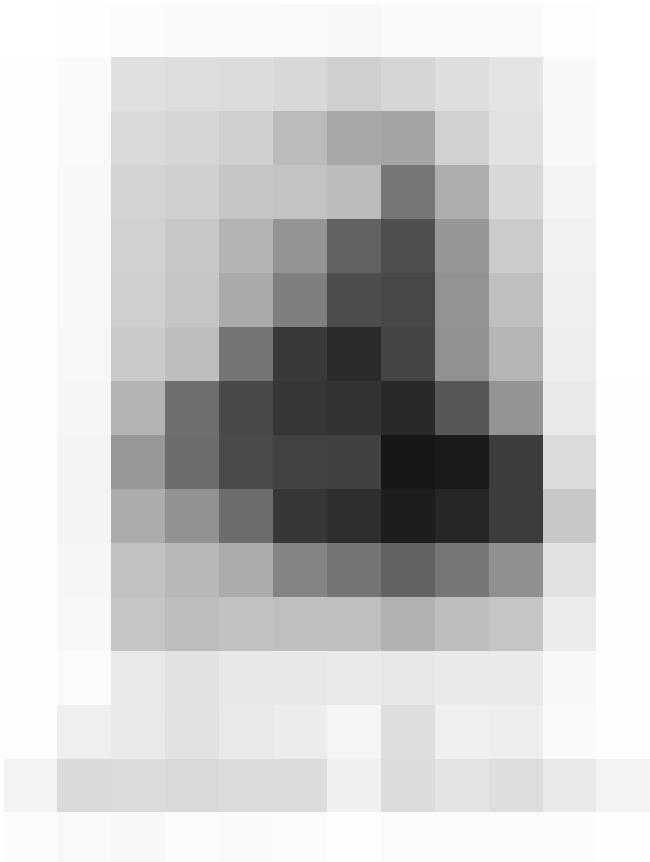
THROUGH deepest grief, may Love be manifest!
For, when the trial and the conflict come,
And twin-born Joy and Hope are standing dumb,
If we, within the temple of each breast,
Shrine faith in God, as knowing what is best,
The griefs we bear will hold no martyrdom;
For we rise up to entertain His guest,
With calm repose, Love's grand outgrowth therefrom.
And His chastisements cannot fall in vain,
Since grief itself, like an unmeasured chain,
Whose end we see not, as clouds intercept,
Linked to our hearts, may draw them nearer
Heaven,
Astward the shore where Love despairing wept,
Some helmeless barque by storms is haply driven.

GOLDEN ROD AND ASTERS.

GOLDEN rod! in autumn splendor,
With your torches all ablaze,
Have you gathered up the sunshine,
Golden sunshine!
From the morning's jewelled sprays,
Rising up to greet September
In its soft and slumberous haze?
Smile you still! but we remember
You are counting off the days,
Heralding November!

Purple asters! sad-eyed, silent,
Do your leaves in tears unfold?
Have you gathered up the shadows,
Purple shadows!
From between the bars of gold,
Making sad your fair young faces
As with sorrows half untold?
Stand you loyal in your places!
With all life, the life we hold,
Blends and interlaces.





Lofty ones should strengthen lowly,
With their elements of cheer!
Golden rod, I saw you bending,
Softly bending,
Toward the asters standing near,
As with tender glance perusing
What their faces said so dear.
Smile your brightest! Love, when choosing,
Makes its own rich atmosphere.
Sweet and self-diffusing.

WITH SMILES RETURNS.

YON funeral train which bore its dead apart,
Returns with less of sorrow in its tread;
And thus, alas! some torn and bleeding heart,
Fearful the world may read how joy hath fled,
Turns back in smiles from burying its dead!

MAY.

Content weighs heavier than gold
In every perfect life;
And there are blessings manifold,
Outlasting pain and strife.
Apparent losses may prove gains,
And victory crown defeat,
As after April's lingering rains,
The May-flowers blossom sweet.

—*Scarlet Leaves.*

LOVE.

Gold hath its dross, blue skies a cloud,
Fortune a fall, and hope a shroud;
But Love upon its mountain height,
Reflects a ray of Heaven's own light.

—*Love on Mountain Height.*

NIGHT.

Through roseate clouds the sun sinks slowly down,
A fallen monarch eve may dare discrown,
Until, entombed amid the far blue hills,
Night with her shadows all the silence fills.

—*In Silent State.*

WISDOM.

For who hath wisdom, hath a high estate,
And holds the key unlocking Heaven's gate.
What matters it, though man distinguish not
The great insignia? When hath God forgot?

—*A Key to the Gate.*

GREATNESS.

For he alone is truly great
Whose virtue goes before his fame,
Whose soul stands ever robed in state,
To make illustrious his name.

—*Elements of Power.*

ROBERT KIDSON.

ROBERT KIDSON is a wage-earner in one of our big metropolitan stores, and as such he desires to be known. In London, Chicago, New York and Brooklyn he has held good positions in the largest store in each place, in his line of business. He is a retail carpet salesman. If the voice of the singer in him ever gains the public ear he wishes it to be recognized as "a voice from the crowd," as his sympathies are mainly with the millions amongst whom his lot is cast. He is a lover of streets, and crowds, and vast cities. Nature he worships; human nature he takes to his heart. He has worked like a Hercules for the good of his kind, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the agitation which resulted in the passage of the Saturday Half-Holiday law for the State of New York.

The subject of this sketch is an Englishman, but coming to this country sixteen years ago at twenty-three years of age, he soon became enthusiastically American, and a firm believer in a republican form of government. From time to time he has written verses for different magazines and newspapers. Although he has never very persistently pushed his way to the front, yet the fact that he has always been ready at short notice to respond to any demand upon his resources warrants his friend in the belief that he has a reserve store of good things in manuscript which they would like to see in the form of volume. The first of his poems to be copied far and wide were a series of "Trade Rhymes" which appeared some years ago in the pages of *The Carpet Trade Review*, the organ of the carpet trade of the United States published in New York. Many naturally thought this was his only vein, but were soon surprised to read lyrics from his versatile pen as far removed from the marts of commerce as the sunny isles of the Pacific are distant from London docks.

He says that the reason he has never forsaken a mercantile career for that of literature is because he desires his muse to be free as air, untrammeled and independent. He also says that he likes his business because it compels him to take sufficient physical exercise to insure good health, necessitates steady habits, and returns an income which satisfies his simple tastes, with sufficient left over to provide moderately for old age. He positively scorns riches, not only for the pride engendered thereby, but because of the wasted lives spent in procuring them. He enjoyed a few short years of happy married life, and being left single I have every reason to believe he will remain so, for the idol of his heart is Song, and she is a jealous mistress. Mr. Kidson has in preparation a volume of poems to be entitled, "A Voice from the Crowd Poems of Nature and Human Nature." A. F.

FANCY.

I.

A SATYR with weird look,
And measured step, advancing slow,
Brought him to a shallow brook,
And on his reeds began to blow.

The sound made autumn woodlands ring,
And slender willows shook with glee,
And hazel trees their nuts did fling,
Oh merrily! oh merrily!

And brown winged birds did burst their hearts
At sound of such strange symphonies,
For well the satyr knew his parts,
And all his secret melodies.

And pink-lined shells came down the brook
With fairy occupants within,
Entranced to hear and shyly look
At picture of melodious sin.

And bubbles rose and bubbles fell,
And brown leaves floated down the stream,
The satyr was the first to tell
The fairies that 'twas all a dream.

For Monday morning came again,
And plowmen turned the humid soil,
And frogs leapt out mid lapse of rain,
So Fancy's naught, and man must toil.

II.

No satyr and no fairy lives,
But Fancy lives for evermore,
. And so Imagination gives
To Fancy's sea a fabled shore;

And so Imagination keeps
A merry ring of faires still,
The satyr laughs, the fairy weeps,
At pleasure of the poet's will.

For in the mind all myths have place,
And there are skies of richer hue,
And there are forms of fairer grace,
Than ever ancient Grecian knew.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Why should I write a weary poem
A hundred stanzas long,
When I can satisfy my soul
With little trills of song.

The lark and nightingale sustain
Their efforts of delight,
The Burns and Byron of their tribe,
They charm both day night.

Piercing the fires of mid-day sun,
The lark, heaven-high sings he,
And in the impassioned Summer night
We hear Love's minstrelsy.

Brown coated, humble and obscure,
Seek I my hawthorn bush,
Nor lark, nor nightingale can daunt
The singing of a thrush.

COLUMBIA AND LIBERTY.

WHY do we leave Old England's fields
Where farms are gardens, and the rose
Is common as the grass, and yields
A thousand perfumes, and where glows
In every hedge-side old-world flowers,
And birds sing gayly on each tree,
Why do we leave her happy bowers?
For love of thee, fair Liberty!

Siberia can not detain,
Nor Ireland's prisons keep us back,
An exodus is on the main,
Our brothers are on Freedom's track.
Why do we land so free from care,
Though seldom free from poverty?
We know that we shall somehow fare
In this blest land of Liberty!

The European seeks this shore,
But ever boasts he of his home,
His mind is full of storied lore
Of home, wherever he may roam;
The money he may quickly earn
Once more his glorious land to see,
But why does he so soon return?
He longs again for Liberty!

Oh, is the love of glory dead,
That men forsake the lands of war,
The countries where their fathers bled,
And gaze with longing eyes afar?
Let the imperial eagles scream,
Teuton and Latin fight or flee,
The coming man hath had a dream,
And wakes to find it Liberty!

MY FRIEND.

He has taken the vow of poverty,
 'Tis an ancient vow, yet new
 And strange to come from such as he,
 I can scarcely believe it true ;
 He was anxious, ambitious, and strained
 each nerve
 To gain a place and name,
 But now he says that less will serve,
 And he cares no more for fame.

He says he no longer seeks for wealth,
 But that riches come to him,
 All heaven is his, and his soul has health,
 And he dwells with the seraphim;
 The hills are his, and the flocks and herds,
 The earth and the universe,
 The rhyme of streams, and the song of birds,
 And the poet's sweetest verse.

He says that his life of care and moil
 Is over, and past, and gone,
 And that now his soul delights in toil,
 For devotion leads him on ;
 He has left the selfish crowd behind,
 And his life is now serene ;
 Shakespeare was once his master-mind,
 But now 'tis the Nazarene.

LOVE'S FAMINE.

All the children come to me,
 Look up at me, and run to me;
 Little babies peek at me,
 First furtive, and then knowingly,
 And soon their wondering eyes will smile,
 And for a moment they beguile
 My care-worn soul to fairy land.

Oh! how they come! they know my loss ;
 They draw the nails from out my cross.
 Suffer them, Lord, to come, to come.

Once, children never noticed me,
 For then I had a child at home;
 But now they know the look in me,
 And they are sitting on my knee,
 Their little arms around my neck,
 One, two or three, I little reck ;
 I want them all, where once but one
 Was all I loved, but she is gone.

What gaze is mine their souls to move ?
 It is the hungry look of love.

The famine in my heart inspires
 My weary eyes with restless fires ;
 Mine eyes the wide world sadly roam
 For that I once beheld at home.

FEAR AND LOVE.

Some in the temple seek the Lord,
 To fear their spirit yields,
 And some will walk with Christ, and pluck
 Ripe corn in sunny fields.

—*A Comrade of Nature.*

TIME.

O Time ! what happy heirs are thine !
 Whose child is this I call my bride ?
 Along the old ancestral line
 What myriad shadowy lovers glide ;
 Procession formed to march to rhyme
 And lovers all, and old maids none,
 We are the latest heirs of Time,
 We'll keep the pageant moving on.

—*New Year's Chimes.*

CITY.

Once Nature only soothed my woes,
 And stilled the heart's tumultuous throes :
 The little bird on hawthorn tree
 Sang out Life's plaintive elegy ;
 And mountain torrents curbed my will,
 And Nature whispered " Peace, be still."

* * * * *
 But now I seek my city home,
 A thousand instincts bid me come,
 For I have learned to love the sight,
 Of crowded streets by day and night,
 Since human nature fills the heart
 Which once with Nature dwelt apart.

—*Home From the Mountains.*

DEATH.

Sea's roll on sands of golden grain,
 Oh sailors sing in bolder tones,
 And cruise in warm or chilly zones,
 And sport upon the heaving main,
 And let your sails reflect the light
 Of sunsets I have never seen,
 And on the gunwale laughing lean,
 And smoke down care into the night.
 Beauties of village and of town,
 Mine eyes will never worship ye,
 Nor sing your praises lovingly,
 Alas! my sun is going down.
 Ye sylvan lanes, the linnets home,
 And woods where God His garden keeps,
 And where the hazel chastely weeps,
 Adieu ! to you I cannot come.

—*A Life.*

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

OUR Poet of the Prairies and the accepted master of verse in the Mississippi Valley lives in southern Illinois, a mile from the typical old time town of Mason. On his own farm, in an idyllic spot smothered in orchards, balmy with the breath of wind-whipped pines, stands his home. Here he lives with a fair, gentle wife and two bright boys. Into this cove of quiet comes troops of friends every season for rest and comradeship. Here gather men and women of national fame to share the medicinal calm of his serene spirit. Here he was born, here for thirty-six years he has lived, and here he will die. He is the physician for the whole country side. The healer, helper, guide and friend of all. He is beloved by everyone for his sympathy and skill. These plain people know little of his far-reaching fame, and wonder why strangers come so far to his door. They sometimes ask if the city folk come to him to be treated.

Matthews' poetry is the joint product of his personality and his surroundings. No one else could write it. He could write it nowhere else. His retiring but fearless soul looks out from eyes eloquent and deep as the wells of Gaza. Of medium stature and slight build he wears ever that nameless charm called magnetism. His tenderness impels him to lift a road-weary child into his cart and carry the lad for miles just for love of it. His manly simplicity draws his friends from far and holds them forever. He gathers similes on the shores of life as a child finds shells on the beach. He has treasures of trope and figure but Fancy the falcon sits ever on the wrist of Fact and flies never beyond the tinkle of his silver bell. His choice language ever adorns his chaste thought. He scorns to hang the patched and seamy stable smock of dialect on a noble sentiment, but folds the classic drapery of speech about his thought, as flows the cinctured tunic round the languorous poses of a white-limbed odalisque. He loves Nature in her gentle moods, his eye marks where the tides of spring's new life chase o'er coral reefs of spice buds into surf of dogwood bloom. His poems are steeped to the lips in summer like poppies in a sea of corn. He is an unflagging student, a graduate of the University of Illinois, and has not yet reached the meridian of his powers. His book "Tempe Vale, and Other Poems," had a fine sale, and able critics say it has the actual poetic stuff.

A year ago Mr. Matthews' neighbors gave a festival in his honor. Thousands assembled at his home, hundreds of marching children strewed garlands in the way. Noted guests from afar were there; clerics, lawyers, merchants, statesmen, literati attended. It was a spontaneous geyser outflow of the friendship of the west. Amid it all the

kindly modest poet stood up, overwhelmed with gratitude, his wife and boys by his side, his eyes wet with honest tears, his voice faltering into broken accents as he asked: "Friends, what have I done to deserve all this?" Then answered one, speaking for all, "Matthews you have loved."

R. M.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

SHE steers the stars through Heaven's azure deep;
She lifts the leaden eyelids of the morn;
On distant hills she winds the hunter's horn,
And wakes the lonely shepherd from his sleep;
She scales the dizzy ledge where torrents leap,
And hangs the bloom upon the bristling thorn;
She sits for hours in solitudes forlorn,
With downcast eyes, where hapless lovers weep.
When Spring comes up the vale in Winter's trace,
She plucks the blossom from the bud's embrace;
She binds the golden girdle round the bee,
And lends the lily's lustre to the pea;
She curves the swallow's wing, and guides its flight,
And tips the dewy meads with twinkling light.
She rides, she revels on the rushing storm,
She suns her pinions on the rainbow's rim—
She laves in mountain pools her snowy limb,
As sweetly chaste as Dian and as warm;
In summer fields she bares her blushing arm,
And sings among the reapers. By the dim
Light of autumnal moons, her tresses swim
On gales Lethean, with assuasive charm.
Into the chamber of the alchemist
She peers, or, through some half-closed lattice,
sees
Her lover by the wanton night wind kissed.
Anon, she walks the dim Hesperides,
Or, mingling with the spirits of the mist,
Dances at will along the darkling seas.

A LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

'TWAS thus the Dervish spake: "Upon our right,
There stands, unseen, an angel with a pen,
Who notes down each good deed of ours, and then
Seals it with kisses in the Master's sight.
Upon our left a sister-angel sweet
Keeps daily record of each evil act,
But, great with love, folds not the mournful sheet
Till deepest midnight, when, if conscience-racked,
We lift to Allah our repentant hands,
She smiles and blots the record where she stands;
But if we seek not pardon for our sin,
She seals it with a tear, and hands it in."

A NOCTURNE.

ALL things that we can hear or see,
To-night, seem happy. Every tree
Is palpitant with voice and wing,
And vibrant with the breathing spring.
The very grass is tremulous
With music, floating up to us,
So softly, spiritu'lly clear,
We seem to feel it—not to hear.

The moonlight's luster leaking through
The bending blossoms, pearly with dew,
Is so delicious, so divine,
We quaff its splendor like a wine.
Only the faintest wind is curled
About the pale, enamored world,
And drowsy perfumes slip and drip
From every pansy's pouting lip.

Starlight, and melody and dreams!—
The lover's and the poet's themes,—
The same that once entranced and won
The listening maids of Babylon—
That charm'd the ear, and caught the smiles
Of Beauty in the Grecian Isles,—
That lulled in old Italian dells
The Roman lads and damosels.

On such enchanting nights as these,
Our spirits, for a moment, seize
The ravishment of life that runs
Exuberant, thro' stars and suns;
And as we catch the whirl and whir,
The planetary pulse and stir,
We break the seals of sense, and scan
The majesty of God and man.

THE CRIME.

HERE lived the slayer, and there the slain,
With barely an acre of ground between;
'Twas night! they stood in the wind and rain,
And quarrelled,—next morning a ghastly stain
Of blood on the meadow-grass was seen.

And one was dead, and one had fled,
And all night long the mourners wept;
The widow wailed in the dusk by the dead,
And the wife of the slayer shook with dread,
And the north-wind over the chimney swept.

And these were farmers, and these were friends,
Friends, I say, till that night in the Fall;
Too proud was the one to make amends
For a foolish wrong, and the bloody ends
Of passion followed, with grief and gall.

Then a gibbet loomed in the dusky sky,
And a blue-eyed orphan pierced the night
With desolate sobs, and a mother's cry
Outrang the blast, as it whistled by,
In its wild, unbridled flight.

They laid the slayer not far from the slain,
In the village church-yard, under the hill,
And the meadows of death were dearth of grain,
And the winds blew over the unplowed plain,
For the hands of the husbandmen were still.

I passed by the crumbling huts, to-day,
And birds were out, and the land was green;
Two women withered, and bent, and gray,
Sat, each in the shade of her own doorway,
And children played on the ground between.

THE BURDEN OF BABYLON.

O BABYLON, O Babylon,
The Lord hath made His purpose known;
His anger, like a seething sea,
Swells at thy gate,
And Sodom's fate
Alas, proud city, is reserved for thee.

O Babylon, O Babylon,
Soon, soon, thy glory shall be gone;
Beneath thy Godless roofs shall run
E'en the warm blood
Of motherhood,
And none escape His vengeance—nay, not one!

O Babylon, O Babylon,
Never again as years go on,
Shall shepherds fold their flocks by thee;
Nor Arab pitch
His tent, nor hitch
His camel by thy cool pomegranate tree.

O Babylon, O Babylon,
The winds shall o'er thy ruins moan;
Within thy desolated halls,
Shall flit the owl,
And wild beasts prowl,
And dancing satyrs hold their carnivals.

DAY AND NIGHT.

I

WHEN drowsy Day draws round his downy bed
The Tyrian tapestries of gold and red,
And, weary of his flight,
Puts out the palace light.—
'Tis night!

II.

When languid Night, awakening with a yawn,
Leaps down the moon-washed stairway of the dawn,
In trailing disarray,
Sweeping the dews away,—
'Tis day!

THE MYSTERY OF BARRINGTON MEADOWS.

OVER the Barrington meadows a riderless steed,
Whiter than moon-down mist, and swifter of speed
Than a skirling swallow, cleaves the shimmering light,
Ghost-like, galloping ever and on thro' the night.

Up from the Barrington meadows a cold face peers
For aye, at the stars, and the winds, and the shifting years,
While the low, perpetual sobs of a woman rim
The night with an agony vague as a dream and dim.

Over the Barrington meadows, and on to the morn
Go reeling the Bacchanal bats thro' the blasted corn,
While a blood-red poppy bends in the moon and pleads,
All night, for the soul of one lying stark in the reeds.

Down in the Barrington meadows a dolorous rune
Climbs up thro' the curling mist to the marble moon,
And ever the girdling clouds and the curdling airs
Are pale with the gibbering ghosts of unheard prayers.

Down in the Barrington meadows a death-bird rings
The ominous sky with the rush of invisible wings,—
And sibilant sighs from the shuddering grasses rise
Like shrieks of the doomed, at the bars of Paradise.

Down in the Barrington meadows the flowers are nursed
In the poisonous blood-wet loam of a land accursed,
And rank as death is the pool at the root of the reed,
Where drinks each night the wraith of the flying steed.

Down in the Barrington meadows the snake's swift eyes
Are hot in the tangled sedge where the dead man lies;
And beetles black as the slayer's soul, dispore
Over the crumbling palace where Life held court!

Down in the Barrington meadows a swart lagoon
Chafes under the guilty scowl of the pallid moon.
And penitent lilies, drugged with the dew and slime,
Quake with the conscious dread of a nameless crime.

But the spectral steed flies on, and the night-rains beat
Down on the crumpled heads of the ruined wheat,—
And strong men start, aghast, with a stifled cry,
When the wraith-like, horrible hoofs of the horse go by.

AT MILKING TIME.

At milking time, when shadows climb
The pasture-bars, and sheep bells chime
High up along the sunset hill,—
'Tis sweet to wander where we will,
And take no thought of care or time.

The heart of boyhood in its prime
Lights up with joy the cheek of grime,
When katydids come out and trill,
At milking time.

There's not in any land or clime,
An hour so sacred, so sublime,
As that when patient kine distill
The wines of life, in many a rill
Of rippling and resilient rhyme,
At milking time.

NOVEMBER:

The slim
Ungartered willows stand, knee-deep
Along the river's edge, and weep
To see the Summer's parting gleam
Pass, like a shadow, down the stream,
Or like the memory of one
We loved in youth, and doted on.

—November Down the Wabash.

ROAD.

The road, like a ribbon unspoiled, to the mill.
—Way Down in Spice Valley.

SOLITUDE.

'Way down in Spice Valley, Old Time falls asleep,
With his head on the sward, in a slumber so deep
That the birds cannot wake him, with melodies
blithe,
And the long valley-grasses grow over his scythe.—
And Summer kneels down in her long golden gown,
On a carpet of green, where the skies never frown,
'Way down in Spice Valley.

—*Ibid.*

FLY.

O, the old house-fly! O, the brave house-fly!
A straddling o'er the butter-dish, a sprawling o'er
the pie.—
A jogging thro' the jell and jam, and jouncing
round the cream,
As prone to risk a summer sail upon the milky
stream;
A roving life the rascal leads thro' all the rosy
hours,
A sipping only of the sweets, and skipping all the
sours;
A button-headed roustabout, a lover light and
bold,
Who revels on the ripest lips that mortal eyes
behold;
Who clambers up the softest cheek, and up the
whitest arm,
And loiters on the fairest breast that ever love
made warm:
Then throw the shutters open wide, and lift the
windows high,
Let out the silence and the gloom, let in the jolly
fly.

—*The Old House-Fly.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

It was as if some sudden shock
Had stopped the wheels of Nature's clock
An instant, ere the flying year
Sent forth his trumpeters to blow
The signals of approaching snow.

—*Indian Summer.*

FAREWELL.

To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes,
But yesterday returns no more;
We meet with these, we part with those,
And eyes are dim, and hearts are sore;
A blinding mist obscures my sight,—
My senses with their burden pail,—
Time halts not in his rapid flight,
Good-night, and joy be with you all.
—*Good-night, and Joy be With You All.*

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

HARRISON S. MORRIS was born in Philadelphia in 1856, and almost before he had come to years of manhood, gave evidence of that strong poetic sense which has since been a large factor in his life. The Centennial Exhibition of 1876, which did so much to enlarge American ideas, affected Mr. Morris' imagination powerfully, and in the descriptive letters which he contributed to the press at that time may be noted the beginnings of the pictorial power afterwards so finely developed in his verse. Mr. Morris' verse, at first fragmentary, soon attracted attention; it had in it that vital breath of Nature and the testimony of keen delight in her outward manifestations which must ever find an echo in the hearts of humanity; and when in 1883, in conjunction with a literary friend, he published a slender volume with the title: "A Duet in Lyrics," the quality of his verse was felt to be fine in both thought and execution. In common with some of the loftiest of recent poets, Mr. Morris has fallen under the spell of Keats, but though he has absorbed the spirit of that master through the years of loving study which he has given to him, he has retained a strong individuality; his note is distinctly his own, and the felicities of expression with which the reader of his poetry is continually struck are found upon analysis to be the outcome of a wholly original inspiration.

The symbolism of Nature appeals strongly to Mr. Morris, and its expression is frequently recurrent in his work, which, though inspired by something deeper and better than a mere desire for metrical correctness, shows a high degree of outward polish and the carefullest craftsmanship. This external finish is especially noticeable in the old French forms into which, in his lighter moods, he has occasionally wandered.

Mr. Morris is identified with all that is best in the intellectual life of Philadelphia. He is a member of that literary coterie which is gradually restoring to the city its lost prestige, and to none more than to him may the friends of a true culture look with an abiding confidence. F. H. W.

WINTER'S SECRETS.

WINTER, thou and I are boon;
With the wind and frozen moon,
And the thaw and forest drip,
I hold secret fellowship!
When the trees stand bleak arow—
Summer skeletons—I go
Down their broken arches singing
Songs of snow and tempest wringing;
Or I stand upon a rise
Underneath the hushed skies,

So to feel the meaning clear
Of thy voiceless atmosphere.

Is thy message of a birth
Bubbling at the rim of earth—
Held like beaded glass by thee
That it mantle steadily?
Mayhap, Winter, it is thou
Makest roses bud and blow;
Makest leafage and all shades
In the ancient chestnut glades;
Makest laughter on our lips
And the dew at crocus tips,
Mayhap spring and summer go
Like the glacier streams which flow
Down the ice to osier green
Forth from thee that art unseen—
Yet art like a god who gives
Letting none know where he lives.

Of old each earthly thing of price
Clustered was in Paradise,
Whence the green flowed o'er the earth
Like a vernal billow-birth;
And the tender, rounded fruits
Rolled away from leafy shoots;
So, engirt with bastioned snows,
Verdure out of Winter flows;
So in Winter's spirit lie
Potencies of sun and sky.

MATER AUCTUMNA.

WHAT of thy sorrows, mother! Are not these
Fruition of thy reign:
Thy lusty garners, heaped about thy knees,
Of corn and russet grain;
Thy fatted flocks at nibble in the leas;
Thy creaking harvest wain?
What of thy sorrows that the blowing trees
Interpret into pain?

What memory hovers in thy matron eyes
And touches out the tears?
What thought of music in the warmed skies;
And hope of sweet, young years,
That grew to youth in leafy panoplies,
And laughed at later fears—
Then withered in the valleys, echo-wise,
And slept on Autumn biers?

I hear thy sorrow, mother! In the breeze
It sings an under-psalm;
Deep-toned, it murmurs in the melodies
That bubble by the dam;

And far it comes, like query of the seas
Across a forest-calm:
Yet down the midnight of thy mysteries
Peace beckons with her palm!

BALLADE OF THE ROMANTIC POET.

All, Poet, you are out of date,
You "sing" and live in "faery-land";
You warble love; a laurelled pate
Is all the profit you'd command:
But vain!—a reader's vex'd, unmanned
At cantos all of "lute" and "lance";—
None heed to-day, though perfect-planned,
The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

These analyze for hint of fate:
The Age, the Life on every hand;
Make ditties out of real estate
And verse on geologic sand.
What though of Roncesvalles' band
One blew a ballad over France?—
This age progresses:—dead! who scanned
The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

Leave Roland at the Tower gate;
Write odes to Autumn fruitage—canned;
With Locomotive sonnets safe
"The heavy Spring and Fall demand."
Ah, Poet, once were ladies bland
And woods enringed with Satyr dance—
We learn too much to understand
The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

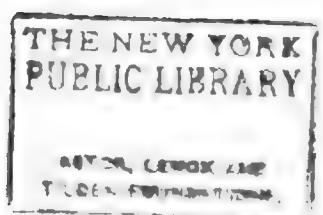
ENVOY.

But hearken! though the time be fanned
With torrid airs of change and chance;
Some love the shade, the magic-wand,
The rippled rhyme of old Romance.

BALLADE OF THE ARCADIAN IN BUSINESS.

In streets, amid the city signs,—
Jewels, To Let, Tobacco, Coal,
Where Law abuts on Ales and Wines,
And where the fleet expresses roll,—
In ways below the wiry pole,
Through alleys bare of bud or tree,
On trade-winds,—will his shepherd soul
Float out to fluting Arcady?

Some twitter in the civic vines;
A watered sprig about a mole;
A beggar's ballad ere he whines
For comfort of the flowing bowl,—





Very truly Yours
Cater. Vanuah

These; or some river-crossing toll,
Suburban, rung where meadows be;
These with him, over money's shoal,
Float out to fluting Arcady!

His entries ever run to "lines,"
As "sheepskin" leads to "shady knoll;"
In "wool" his subtle sense divines
The bleat, the pipe, the oaken hole.
Ah Pan in Mammon's hard control,
Would Pastor ways be sweet to thee?
First live thy life, then sprit-whole,
Float out to fluting Arcady!

ENVOY.

But hearken, Runners at the goal,
Who give no heed to Beauty's plea!—
Not all who baffle dust and dole
Float out to fluting Arcady!

A GREEK PANEL.

An Attic girl with garlands on her hair
Holding aloft a light-touched instrument;
And, at her side, a youth with cheeks round-bent.
Blowing melodious reeds with mellow air;
And, slow of foot, a timbrel-beating pair
Whose rounded mouths with Panic hymns are rent:
Thereafter Bacchic women, wine o'er-spent,
And Maenads, loose of robe and ankel bare.

Behold! as if a dream could learn delay,
Or Beauty's prelude keep eternal march:
With carven joy, down carven forest arch,
This troop treads, ever fluting time away—
Blows out beneath the leaves of marble larch
The marble music of a golden day.

SONG.

"Blow, Marsyas!" murmured the sleepy air,
"Blow, Marsyas, blow! for a song is there!"
"Blow fellow!" the leafage coaxed, "Give heed!
For a song is caught in the cloven reed!"

—*Marsyas.*

JOY.

Nay, 'tis the lore of wiser air:
The saddest is the sweetest still.
If woe be tempered by the will,
Joy, like an inner voice, is there.

—*Wood Robin.*

KATE VANNAH.

MISS LETITIA KATHERINE VANNAH was born in Gardiner, Maine, October 27, 1855. She is the daughter, and only child, of J. G. Vannah and wife, of Gardiner, and is of German and Irish extraction. Her paternal ancestors lived in Saxony, where they bore the name *Werner*. After passing through the grammar and high schools of her home town, she attended St. Joseph's Academy, at Emmitsburg, (ten miles from Gettysburg,) Md., graduating in 1874, and taking the first medal in English class and in music. She was fond of writing and memorizing poems at a very early age; but her first production of verse of importance was the "Farewell" of her graduating class, written at seventeen. While at Emmitsburg, she wrote in prose and verse for several periodicals; and on returning to Gardiner she began to write often for Boston, New York and Washington newspapers, as well as for those of her own state. She has since been engaged regularly in literary work, having made a specialty of poetry, a volume of which, containing about seventy pieces, she issued under the name of "Verses," in 1883; her principal work, however, has been in music, which, she says, is "the dominant power and pleasure" in her life. After graduation from St. Joseph's, she studied music with Ernst Perabo. She is mistress of the piano and organ. Her musical compositions, "Come—For the Sun is Going Down," "Three Roses," "O Salutaris" "Veni Creator" and "Parting" are most widely known, and have been very popular and remunerative. For many years she has contributed musical criticism to several Maine newspapers. Her pen has been most busy, latterly, however, with verse-matter and personal sketches; several of the latter, as well as occasional literary criticisms and poems, having appeared in the Boston *Evening Traveller*.

Miss Vannah is a person of remarkable variety of accomplishments; besides being versed in English and American literature, and cultured musically, she is a notable French scholar, and a respectable artist. She is thoroughly interested in life, and with the highest standards of love and duty. In religion she is a Roman Catholic. Those best acquainted with her, however, know her to be first of all a Christian. In friendship her ardor and devotion are remarkable.

E. R. C.

INDIAN SUMMER.

We saw the happy robins build their nests,
We watched the apple-blossoms bloom and fall,
Together knelt, and searched for violets—
Counted the petals of the Marguerites;
Kissed, each, a rose and wore it on his heart—

Always together—each the other's world.
 Fair Summer flung herself on Autumn's breast
 Tired and flushed, her cheeks incarnadined
 At thought of having all unrobed to stand
 Before a world, while Winter wove a shroud
 For her who never could come back to us,
 For her who brought such gifts to you and me.
 With tenderness we said good bye to her—
 Then heard the sweeping equinoctial winds
 Singing, three days and nights, a requiem.
 O Love! That wail was not for Summer, dead,
 But for us two who unclasped hands that night
 And said such bitter words ere we did part
 That Summer, who remembered, left her grave,
 And showed her face as perfect as of yore
 Against the blackness of bleak Autumn's breast:
 Like golden amber beads that glow against
 An ebon rosary in the hands of Death!

"THE LOOKING-GLASSES."

I.

THREE death-still pools in a lonely vale—
 Still! And so deep, so runneth the tale,
 No man hath been able their depths to sound,
 No mortal in all the fair country around—
 God's secret are they I ween.

II.

And up on the hill, not far away,
 The dead are lying, still as they.
 The dead whose bodies are in the ground,
 Whose souls are in deeps Love may not sound
 Till the sea gives up her dead.

III.

The sun shines warm on the gravestones white
 This fair June morning. Look! the light
 Leads to the black pools' surface a grace:
Like a happy smile on a dead man's face
Whose soul may be lost forever!

RECONCILED.

IN no more fitting place could we have met,
 At no more fitting time, a wailing night.
 We who for years have shunned each other's sight
 Who strove to bury Love beyond Regret,
 Who begged of God the power to forget
 Each other's eyes, voice, lips—who did so blight
 And bruise each other's hearts with all Pride's
 might. . . .
 Just the dead body of our friend—warm yet—

Divides us We could feel each other's
 breath
 Should one lean low to scan the patient face
 Of her who prayed so hard before her death
 For us to be at peace.
 See—Love! I place
 My hand near yours. . . . You clasp—and hold
 it fast!
 Such tears as wet her dead face drown our past.

BY THE SEA.

LAST year I knew naught of thee save thy name,
 Of love my life seemed full as it could hold.
 Not by one word of warning was I told
 Thy royal advent. Life's face looked the same
 As it had looked for years, when swift there came
 Her King. *Cor Cordium!* how was I to know
 A regal rose would leap forth from the snow
 To startle, and to blind me with the flame
 Of its wild beauty! See, the white gull dips
 Her breast into the ocean's murmuring lips;
 And see—upon its bosom the great ships:
 They only know the surface of the sea
 Not dreaming of its depths. Love, none knew me—
 I did not know myself 'till I loved thee.

FIRST LOVE.

"For God in curting gives us better gifts than men in benediction."—*Aurora Leigh*.
 A HUMAN friend was granted unto me,
 And I, bewildered by my sweet, strange love,
 With eyes on earth forgot that from above
 My blessing came. Blinded, I could not see
 God's image in my friend. Each came to be
 The other's god. Nor future nor the past
 We heeded—we forgot that Death came last:
 Men oft call love what is to God idolatry.

My lover looked within my eyes and swore—
 "No power on earth, nor yet in heaven, should
 take
 My love from him. If I at first the shore
 Of dread eternity should gain, he'd break
 God's law, and take his life, to share my fate."
 One heard, who mercifully changed our love to
 hate.

LAST LOVE.

Lo! here I stand all trembling and dismayed.
 Within the still, sweet garden of thy heart.
 O Love! all is so white, I feel afraid
 To stir or speak or breathe. No more to part

In life or death. . . . I dare to lift my eyes
And feast them on the fragrant flowers here.
Pure as thou art, within me wakes surprise
That in this hour, immortal, should appear
No vivid blooms; though blushes come and go
Upon thy face,—while 'neath thy half-closed lids
Flash changing lights,—the red lips tremble so,
Fain thou wouldst speak, yet sweet confusion
bids
Thy voice be silent. God! this is the goal
Next heaven! Let me not cast Sin's shadow o'er
this soul.

AFTER.

"I'm sorry, and I hurried back
To tell you so," a sweet voice said;
But I was wounded then, and pride
Forbade me e'en to turn my head.

To-night I grieve and pray beside
Her grave, yet cannot shed a tear;
Death parted us ere I could say
The words which now she cannot hear.

I know, I know she pardoned me—
She was so gentle with me ever—
Yet, all the same, wet, wistful eyes
Do follow me, and will forever.

WASTE.

I.

To one he sent his strong man's heart laid bare,
Quivering with hope and fear. A cruel hand
Seemed pressing hard upon a torn, hot nerve!
Nothing he kept, not even his fierce pride.
Unfaithful to another—to her true,
Complete surrender of his heart and life.

II.

The second letter was indifferent,
Save for an old-time name he knew she loved:
He snatched a fading flower from his coat
And crushed its purple blood against the words
That she might know, for all his city life,
He still recalled her love for violets!

III.

The one to whom he wrote with lashes wet
(His pleading was so strong and passionate),
Read with fierce scorn his letter—flung it by—
And, later, answered in a mocking tone. . . .
The other died. Upon her broken heart
Was found a locket with his face inside—
A tender word cut from his letter—and—a violet.

FROM THE VERGE.

If we had parted that first night,
Indifferent, light-hearted;
If I had fled your presence bright
That first time that I started,
Then lingered so,
Dreading to go;
Had not returned to try with you
That mad waltz, and to vie with you
In verbal strife:
Both had been saved!

If we had spared each other then!
We dared each other, you and I—
Meeting as would have met two men,
Each having sworn the other shall die
For storied wrong
Which each has long
Sworn to avenge for his dead sire—
Sworn by his faith—though little ire
Feels either.
Now they are met!

But parting now, Love! parting now!
Never to know—yet wondering—whether
(Even though we keep our vow)
We two ever shall stand together
Ere we die, Love,
You and I, Love,
Bound by a thousand tender ties;
Who have seen ourselves in each other's eyes!
Why * * * 'tis tragedy
Now to part * * * * *

Yet Love would perish,
Did we not cherish
Honor and Loyalty * *
Now it will live—
God will forgive * * * * *
Pray for me, Love!

WOMAN.

Being a man, you think not of to-morrow,
While I, e'en in your arms, from fear must
borrow.

—Sonnet.

CONSTANCY.

So warm to one, and to all others cold,
Selfish to all, yet generous unto you;
Saving my eyes, voice, lips as I had sworn,
Only too proud to prove my love was true.
—Disappointment.

JOHN HAY.

JOHN HAY was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8th, 1838. The family originally came from Scotland. John Hay's boyhood was spent in the West, hence we have many of his dialect poems. He graduated at Brown University in 1858. Studied law at Springfield, Illinois, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. It was during the period of his law studies that he won the friendship of Mr. Lincoln, who as President, made Mr. Hay his assistant secretary. He remained with the President as secretary and trusted friend, almost constantly until his death. He acted also as his adjutant and aide-de-camp, and served actively for several months with the rank of major and assistant adjutant-general. He was also brevetted lieutenant-colonel and colonel. After the war he was secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid, and chargé de affaires at Vienna, remaining in Europe from 1865 to 1870. After his return to the United States he became connected with the *New York Tribune* as an editorial writer, and remained in that position for six years. He removed to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1876. From 1879 to 1881 he was Assistant Secretary of State. He now resides in Washington in an elegant residence, and is a wealthy man.

Mr. Hay published a volume of poems in 1871, entitled "Pike County Ballads." In the same year he published "Castilian Days," a collection of sketches of Spanish life. The most important work of his life is the "History of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln" published in conjunction with John C. Nicolay in the *Century Magazine*. Col. Hay is believed to be the author of the anonymous novel, "The Bread-Winners" (New York, 1883.)

C. W. M.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along.—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started.—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie !
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critter's aid,—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *
By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddle thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR set Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives.
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
What have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike.—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied.—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Bell took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip.
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled
out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at judgement
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!"

"I loved,—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial-singer 's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

REMORSE.

SAD is the thought of sunniest days
Of love and rapture perished,
And shine through memory's tearful haze
The eyes once fondliest cherished.
Reproachful is the ghost of toys
That charmed while life was wasted.
But saddest is the thought of joys
That never yet were tasted.

Sad is the vague and tender dream
Of dead love's lingering kisses,
To crushed hearts haloed by the gleam
Of unreturning blisses;
Deep mourns the soul in anguished pride
For the pitiless death that won them,—
But the saddest wail is for lips that died
With the virgin dew upon them.

LAGRIMAS.

GOD send me tears!
Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain,
Give me the melting heart of other years,
And let me weep again!

Before me pass
The shapes of things inexorably true.
Gone is the sparkle of transforming dew
From every blade of grass.

In life's high noon
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,
And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun
That will go down too soon.

Turned into gall
Are the sweet joys of childhood's sunny reign;
And memory is a torture, love a chain
That binds my life in thrall.

And childhood's pain
Could to me now the purest rapture yield;
I pray for tears as in his parching field
The husbandman for rain.

We pray in vain!
The sullen sky flings down its blaze of brass;
The joys of life all scorched and withering pass;
I shall not weep again.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THERE was never a castle seen
So fair as mine in Spain;
It stands embowered in green,
Crowning the gentle slope
Of a hill by Xenil's shore,
And at eve its shade flaunts o'er
The storied Vega plain,
And its towers are hid in the mists of hope;
And I toil through mists of pain
Its glimmering gates to gain.

In visions wild and sweet
Sometimes its courts I greet;
Sometimes in joy its shining halls
I tread with favored feet;
But never my eyes in the light of day
Were blessed with its ivied walls,
Where the marble white and the granite gray
Turn alike where the sunbeams play
When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms
Are treasures rich and rare;
The spoil of Eastern looms,
And whatever of bright and rare
Painters divine have won
From the vault of Italy's air;
White gods of Phidian stone
People the haunted glooms;
And the song of immortal singers
Like a fragrant memory lingers,
I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul!
Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,
Nor the waves of the river that roll,
With a cadence faint and sweet,
In peace by its marble feet—
Nothing of these is the goal
For which my whole heart sighs.
'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell—
The pearl I would die to gain;
For there does my Lady dwell,
My love that I love so well—
That Queen whose gracious reign
Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her face so purely fair
Sheds light in the shady places,
And the spell of her maiden graces
Holds charmed the happy air.
A breath of purity
Forever before her flies,
And ill things cease to be
In the glance of her honest eyes,
Around her pathway flutter,
Where her dear feet wander free,
In youth's pure majesty,
The wings of vague desires,
But the thought that love would utter
In reverence expires.

Not yet! not yet shall I see
That face which shines like a star
O'er my storm-swept life afar
Transfigured with love for me;

Toiling, forgetting, and learning,
With labor and vigils, and prayers,

Pure heart and resolute will,
At last I shall climb the Hill,
And breathe the enchanted airs
Where the light of my life is burning,
Most lovely and fair and free;
Where alone in her youth and beauty,
And bound by her fate's sweet duty.
Unconscious she waits for me.

FRANCE.

And when in God's good hour
Comes the time of the brave and true,
Freedom again shall rise
With a blaze in her awful eyes
That shall wither this robber-power
As the sun now dries the dew.
This Place shall roar with the voice
Of the glad triumphant people,
And the heavens be gay with the chimes
Ringing with jubilant noise
From every clamorous steeple
The coming of better times.
And the dawn of Freedom waking
Shall fling its splendors far
Like the day which now is breaking
On the great pale Arch of the Star,
And back o'er the town shall fly,
While the joy-bells wild are ringing,
To crown the Glory springing
From the Column of July!

—*Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde.*

SPAIN.

Land of unconquered Pelayo! land of the Cid
Campeador!
Sea-girdled mother of men! Spain, name of glory
and power;
Cradle of world-grasping Emperors, grave of the
reckless invader,
How art thou fallen, my Spain! how art thou sunk
at this hour!

—*The Surrender of Spain.*

NATURE.

He has no ears for Nature's voice
Whose soul is the slave of creed.
Not all in vain with beauty and love
Has God the world adorned;
And he who Nature scorns and mocks,
By Nature is mocked and scorned.

—*The Monks of Basle.*

DAVID BARKER.

MORE than thirty years ago there appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, the poem entitled "My Child's Origin." The lines immediately attracted attention, and were copied extensively into the newspaper press throughout the country. It is said that Massachusetts War Governor, John A. Andrew, was so impressed by them, that he carried them about in his pocket-book, affirming that they were "the sweetest lines ever read." The author of the lines was David Barker, the subject of this sketch. Mr. Barker was born September 9, 1816, in the thrifty agricultural town of Exeter, in the state of Maine, where he spent the greatest part of his life. He was the son of Nathaniel Barker, a native of Exeter, N. H., who went into the District of Maine, in the early part of the present century, and succeeded in having the name of his native town go to the one of his adoption. Mr. Barker's mother, Sarah Pease, a native of Parsonsfield, Maine, was a woman of great energy of character, and strong religious faith. David was the sixth of ten children. His father died when David was quite young. David's education until about sixteen years of age, was had at the common school, after which he attended the academy in Foxcroft, Maine, where later on he was employed as an assistant teacher, which occupation he followed for many years. Later on in life thinking that a trade would be more manly, as well as more profitable, than the profession of a pedagogue, he chose the trade of blacksmith. His health however would not stand the severe toil of that occupation, and after a short apprenticeship, he broke down and ever after was an invalid. Quite late in life Mr. Barker entered the office of the late Governor Cony of Maine, and qualified himself for the profession of law, which he practiced for a while in Bangor, Maine, and afterwards until the close of his life pursued his profession in his native town of Exeter.

David Barker died September 14, 1874, at the age of fifty-eight years, leaving a widow—the daughter of Timothy Chase, Esq., of Belfast, and a son and a daughter. He was a member of the Legislature of Maine for 1872, and he received the degree of A. M., from Bowdoin College, owing largely on account of his poetical fame. As a poet he obtained a distinguished reputation, and many of his metrical gems are destined to live. A volume of his poems with a biographical sketch by the Hon. John E. Godfrey, and which has passed through several editions, has been printed at Bangor. Mr. Barker's poetical fame, brought to him by the touching references to his mother, in several of his poems, will endear him to all who maintain their regard for the filial sentiment.

H. P. C.

MY CHILD'S ORIGIN.

ONE night, as old Saint Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through, a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasant dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way for that blest shore
And find that door of Heaven again.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

TELL the fainting soul in the weary form,
There's a world of the purest bliss,
That is linked as that soul and form are linked,
By a covered bridge with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the other shore,
We must pass through a transient gloom,
And must walk unseen, unhelped, and alone,
Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
For the universal toil,
Is the outer garb, which the hand of God
Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge is dark,
And the river it spans is wide,
Yet faith points through to a shining mount,
That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet, in the next day's march,
To climb up that golden ridge,
We must all lie down for one night's rest,
Inside of the covered bridge.

TRY AGAIN.

SHOULD your cherished purpose fail,
Never falter, swerve, nor quail;
Nerve the arm and raise the hand,
Fling the outer garments by,
With a dauntless courage stand,
Shouting forth the battle cry,
Try again!

Is your spirit bowed by grief,
Rally quick, for life is brief;
Every saint in yonder sphere,
Borne through tribulation here.

Whispers in the anxious ear
Of each mortal in despair,
Try again!

What though stricken to the earth,
Up, man, as from second birth;
Yonder flower beneath the tread,
Struggling where the foot has gone,
Rising feebly in its bed,
Tells the hopeless looker-on,
Try again!

Guided by the hand of Right,
With Hope's taper for a light,
With a destiny like ours,
And that destiny to choose;
With such God-created powers
And a heaven to gain or lose,
Try again!

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I KNOW that the world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right,
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

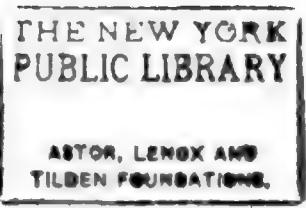
I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right—
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said, I had better not said,
Or, 'twere better I had said it incog.,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the
brim,
Here is luck to the bottom dog.

MY SISTER.

How calmly she sleeps in the grave,
Let her rest;
How sadly the cypress trees wave
O'er her breast.



How anxiously gazed I with fear
At her bed;
How startling the sound in my ear,
"She is dead!"

What a night brooded over that day,
What a gloom,
When bearing her slowly away
To the tomb.

Let me live as she lived, and die
As she died;
Deny me not this, let me lie
At her side.

.How sweetly we'll rest in the grave,
When I die,
Though nought but the cypress trees wave
Where we lie.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

By the moon's pale light, to this gazing throng,
Let me tell one tale, let me sing one song—
'Tis a tale devoid of an aim or plan,
'Tis a simple song of a one armed man;
Till this very hour, I could ne'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells in a silent tone to all
Of a country's need and a country's call,
Of a kiss and a tear for a child and wife,
And a hurried march for a nation's life;
Till this very hour, would you e'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells of a battle-field of gore,
Of the sabre's clash, of the cannon's roar,
Of the deadly charge—of the bugle's note,
Of a gurgling sound in a foeman's throat,
Of the wizzing grape—of the fiery shell,
Of a scene which mimics the scenes of hell;
Till this very hour, who could e'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

Though it points to a myriad wounds and scars,
Yet it tells that a flag, with the stripes and stars,
In God's own chosen time will take
Each place of the rag with the rattle-snake,
And it points to a time when that flag will wave
O'er a land where there breathes no cowering slave;
To the top of the skies let us all then heave
One proud hurrah for the empty sleeve!
For the one armed man, and the empty sleeve!

HENRY ALEXANDER LAVELY.

HENRY ALEXANDER LAVELY was born in East Liberty, Pa., now a part of the city of Pittsburgh, January 16, 1831. In the year 1840, when he was nine years of age, his parents removed to Bakerstown, near the same city. Here he attended a primitive district school, the building being of log, and the teaching quite in accord with the surroundings. He attended school three or four months in the year, and was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic to a limited degree, never having attained to the study of Lindley Murray's grammar. When about eighteen years of age he left home, and went to reside with his uncle, who was engaged in the manufacture of iron in Clarion county, Pa. After remaining in that locality for two or three years he came to Pittsburgh, and secured a position in the freight department of the Pennsylvania railroad, under the late Col. Thomas A. Scott. Although his school advantages had been so limited, he gained a great deal of information from his intercourse with men, and from books and lectures. He early connected himself with the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, and the Young Men's Christian Association, of Pittsburgh, and thus secured many advantages. He contributed short poems to the local and New York city press. One of his poems, "Life," was, during the war, appropriated by John H. Surratt (whose mother was hanged for treason), and copied all over the country. The poem by which Mr. Lavely is best known, "The Heart's Choice," was originally published in *Our Continent*, with illustrations. In 1866 Mr. Lavely collected a number of his poems and published them in a neat volume.

While Mr. Lavely's literary taste inclines to poetry, and his library contains the works of all the standard poets, as well as many gems by less known authors, he is a genuine book lover, and anything rare and choice in either prose or poetry is enjoyed by him, and if possible obtained. In 1871 Mr. Lavely was married to Elizabeth Boothe of Pittsburgh, and their family consists of three daughters. Literary work is to him more of a recreation than a profession, as his business requires most of his time.

L. B. L.

THE HEART'S CHOICE.

A PAINTER quickly seized his brush
And on the canvas wrought
The sweetest image of his soul,—
His heart's most secret thought.

A Minstrel gently struck his lyre,
And wondrous notes I heard.

Which burned and thrilled and soothed
by turns,
And all my being stirred.

A Singer sang a simple song,—
An echo of his soul ;
It vibrates still through all my life,
And lifts me to its goal.

A Poet took his pen and wrote
A line of Hope and Love ;
It was a heaven-born thought, and breathed
Of purest joys above.

A man of God, what time my heart
Was weighed with sorrow down,
Spoke golden words of Faith and Trust,
And they became my crown.

I see the Painter's picture still;
I hear the Minstrel's lyre,
The Singer's song, the Poet's thought
Still glow with sacred fire ;

But in my heart's most hallowed realm
The good man's words do live,
And through my life a perfume breathe
That naught of earth can give.

THEY COME NO MORE.

LIKE waves which once have kissed the shore,
But come no more, but come no more,
So are the sweetest thoughts that roll
Along the currents of the soul :
They come no more ; they come no more.

LIFE.

'TWILL all be over by and by—
This fitful fever—life :
These bitter tears will soon be dry,
And ended all the strife.

This warfare which we strangely wage
Will soon be overpast,
And all the storms that round us rage
Will sink to rest at last.

These hopes which mock us with their dreams,
And vanish one by one,
Shall lead at length to living streams
Beyond the setting sun.

These faiths which are so weak and cold
Will soon be crowned with love,
And safe within the SHEPHERD's fold
We'll taste the joys above.

IN DAYS TO COME.

In days to come we plan good deeds,
And lose the golden now ;
In days to come we mean to sow,
But we forget the vow ;
In days to come !

In days to come we think we see
A harvest rich and rare ;
In days to come we fain would reap,
But no ripe grain is there ;
In days to come !

In days to come we dream fond dreams,
And think them real and true ;
In days to come they melt away
Swift as the morning dew ;
In days to come !

In days to come we treasures heap,
A store for many years ;
In days to come they vanish all
And leave us only tears ;
In days to come !

And yet, in days to come, there is
"A house not made with hands,"
In which, in days to come, we shall
Weave Life's unwoven strands ;
In days to come !

RECOMPENSE.

I SAW a bright and peaceful scene—
I saw the ripening grain
Which I, in faith and hope, had sown
Resplendent on the plain.

I heard a voice—a tender voice,—
Which through the years had rolled ;
"I give you back the words you spake
With all their treasured gold."

The fields beneath November's sky,
Lie cold and drear and bare,
Whilst words of cheer which once I dropped
A constant harvest bear.

SMILES AND TEARS.

THE smiles and tears upon thy face,
As they their glowing pathway trace,
Are like the summer's sun and rain,
Which gleam by turns upon the plain
Among the waving grain ;

For smiles and tears, and sun and rain,
Which kiss thy cheeks with sweet disdain,
Are from the same kind Hand, you know,
Both leaving as they come and go,
A touch of joy or pain.

THE POET,

THE fire had long and fiercely burned,
Till all the dross to gold had turned,
When from his gifted pen their flowed,
As his rapt soul with ardor glowed,
The Word the angles sing above,
The God-revealing Word of Love.

AUTUMN.

THE woods are tinged with red and gold;
The sky hangs crimson o'er the scene;
The balmy air—Oh, rapture rare!—
Floats, like a benison, between.

THE THREE STAGES.

THE scent of apple blossoms filled
The balmy evening air,
As Sue and I walked hand in hand,—
A trusting, happy pair.

The scent of golden apples filled
The dreamy autumn air,
As Sue and I walked hand in hand,—
A wedded, happy pair.

The scent of apple butter filled
The cosy dining-room,
As Sue and I danced hand to hand,
Around the kitchen broom!

PAST.

THE voices of the Past, in varied tones,
Speak to my soul to-night and will not hush;
A thousand deeds they whisper of the years,—
The long forgotten years—when life was young.
And Joy and Hope were linked with golden
chains;
And every pulse beat music to the heart,
And every breath was drawn in Faith and Love.

—*A Reverie.*

LILIAN BLANCHE FEARING.

LILIAN BLANCHE FEARING is native of Davenport, Iowa, and that picturesque point on the banks of the Mississippi is still her home. In noting that the twenty-four years of her life have been chiefly spent in this Westerly section of America, it must be remembered that the environment there afforded is exceptional and not easily definable.

Miss Fearing began to write in verse as soon as she could write at all, and when only nine years old she was first introduced to the public by the appearance of her poetic compositions in the *Young Folks Monthly*, of Chicago. Frequently after this she gained prizes offered by juvenile periodicals for writings in verse. In 1877, when thirteen years of age she was placed in the Iowa College for the Blind, at Vinton, Iowa, and was graduated from there in 1884. Her overflow of spirits, her quick understanding, retentive memory and remarkable powers of expression, made her record as a pupil a brilliant one.

In 1886 her volume, entitled "The Sleeping World and other Poems" was published. It has attracted complimentary attention from many of the best American critics. The note of sadness which is supposed to be so pronounced in her writings does not spring from melancholy but from earnestness of temperament and an intense spiritual consciousness. This richness of inner experience is a valued guaranty of the increasing exercise and noble development of lyric power.

M. S.

A THOUGHT.

IT fell at night upon a rocking world
As sinks through glooms of eve a falling star;
God launched it upon Time with wings unfurled,
And marked its flight through centuries afar.

As fell that spirit bright on Lemnos isle;
As Phaeton, fell from Phœbus' blazing car;
As from an angel's lip, a holy smile
Slides like a sunbeam from a world afar,—

So on the dim earth fell that shining thought:
Like shooting-star it flashed along the brain
Of one who flushed to feel the strength it brought,
And shaped it for a world's eternal gain.

On prophet brows the chrismal light falls still;
They break for us through calyxes of doubt,
Through leaf-like thought o'er-folding thought,
until
The single golden heart of Truth shines out.

They catch a burning thought from lips divine,
And mold it into shape for human ken;
In picture, song, sculptured stone to shine,
A holy thing blest unto sentient men.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I LAY my finger on Time's wrist to score
The forward-surging moments as they roll;
Each pulse seems quicker than the one before,
And lo! my days pile up against my soul
As clouds pile up against the golden sun:
Alas! what have I done? what have I done?

I never sleep the rosy hours in sleep,
Or hide my soul as in a gloomy crypt;
No idle hands into my bosom creep;
And yet, as water-drops from house-eaves drip,
So, viewless, melt my days, and from me run:
Alas! what have I done? what have I done?

I have not missed the fragrance of the flowers,
Or scorned the music of the flowing rills
Whose numerous liquid tongues sing to the hours;
Yet rise my days behind me like the hills,
Unstarred by light of mighty triumphs won:
Alas! what have I done? what have I done?

Be still, my soul; restrain thy lips from woe;
Cease thy lament! for life is but the flower;
The fruit comes after death: how canst thou know
The roundness of its form, its grace and power?
Death is Life's morning: when thy work's begun,
Then ask thyself, what yet is to be done?

SYMPATHY.

THE white-toothed sea gnaws at the grizzly rocks,
And moans along the shore like one in pain;
High on the glistening sands its hoary locks
In strands of foam fall o'er and o'er again.

The purple-footed eve across the wave
Comes like a maiden to her lover's tomb;
Her hands are full of stars to deck the grave
Of the dead day, deep-sepulchred in gloom.

The moon is cold and white as some dead face;
About the stars a gray mist seems to cling;
The sea-gull circles low with weary grace;
The wind grieves shoreward like a hunted thing.

But yester-eve, the sky and sea were bright;
In earth's one round the universe has changed;
The moon and stars have parted from their light
Because one friend to me has been estranged.

'Tis sympathy of heart to heart inclined,—
The cord that twixt two spirits may abide,
O'er which thought flashes thought from mind to
mind,
That robes the earth in beauty like a bride,—

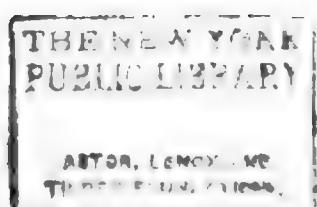
Sweet sympathy, that soothes earth's saddest wail,
Wakes deeper rapture when the linnet trills,
Sings in the soul's dark like a nightingale,
Runs through life's web of care in magic thrills;

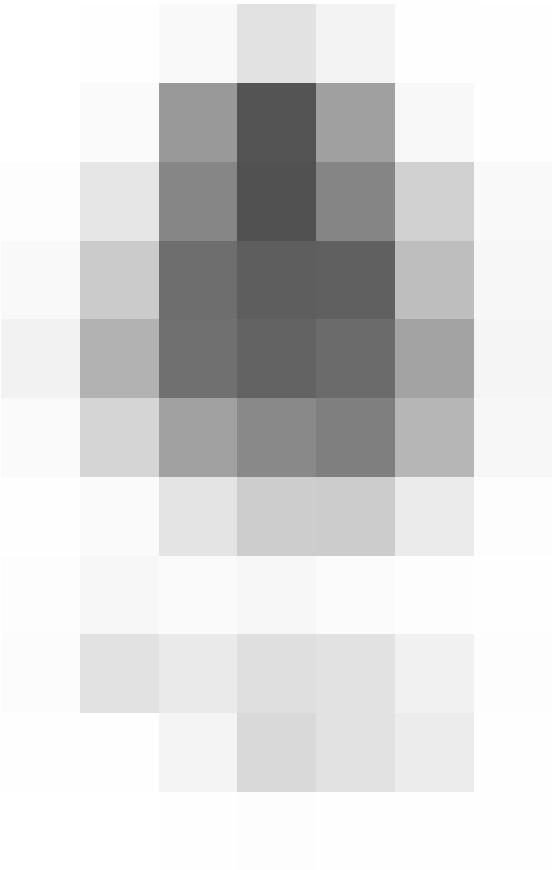
Makes stars burn deeper through night's shadowy
flow,
Imparts a richer bloom to flowers and fruits,
And, failing, makes the bright sun smoulder low,
And stars seem withered to their golden roots.

Love lights Earth down the ages to her goal,
And sympathy is love's most glorious part,—
O human sympathy, balm of the soul,
And precious ointment to the bruised heart!

UNREST.

I ENVY those sweet souls that walk serenely
On the still heights of being whence they span
The pleasant, fruitful valleys lying greenly;
In peace,—that moonlight happiness of man,
Calm as the wise stars over-watching keenly,
They walk content to know the things they can.
They heed no rush of storm-clouds rolling under,
Nor lightning tongues, outleaping lips of thunder,
Nor pause astonished by a sunset wonder.
Below those heights, above the warm, green valleys,
I grapple with each storm that crashes by;
Each flying wind-cloud with my nature dallies,
And sways it like an oak tree towering high;
Nor heaven nor earth with my wild spirit tallies,
And nothing in them seems to satisfy.
From Microcosm to Macrocosm still turning,
I look beyond, beyond with mighty yearning,
A restless heart within my bosom burning.
All beauty seems to fade within my clasping;
All strength seems weakness after it is gained;
All spirit fineness, touched, seems gross and rasping.
All love, insipid, with self-loving stained;
Nothing seems grand but lies beyond my grasping,
Naught noble, but the blessed unattained.
The large, warm tears beneath my lids come creeping:
Child-like I weep, nor know for what I'm weeping.
Something, dear God, beyond my human keeping
Like a frail spider by a thread suspended,
My soul swings through infinitudes unguessed;
Strange innuendoes dimly comprehended
Disturb my being with sublime unrest;





O little bird with quivering throat distended,
One sweet, recurrent note contents thy breast!
Only man craves the shocks of change that sever,
And hears the earth beneath him moaning, never!
The heaven above him chanting its forever.

WHO COMFORTETH THE COMFORTER.

BEHOLD him! How his great heart glows
Into his eyes, and overflows
His eyelids with their fringes brown;
Just as the sun's heart over-slips
The lids of night, and freely drips
In lachrymals of glory down.

You touched his hand: how warm and strong,
As if his great heart lay along
The ample palm! He spoke to you:
His words were like the viewless fall
Of God's dews scattered over all.
They were so fresh and pure and true.

He smiles or weeps with all who weep
Or smile; wherever shadows creep,
His face comes, as God's morning were
Upon it: but of all who drink
His sweet wise words, does any think
Who comforteth the comforter?

At night he wrestles with his pain
Alone, and looks out through a rain
Of tears to see if through the dim
Angels are breaking like the dawn,
With cool white hands to rest upon
His reeking forehead, soothing him.

Oh, he whose lips breathe constant grace,
Who ever bears upon his face
The silent grand apocalypse
Of God's sweet mercy, must receive
Small part of what he gives, and grieve
Uncomforted in Hope's eclipse.

Uncomforted? Nay, think not so!
White deeds, dropped thickly, drift like snow
And lift the soul where it may boast
Of saint-like nearness to Christ's feet,
And angel intimacies sweet:
He knows Christ best who helps men most.

Pure deeds are fruit of love divine,
And bear the soul their own sweet wine
To make its holiest pulses stir
With angel rapture: men forget
That great hearts suffer greatly; yet
God comforteth the comforter.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

IN attempting a biographical notice of William Dean Howells, the writer will meet his greatest difficulty in the finding and bringing out of some new and interesting points concerning this already well-known writer that have not been given to the public. Foremost among the literary men of the day, he has achieved a reputation both gratifying and enviable; nor has this greatness been "thrust upon him;" it has cost many a weary day's toil. Whatever laurels he has gleaned, have been fairly earned.

William Dean Howells was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837, and at the early age of nine years we find our embryo poet at the compositor's case in his father's office at Hamilton, O., the family having moved there when William was three years old. In 1849 Mr. Howells *pere* sold his journal and moved the family to Dayton, O., purchasing the *Transcript*, a semi-weekly paper, and changing it into a daily. Young Howells frequently worked until eleven o'clock at night, then rose at four in the morning to deliver the papers to the subscribers. It was said at the time that he was the swiftest compositor in Dayton. In 1851 the *Transcript* failed and the family moved to Green county. The father accepted a position as Clerk of the House at Columbus, the capital, and the boy became a compositor on the *Ohio State Journal*, receiving four dollars a week, which was contributed to the general family fund. His first poem appeared in the *State Journal*, and the second in the *Cleveland Herald*, the editor of which, S. D. Harris, was very kind and encouraging to the lad struggling so manfully to make his way in the world. When Howells was fifteen the family moved to Ashtabula, the father purchasing the *Sentinel*. At nineteen he became the Columbus correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and at twenty-two the news editor of the *State Journal*, on which he had formerly been compositor. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which he had labored, Howells managed to learn Latin, something of Greek, as well as some of the modern languages. His favorite was Spanish, in which he was very proficient, as also in German, translating many poems into English, the most notable among them being his translations of Heine's poems from the German. Meanwhile an original poem had been offered to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which to his surprise and delight was accepted. In one year five original poems were published in that magazine.

In 1861 Mr. Howells was appointed by President Lincoln, consul to Venice, and a year later was married in Paris to Eleanor G., sister of Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor. Three children were given to them who at an early age gave unmistakable

evidence of the refined and literary home in which they were reared. The eldest of these children, Winifred, a beautiful girl, died early last spring. This has been a sad blow to the parents. At the expiration of Mr. Howells' term at Venice, he returned to America, becoming assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and six years later Editor-in-Chief. In 1886 he accepted a position on *Harper's Magazine*, delighting his readers each month with the bright, racy droppings from his pen, in the Editor's Study. In 1890 he published in connection with John James Piatt, a collection of poems under the title of "Poems of Two Friends." In 1896 he published his collected poems. Much could be said of Mr. Howells as a prose writer, but it is as a poet that we speak of him to-day. Latterly he has paid little attention to metrical composition, which is to be regretted. Personally Mr. Howells is of a kindly sympathetic nature, prone to be very charitable with the shortcomings of young writers, and never fails to give a kind, encouraging word.

N. L. M.

THE MULBERRIES.

I.

ON the Rialto Bridge we stand;
The street ebbs under and makes no sound;
But, with bargains shrieked on every hand,
The noisy market rings around.

"*Mulberries, fine Mulberries, here!*"
A tuneful voice,—and light, light measure;
Though I hardly should count these mulberries
dear,
If I paid three times the price for my pleasure.

Brown hands splashed with mulberry blood,
The basket wreathed with mulberry leaves
Hiding the berries beneath them;—good!
Let us take whatever the young rogue gives.

For you know, old friend, I haven't eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy.

II.

O, I mind the tree in the meadow stood
By the road near the hill; when I clomb aloof
On its branches, this side of the girdled wood,
I could see the top of our cabin roof.

And, looking westward, could sweep the shores
Of the river where we used to swim
Under the ghostly sycamores,
Haunting the waters smooth and dim;

And eastward athwart the pasture-lot
And over the milk-white buckwheat field
I could see the stately elm, where I shot
The first black squirrel I ever killed.

And southward over the bottom-land
I could see the mellow breadths of farm
From the river-shores to the hills expand,
Clasped in the curving river's arm.

In the fields we set our guileless snares
For rabbits and pigeons and wary quails,
Content with the vaguest feathers and hairs
From doubtful wings and vanished tails.

And in the blue summer afternoon
We used to sit in the mulberry-tree:
The breaths of wind that remembered June
Shook the leaves and glittering berries free;

And while we watched the wagons go
Across the river, along the road,
To the mill above, or the mill below,
With horses that stooped to the heavy load.

We told old stories and made new plans,
And felt our hearts gladden within us again,
For we did not dream that this life of a man's
Could ever be what we know as men.

We sat so still that the woodpeckers came
And pillaged the berries overhead;
From his log the chipmonk, waxen tame,
Peered, and listened to what we said.

III.
One of us long ago was carried
To his grave on the hill above the tree;
One is a farmer there, and married;
One has wandered over the sea.

And, if you ask me, I hardly know
Whether I'd be the dead or the clown,—
The clod above or the clay below,—
Or this listless dust by fortune blown

To alien lands. For, however it is,
So little we keep with us in life:
At best we win only victories,
Not peace, not peace, O friend, in this strife.

But if I could turn from the long defeat
Of the little successes once more, and be
A boy, with the whole wide world at my feet,
Under the shade of the mulberry-tree,—

From the shame of the squandered chances, the
sleep
Of the will that cannot itself awaken,
From the promise the future can never keep.
From the fitful purposes vague and shaken,—

Then, while the grasshopper sang out shrill
In the grass beneath the blanching thistle,
And the afternoon air, with a tender thrill,
Harked to the quail's complaining whistle,—

Ah me! should I paint the morrows again
In quite the colors so faint to-day,
And with the imperial mulberry's stain
Re-purple life's doublet of hoden-gray?

Know again the losses of disillusion?
For the sake of the hope, have the old deceit?—
In spite of the question's bitter infusion,
Don't you find these mulberries over-sweet?

All our atoms are changed, they say;
And the taste is so different since then;
We live, but a world has passed away
With the years that perished to make us men.

BEFORE THE GATE.

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences, as idle, too, as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late, and loth,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered
them both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as bet women know
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not
languish,
And what they would, would rather they would
not so;

Till he said,—man-like nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and
bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while,—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!" His voice, affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Shyly drew near, a little step, and mocking.
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with
walking:
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—open
the gate?"

DEAD.

I.

SOMETHING lies in the room
Over against my own;
The windows are lit with a ghastly bloom
Of candles, burning alone,—
Untrimmed, and all afare
In the ghastly silence there!

II.

People go by the door,
Tiptoe, holding their breath,
And hush the talk that they held before,
Lest they should waken Death,
That is awake all night
There in the candle light!

III.

The cat upon the stairs
Watches with flamy eye
For the sleepy one who shall unawares
Let her go stealing by.
She softly, softly purrs,
And claws at the banisters.

IV.

The bird from out its dream
Breaks with a sudden song,
That stabs the sense like a sudden scream;
The hound the whole night long
Howls to the moonless sky,
So far, and starry, and high.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

II.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

THE MYSTERIES.

ONCE on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife,—
O mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of Life!

CONVENTION.

He falters on the threshold,
She lingers on the stair:
Can it be that was his footstep?
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,
And tender love is within;
They can hear each other's heart-beats,
But a wooden door is between.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

The robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things;
And they never understand a word
Of all the robin sings.

DESOLATION.

Without, and going from the room, and never
Departing, did depart
Her steps; and one that came too late forever
Felt them go heavy o'er his broken heart.
And, sitting in the house's desolation,
He could not bear the gloom,
The vanishing encounter and evasion
Of things that were and were not in the room.

—*Forlorn.*

WEAKNESS.

Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious,
Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor hating.

—*The Pilot's Story.*

YOUTH.

In youth there comes a west-wind
Blowing our bloom away,—
A chilly breath of Autumn
Out of the lips of May.
We bear the ripe fruit after,—
Ah, me! for the thought of pain!—
We know the sweetness and beauty
And the heart-bloom never again.

—*Pleasure-Pain.*

AUGUST.

All the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

—*In August.*

PARTED.

Alas! with Time dear love is Dead,
And not with Fate. And who can guess
How weary of our happiness
We might have been if we were wed?

—*Sweet Clover.*

MARCH.

Tossing his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles,
Lion-like, March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath,
Through all the moaning chimneys, and thwart all the hollows and angies
Round the shuddering house, threatening of winter and death.

—*In Earliest Spring.*

POETRY.

I sing in March brief bluebird lays,
And hope a May, and do not know:
May be, the heaven is full of snow,—
May be, there open summer days.

—*Prelude.*

MAY.

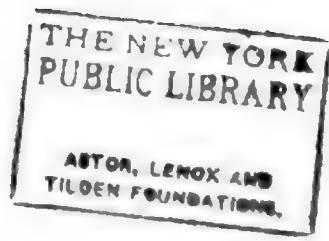
Out they burst with their singing,
Their singing so loud and gay;
They made, in the heart October,
A sudden ghastly May.

—*While She Sang.*

ART.

Art is not ours, O friend! but if we are not hers,
we are nothing.

—*Pordenone.*



IONE L. JONES.

IONE ELIZABETH LUSK was born at Cox-sackie, on the Hudson, and was the eldest of a family of six girls. Her mother, dreaming over her first child, used to wish there might be a writer in the family, and, as if in response to the unspoken desire, Ione began scribbling verses at an early age. She is a person of warm sympathies, ready tact, possessing much of that charity which in the Book of books is writ "Love." In 1872 her parents removed to Catskill village, N. Y., and shortly after, Ione was married to G. Howard Jones, a young lawyer of that place, where, with their two children, aged nine and eleven, they now reside.

Mrs. Jones is one of the best of companions, possessing a keen and ready wit and a quiet sense of humor, appreciating all that is interesting in human life. From childhood she has indicated the possession of many gifts, and now uses pen, brush, and piano or violin (and housewifely broom,) with readiness. Her first verses were published in 1884, and though she has written chiefly in a lighter vein, some of her unpublished poems show deeper channels of thought which speak of wider scope for her future work.

E. F. B.

HOME.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

It is the happy faculty
Of woman far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside—
Where brothers, sons and husbands, tired,
With willing footsteps come;
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.

MARCH.

BOLD March! Wild March!
Oh! you saucy fellow!
Even though your voice is rough.
We know your heart is mellow.
Hush! You'll wake the children up,

They are sweetly sleeping,
Daffodil and Buttercup
Still are silence keeping.
Sing, then, low, softly blow,
Whisper sweetly, softly—so.

There now. So now.
Listen to the clatter!
Pink Arbutus stirs in bed
And wonders what's the matter.
All the icy fleets set free,
Down the streams are rushing;
Toward the everlasting sea
Wildly, madly pushing.
Blow, then, blow! Let them go!
Winter's reign is o'er, we know.

Up hill, down dale,
Over moor and mountain;
Shout and sing "Awake! 'Tis spring!"
Burst forth, O laughing fountain!
Bend, tall elms, your graceful heads!
Swing low, O weeping willows!
Stretch, little blades of grass; for March
Has come to air your pillows.
Arouse, O, Pine! Awaken Larch!
And greet spring's trumpeter—brave March.

A SPRING IDYL.

FAIR young mother, with children three,
What may the names of your jewels be?
Whisper, I pray, the secret to me.

My first-born treasure is brave and bold,
Warlike and blustering. In him behold
March, my soldier! in pride be it told.

Fickle and wild, running over with fun,
Her tears born of rain-drops, her smiles of the sun,
Is dear little April—my sweet, wayward one.

Enshrouded in flowers from her head to her feet,
Comes my own dainty darling in contentment
sweet—
May. Of all blessings, my own most complete.

And the fair young mother, on time's swift wing,
With her jewels so rare, passed on; and the ring
Of their footfalls was all that was left me of
Spring.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

A DAMP gray blanket hides the mountain's blue,
The day is sad and long;
The East Wind blows no hint of sunshine through,
And hushed the wild bird's song.

Brown leaves are prest against the pavements
wet,
O'er which, with cumbrous tread
The coal man, with his load on shoulder set,
Goes to and from the shed.

Ah, doleful noises, mist and falling leaves,
I turn me from the pane:
Her passing scepter sobbing Fall bereaves,
And Winter wails again.

Blaze thou! and warm my saddened heart, O fire,
Light up this shadowy room:
With books, and friends, and logs piled high and
higher,
Let old King Winter come.

SONNET—A KINDLY LOOK.

A KINDLY look, a word of commendation,
A sympathetic pressure of the hand;
A smile to those who journey o'er the land
Aweary of life's toil and degradation,
While struggling on 'gainst trials and temptation,
Give thou, O brother. For the Father planned
That we should love all men. Heed His com-
mand,
And pour into these sad hearts consolation.
Grim poverty thou sufferest not; ah! then
Have mercy on the poor, for deep their woe.
Let gentle pity plead for fallen men,
For reclaimed sinners shall be white as snow.
And may God's blessings rest upon thee, when
And where thy ministering footsteps go.

BE PREPARED.

No door so thick, no bolt so strong,
No tower so high, no wall so long.
But that Death enters in at last.
Then watch with care; repent thy sin,
Lest unaware he enters in
When time for penitence is past.

LIFE.

When I am a man—
Sings the sweet voice of boyhood—
When I am a man. O, when! O, when!
From the grave future
Rings manhood's clear echo—
If I were young again, then. O, Then!

—Life.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS was born in a suburb of Dublin, on the 13th of June, 1865. His birthplace, the residence of his father's uncle, was a quaint, castellated house, in a park full of beautiful forest trees, and containing within its limits a lake and an island. Here the future poet's childhood was spent in part, and it was an ideal home for a dreamy imaginative child. It was an intellectual centre in its day.

Mr. Yeats' father is an artist, who having been at the Bar for some years and with great distinction, gave up the profession, where he was safe to gain honor and wealth, for Art, in the following of which he has no doubt been happier, for he is a born artist. Springing from a very ancient and distinguished family he married the daughter of a race of English settlers in Ireland,—people who have brought with their English blood certain honorable qualities of seriousness, of determination, of mercantile probity and mercantile success, to add on to the Celtic qualities gained by inter-marriage with the fascinating Irish. Of this marriage there are two daughters and a son, besides the poet, who is the eldest born.

Mr. Yeats was at school in London and Dublin. He did not enter a university, and curiously enough, his first bias was for scientific pursuits,—it must have been for those things which appeal to the faculty of wonder. However, he soon turned to poetry, pure and simple, and though his performance as an art student promised great things, he has rather neglected art for poetry. He dreamed away his later boyhood a good deal, which perhaps was wise, for he is of delicate physique. His first poetry published was in the *Dublin University Review*, and excited wide-spread interest. In the present year he has published a volume of poems, which has at once given him a position; it has been received as the work of a new poet promising great things by all the important London reviews. At present he is editing some of the *Camelot Classics*; his "Irish Fairy and Folk Lore" has appeared, and it is to my mind, the best edited of the whole series. He is engaged also on literary work for many magazines and newspapers. His is a subtle genius, rejoicing in the strange and the exotic, but withal, having such a virile quality behind it, such a faculty of delight in the deeds of heroes, that he will be saved from the pitfalls of those who seek the marvellous. In looks Mr. Yeats is as picturesque as one could desire,—hair, beard, and beautiful eyes of a southern darkness, with a face of a fine oval, and a clear, dusky color. Nature has written the poet upon his face. And his poetry is enhanced in beauty if read to you by his own voice, which has a thousand qualities of richness, of softness, and of flexibility.

K. T.

SONG.

FROM "THE WANDERINGS OF OISIN."

"SWIFT are the years of a warrior's pride;
It passeth away, and is heard of no longer.
In honor soon by his master's side
Sits a younger and a stronger.
His toothless hound at his nerveless feet,
The warrior dreams in an aged leisure
Of the things that his heart still knows were
sweet—
Of war, and the chase, and hunting, and
pleasure;
And blows on his hands in the fire's warm blaze;
In the house of his friend, of his kin, of his
brother,
He hath over lingered his welcome; the days,
Grown desolate, whisper and sigh to each
other.

"But never with us where the wild fowl chases
His shadow along in the evening blaze,
Will the softness of youth be gone from our
faces,
Or love's first tenderness die in our gaze.

"A storm of birds in the Asian trees
Like tulips in the air a-winging,
And the gentle waves of the summer seas
That raise their heads and wander singing,
By age's weariness are stain,
And the long grey grasses, whose tenderest
touches
Stroked the young winds as they rolled on the
plain,
The osprey of sorrow goes after and clutches,
And they cease with a sigh of 'Unjust! unjust!'
And 'A weariness soon is my speed,' says the
mouse,
And the kingfisher turns to a ball of dust,
And the roof falls in of his tunnelled house.

"But never the years in the isle's soft places
Will scatter in ruin the least of our days,
Or the softness of youth be gone from our faces
Or love's first tenderness die in our gaze.

"Old grows the hare as she plays in the sun,
And gazes around her with eyes of bright-
ness;
Ere half the swift things that she dreamt on
were done,
She limps along in an aged whiteness.
And even the sun, the day's castle's warder,
That scares with his bustle the delicate night,

And shakes o'er the width of the sea-world
border

The odorous weight of his curls of light,
Like a bride bending over her mirror adorning,
May sleep in the end with the whole of his fate
done.
And the stars shall arise and say in the morning,
As they gaze at each other, 'Oh, where is that
great one?'

"But never the years in our isle's soft places
Shall blow into ruin our musical days,
Or the softness of youth be gone from our faces,
Or love's first tenderness die in our gaze."

GIRL'S SONG.

FULL moody is my love and sad,
His moods bow low his sombre crest;
I hold him dearer than the glad,
And he shall slumber on my breast.

My love hath many a ruthless mood,
Ill words for all things soft and fair;
I hold him dearer than the good—
My fingers feel his amber hair.

No tender wisdom floods the eyes
That watch me with their suppliant light;
I hold him dearer than the wise,
And for him make me wise and bright.

KANVA, THE INDIAN, ON GOD.

I PASSED along the water's edge below the humid
trees,
My spirit rocked in evening's hush, the rushes
round my knees,
My spirit rocked in sleep and sighs; and saw the
moorfowl pace
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw them cease
to chase
Each other round in circles; and I heard the eldest
speak:—
"Who holds the world between His bill and makes
us strong or weak
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the
sky,
The rains are from His dripping wing, the moon-
beams from His eye."
I passed a little further on and heard a lotus
talk:—
"Who made the world and ruleth it, He hangeth
on a stalk,

For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide
 Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide."

A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised his eyes
 Brimful of starlight, and he said, "The Stamper of the Skies,
 He is a gentle roebuck; for how else, I pray, could He
 Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me?"

I passed a little further and I heard a peacock say:—
 "Who made the grass and made the worms and made my feathers gay,
 He is a monstrous peacock, and He waveth all the night
 His lanquid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of light."

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
 She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
 She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree;
 But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
 And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
 She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs;
 But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

QUATRAINS AND APHORISMS.

I.

The child who chases lizards in the grass,
 The sage who deep in central nature delves,
 The preacher watching for the ill hour to pass—
 All these are souls who fly from their dread selves.

II.

Two spirit-things a man hath for his friends—
 Sorrow, that gives for guerdon liberty,
 And joy, the touching of whose finger lends
 To lightest of all light things sanctity.

III.

Long thou for nothing, neither sad nor gay;
 Long thou for nothing, neither night nor day;
 Not even "I long to see thy longing over,"
 To the ever-longing and mournful spirit say.

IV.

The ghosts went by me with their lips apart
 From death's late languor as these lines I read
 On Brahma's gateway, "They within have fed
 The soul upon the ashes of the heart."

V.

This heard I where, amid the apple trees,
 Wild indolence and music have no date,
 "I laughed upon the lips of Sophocles,
 I go as soft as folly; I am Fate."

VI.

"Around, the twitter of the lips of dust
 A tossing laugh between their red abides;
 With patient beauty yonder Attic bust
 In the deep alcove's dimness smiles and hides."

VII.

The heart of noon folds silence and folds sleep,
 For noon and midnight from each other borrow,
 And Joy, in growing deeper and more deep,
 Walks in the vesture of her sister Sorrow.

HAPPINESS.

And once a sudden laughter sprang
 From all their lips. And once they sang
 Together, while the dark woods rang,
 And rose from all their distant parts,
 From bees among their honey marts,
 A rumor of delighted hearts.

—*The Wanderings of Oisin.*

LIFE.

Placid as a homeward bee,
 Glad, simple—nay, he sought not mystery,
 Nor, gazing forth where life's sad sickles reap,
 Searched the unsearchable—why good men weep;
 Why those who do good often be not good,
 Why they who will the highest sometimes brood,
 Clogged in a marsh where the slow marsh clay
 clings,

Abolished by a mire of little things,
 Untuned by their own striving.

—*How Ferencz Renyi Kept Silent.*

INTEMPERANCE.

A grey professor passing cried,
 "How few the mind's intemperance rule!
 What shallow thoughts about deep things!
 The world grows old and plays the fool."

—*A Legend.*

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD was born in Chatham county, North Carolina, September 15, 1858. His paternal ancestors were Irish and German; maternal, Irish and Scotch. While he was quite young his family moved near to the villages of Burlington and Graham, in Alamance county, in the same state. He now lives at the "Old Homestead," near Graham, with his widowed mother and his own motherless little children. He is of medium height, and weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. He has a smooth face, eyes between a hazel and blue, dark hair, fine features, tender expression, active in his movements, dignified and graceful in all his bearings. He displays that neatness of person and dress which is "next to godliness," and is always closely allied to nobleness of mind. Exceedingly sensitive, of a highly nervous temperament—impulsive,—yet over-cautious. In disposition he is retiring; shuns society, preferring the blessed peacefulness of home—when it was complete—to all the world. He is slow to form friendships, but once formed they are lasting.

Mr. Stockard was for several years a teacher. He contributes occasionally to some of the leading magazines of the country. Last autumn Azrael's wings darkened his household, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, (*nee* Sallie Jenero Holleman) with whom he had spent about ten years so happily, passed into the sleep that comes to all.

Mr. Stockard has a passionate fondness for literature, especially poetry. The writings of Whittier, the psalmist of freedom, inspired him more than any of the American poets. Young Stockard has reached his present attainments through persistent effort. He sets his mark high and always aims above it. Adversity is a rough teacher, but she often brings up giants.

Henry Jerome Stockard is a Christian poet. Descended from some of the oldest families of the South, he understands the trend of thought not only of "the land of the skies," but of humanity. His parents,—yes, his ancestors for generations,—are represented as having been endued with a severe and inflexible virtue; and to the influence of their precept and example must be ascribed, in no small measure, the pure moral character and the profound respect for moral obligations which Stockard has exhibited through the whole of his life.

D. A. L.

SPRING HARBINGERS.

YON range of hills that skirts the dim horizon,
That erst was draped in empyrean blue,
Is robed in haze; the belt of oaks that lies on
Its slopes is scarce in view.

The bland south breezes come, and make to quiver
The filmy surface of the moorland lake;
And, loitering on, die with a moaning shiver
Among the tangled brake.

Again, and yet again, these gusts capricious,
From out the ever-moaning woodland stray,
Fraught with the perfumes of some plants delicious
'Mid rugged rocks and gray.

The orchards, basking on south-lying reaches,
Are interpersed with variegated spots,
That tell of blooming nectarines and peaches,
And snowy apricots.

The frogs now chant their ceaseless iteration,
Far down the meads about the reedy ponds;
And sparrows hold a twittering conversation
Beneath the swaying fronds.

Across the fallow-land the sunbeams glimmer,
And in the northern sky the chain-like flight
Of migratory birds grows dim and dimmer,
Till fairly lost to sight.

Earth, sky, and water,—every living creature,
A respite seems to gain from all their woes,
When o'er her breast benignant Mother-Nature
Her vernal garment throws.

LATE AT NIGHT.

'Tis late at night; I hear the wandering Wind
Come up from distant hills and vales and seas;
I hear his spirit-wings sweep thro' the trees,
His gentle tapping at each door and blind,
His far-spent echoes down the silent halls.

And Memory, soft as the night-wind, steals
From radiant reaches and from gulfs of dale,
And softly taps the portals of my soul;
As whispering down its corridors she feels,
She stirs the portraits hanging on its walls.

BEYOND THE DESERT.

THE earth-worn caravans are tenting there;
Thou soon shalt see their white pavilions gleam:
Be thou but faithful; thou shalt join them where
Cool palms upbougeon by the crystal stream.

Bear yet thy load a little while, ere long
The burdens that seem nigh to weigh thee down
Will fall away; thou'l find in heaven's throng
Ten thousand joys for every sorrow known.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

SWEET tired child, across the western wold,
The soft west wind is blowing; darkness nears;
Come, lean on my soft breast thy curls of gold;
No longer weep, for grief will come with
years:—
There! nestle close, and let me dry these tears,
And lull thee into my sweet realm, my child.

Frail wanderer, tottering on the world's cold
brink,
The night is hurrying down upon thee now;
No shealing holds this moor for thee; come thou,
And on my strong benignant bosom sink:—
So! I will smooth thy wan and haggard brow,
Thou'ret lost, poor traveler, on a desert wild.

TO BABY ELSIE.

A TENDER morn for thee,
A radiant noon, a calm reposed even,
And stars at waning twilight; o'er the Sea
The minarets of heaven!

IN MEMORIAM.

(S. J. S., died Sept. 27, 1888.)

I.

AUTUMN with the rush of the storm
Is dark in meadow and vale;
The misty robes of his shadow-form
Over hill and mountain trail.
The wind and the stars and the sea,
The rain's unrelenting roar,
Like the burden of some vast threnody,
Keep repeating Nevermore!

II.

The grass is brown in the fields,
The flowers are withered and dead;
The spirit of summer sadly steals
From the world with mournful tread:
The buoyant birds are flown
To some serener shore,
The falling leaves are wildly blown
The graves of our loved ones o'er.

III.

But the South shall breathe again,
And the boughs assume their leaves;
The flowers come back to hill and plain,
The birds to lonely eaves:
So the seasons on shall sweep,
But the dead they ne'er restore,
And thou shalt sleep while I must weep
For the love that is no more!

AT EVENING.

FROM far a-field the cows are coming home;
Koling, kolang go their familiar bells;
And sad and lonely down the slopes I roam
Where wavering fire-flies haunt the dusky dells.

I lean once more upon the pasture bars,
And gaze with her upon the silver bow—
With her whose home is now beyond the stars
That glimmer faint, far in the golden glow.

Each evening when I close my cheerless door,
It seems I shut thee out in utter night:—
'Tis I that wander the Cimmerian shore,
And thou that dwellest in eternal light.

THE MINSTREL SEA.

(ON SOUTH BEACH, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.)

THE ancient ocean takes his magic lyre.
And sweeps with cunning hand its thousand
strings;
With hoarsest voice he joins the strains and
sings
Of Chaos, and of worlds in mighty choir
Waking in morning chorus to their Sire;—
Of great eternity—of hidden things
Beyond the reach of Fancy's cleaving wings—
Beyond the skies—beyond Plutonian fire!

Lone minstrel, singing round thy barren sands,—
Encroaching on the shore,—when earth is
dumb,
Among her crumbling palaces thou'l come,
And batter down their walls with ghostly hands,
And chant thy dirge her solemn ruins o'er,—
Oblivion's empires all forevermore.

"AS PERSEUS ERE HE TRIED THE UNKNOWN SEAS."

As Perseus ere he tried the unknown seas
For the dominions where Medusa reigned,
Out toward the far-off skies his vision strained,
And called Athene from those silences.—
O father, unto thee so would I call,—
Come in the clouds and bring at last, I pray.
The wingèd sandals that may never stray,
Then I may leap and fly and never fall
When out upon life's furthest peak I stand,
And hear the unknown ocean, far below
The rising mists, chafe on the cold, gray stones—
Clad in immortal armor, even so
Would I leap forth for the "unshapen land."
Safe-shod to pass beyond its frozen zones!

THE HARP.

In a strong tower that fronts a stormy sea,
An ancient monarch placed a harp of gold,
Whereon the winds, than Orpheus of old
Played sweeter strains of tangled melody.
But when the winds were hushed, as silently
Uufurled the lurid storm-clouds, fold by fold.
The pulsing air, while surf and thunder roiled,
Along the strings breathed infinite harmony.
There is a harp with soft æolian strings
Deep in the soul, and when the thunder breaks
Through wrathful clouds, or 'round the dying
day
The minstrel sea its endless anthem sings,—
Along those whispering chords a murmur wakes,
And like a far-spent echo dies away.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember me, my glorified,
Fair dweller in the far-off spirit-land,
And see the life, so buoyantly we planned
Stretch out before me now so wan and wide?
Have you a care to cross the refluent tide
Of that strange, unimagined ocean, and
Teach my poor, longing heart to understand
That which we pondered ere you quit my side?
If you could come just for a little while,
And should not speak—but only lift your eyes
To mine, and bend upon me the dear smile
That I have grieved for oh, so long and deep!
And then your home resume—it would suffice!
I could more patient be, and silent keep.

DEATH.

As ship-wrecked sailors far away at sea,
From narrowing limits crowded, one by one
Fix a last, longing, lingering look upon
Beloved sails that topple helplessly,
Then turn their faces toward immensity,
Covered with clouds and night, and trusting
leap:—
With lifted eyes, into the shoreless deep
To thee, O death—so do we leap to thee!

—As Shipwrecked Sailors.

DEATH.

There is a country bordering on this land
Sealed in eternal silence here, where all
Are journeying,—a region which we call
The empires of the dead. No mortal's hand
Hath ever mapped its coast—upon its strand
Discovery's anchor ne'er hath been let fall.

—The Border-Land.

ESTHER WALDEN BARNES.

ESTHER WALDEN BARNES is a native, and has been all her life a resident of Portsmouth, N. H. She is the fifth of nine children; six of whom have passed away. She resides, with her sister, in the homestead (which was her birthplace) in that old city by the sea.

Her father, Ludwig Bäärnhielm, was by birth a Swede; the only son of an officer in the Swedish army. His three uncles belonged to the Swedish navy. The name is pronounced Bairnyelm. It was ennobled in his native land, but is now extinct, no one remaining to inherit it. He was born in Gottenberg, in 1776; and emigrated to this country in early youth.

In 1800, he became a resident of Portsmouth, N. H., where he was long a shipping merchant. The mother of Miss Barnes was of remote English descent. She was born in Portsmouth in 1783.

Miss Barnes has published in papers, annuals, and various collections, a considerable amount of prose and verse; all of a very creditable character. She has also published several volumes for the young.

B. C.

EASTER FLOWERS.

(A SONG.)

'TIS "of Thine own, we give Thee," gracious God!
Flowers of the Spring-time; offerings from the
sod,—

Tinted, by Thine own hand, with rainbow dyes;
Or with the gold and blue of sunset skies,
Of all earth's boundless gifts, to Thee we bring,
Nought that is holier, as an offering.

Oh! glorious symbols of the Easter morn,
Out of decay and death and darkness born;
Springing to light and life, from out the tomb
Of nature's desolation, sadness, gloom;
Ye come sweet flowers, with fragrance pure and
rare,
To blend your incense with the breath of prayer.

Christ hath arisen with "healing in his wings."
Ye have arisen, oh, bright and beauteous things!
To tell us of the resurrection morn,
When we, immortal, from the grave new-born;
With bodies glorified, to life shall rise,
And meet the Saviour, in the bending skies.

THE WELCOME.

A WELCOME would I give thee, new-born year!
A bright, glad welcome to this world of ours;
And crown each day, of this brief life of thine,
With a rich chaplet of immortal flowers:

A chaplet of good deeds, that brighter far,
Shine on the Christian's brow, than gems that
monarchs wear.

The deeds emblazoned on the warrior's shield,
Are on the records of his country's fame;
The hungry fed; the naked clothed and blessed,—
From love to God, and in the Saviour's name—
These, on imperishable tablets stand;
Those, on the fleeting mist, or ever-changing
sand.

Then haste thee, new-born year! Thy scroll unfold.
Each hour will have its history for thee.
The page unwritten now, ere long will bear,
Its crowded record for eternity!
Then gird thee, Christian! for the conflict now,
Trusting in God for aid: His seal upon thy brow.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

REST, heroes rest! all conflicts now are ended,
Rest, with the martyr's crown upon each brow:
While grateful hearts and loving hands are trailing
Flowers of the summer o'er the green turf now.
Fresh is the memory of your deeds of daring,
Oh, bold, brave hearts! that rest beneath the sod;
And we will keep it fresh, with floral incense,—
A spring-time offering of the gifts of God;

Rest, warriors rest!

Ye cannot die, while yet your memory liveth,
Unseen, where sacred thoughts are set apart;
Nor can your names from out Time's record perish
While they are written on a nation's heart!
Your blood has washed from off our country's
banner,
The deep, dark stain of Slavery's cruel wrong:
And now, "the stars and stripes" more fitly
symbol
The "land of freedom" breathed in verse and song.

Rest, heroes rest!

Your lives you've laid upon your country's altar,—
A bleeding sacrifice, by land and sea—
And we shall never let the memory perish,
Of deeds deserving immortality.

The roll of drum, the bugle-note, the clarion,
No more shall call you to the field of strife;
But this "Memorial Day," to future ages,
Shall tell how Liberty was bought with Life!

Rest, patriots rest!

MEMORY.

Who hath not felt the power of that sweet spell!
Which bears us back to early dreams again;
Which touches one bright link, and lo! unfolds,
In lengthening light, the whole of memory's chain?

—Memory.

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

THOMAS TOD STODDART, well-known through his ingenious works on angling, was born on the 14th of February, 1810, in Argyle Square, Edinburgh, Scotland. He studied for the bar, and passed advocate in 1833. He soon relinquished the legal profession. For many years he divided his time between the pursuits of literature, and the recreation of angling. In 1831 he published "The Deathwake, or Lunacy, a Poem;" in 1834, "The Art of Angling;" in 1836, "Angling Reminiscences;" in 1839, "Songs and Poems;" and in 1844, "Abel Massinger, or the Aéronaut, a Romance."

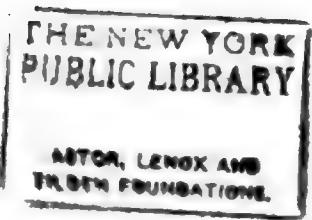
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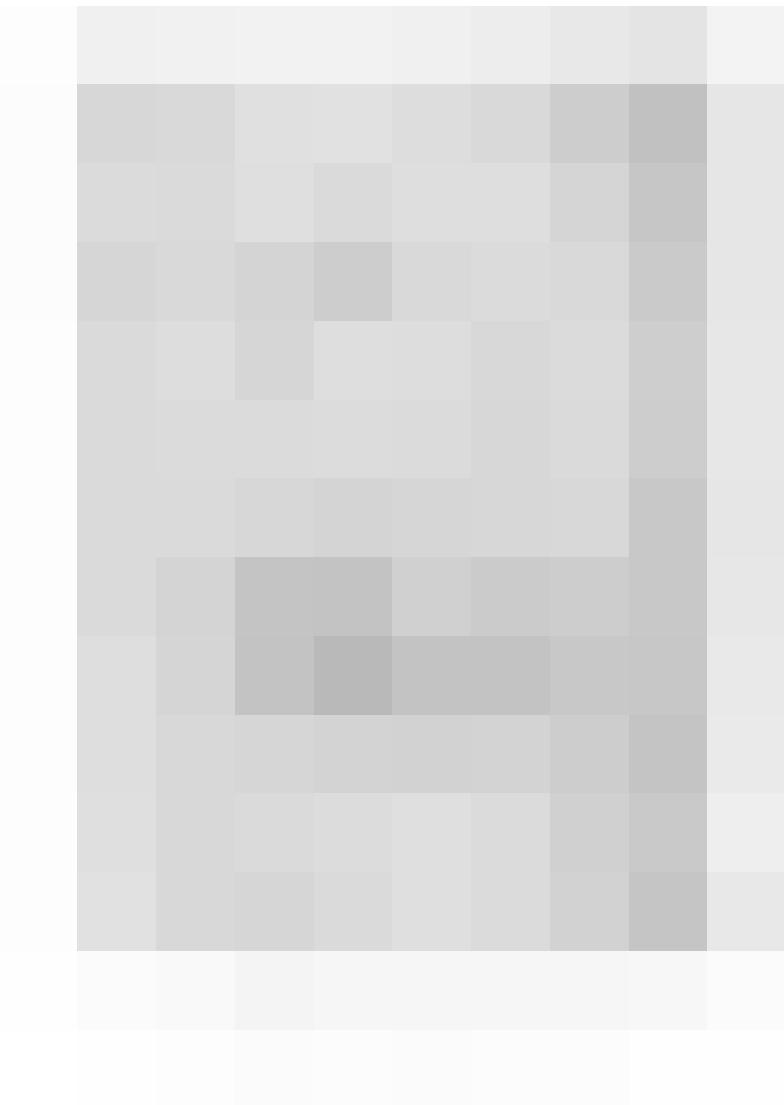
ANGLING SONG.

BRING the rod, the line, the reel!
Bring, oh, bring the osier creel!
Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
Bring me showers, and clouds, and winds,
All things right and tight,
All things well and proper,
Trailer red and bright,
Dark and wily dropper;
Casts of midges bring,
Made of plover hackle,
With a gaudy wing,
And a cobweb tackle.

Lead me where the river flows,
Show me where the alder grows,
Reed and rushes, moss and mead,
To them lead me—quickly lead,
Where the roving trout
Watches round an eddy,
With his eager snout
Pointed up and ready,
Till a careless fly,
On the surface wheeling,
Tempt him, rising sly
From his safe concealing.

There, as with a pleasant friend,
I the happy hours will spend,
Urging on the subtle hook,
O'er the dark and chancy nook,
With a hand expert
Every motion swaying,
And on the alert
When the trout are playing;
Bring me rod and reel,
Flies of every feather,
Bring the osier creel,
Send me glorious weather!





ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, December 30, 1864. He graduated from the Manchester high school with honors in 1881, and from Phillips Academy in 1882. He entered Amherst College in 1882. The attention of his friends and college mates was first attracted to him, as a young poet of promise, by the appearance, in the Boston *Journal* (July 25, 1885), of a poem entitled "Mt. McGregor," on the death of Grant. Devoting much of his senior year to the course in English literature, his style was developed into one of considerable beauty and power. The publication, in the *Amherst Literary Monthly* and current magazines, of occasional poems and sonnets on the Madonna faces of certain of the old masters, led to his unanimous election as class poet. A part of his class poem "The Amherst Hills," was afterward published in the *New England Magazine*.

After graduating at Amherst in 1886, Mr. Cross continued his studies in Andover. His poems exhibit a spontaneity in the subjects chosen as well as in their treatment. Back of all the mere expression of the thought and sentiment, there is in all his poetry a depth of purpose, a sincere enthusiasm, an earnest vitality, and a deep spirituality, which will do much to overcome any present crudities of expression and carelessness of rhythm.

G. F. K.

MT. McGREGOR.

I SEE a young Lieutenant, fresh from books
But bolder than a warrior in his looks,
More eager than the oldest veteran
To brook the insult of the Mexican;
Yet even as I gaze I hear a toll—
The wailing bells salute a passing soul.

Again the vision rises, and I see,
A General mounted high in majesty;
A man whom comrades love and traitors hate;
The proud deliverer of a perilled state;
But over as I gaze there comes a toll—
The wailing bells salute a passing soul.

And now they crown the hero, President,
To rule the nation he had gladly lent
His life and valor for, and all the ways
Resound with joy, a happy nation's praise.
But through it all I hear that constant toll—
The wailing bells salute the passing soul.

There is a nook, where blows the highland air
For healing; and they sadly led him there
Awhile to rest, for more resistless foe

He ne'er has met—'tis Death is calling low.
And still in measured beat recurs the toll—
The wailing bells salute a passing soul.

But air and sympathy can ne'er control
The God within us; the too restless soul
Must rest at last, and resting be at peace
With God and man; the hero has release.
Release, release, the bells now seem to toll—
The wailing bells salute the passing soul.

TO THE AMHERST HILLS.

Hills to the North! where, a slumbering lion,
Tobey lies couched in his carven pride,—
Unto eternity your inspiration
For the beholder still shall abide.

Oft have I wandered your mighty sides over,
Felt the wild vigor your summit gives,
Climbed o'er your rocky spurs, roamed through
your gorges,
Lived the sweet life that a dreamer lives.

Hills to the East! where the early arbutus
Tenderly trails o'er your pastured lands,
Where, with its glory and crowning of spruces,
High o'er the Orient, Pisgah stands.

Hills to the South! your most beautiful ramparts
Come to my eyes whene'er I recall
Blessed old Amherst,—my dear Alma Mater,
Happy art thou in thy Southern wall.

Like a high soul, that from struggle and sorrow
Gaineth a sweetness more pure and fine,
So hath this rampart, ice-worn and storm-riven,
Grown to a loveliness more divine.

Hills to the West! but a curtain of beauty
Suddenly rises before mine eyes,
For on the nearer and drearer horizon
Views of the College of love arise.

I can not look to those far away hill-tops,
When in the interval thou art seen,
Beautiful Hampton! the queen of the valley,—
Amherst, the prince, saluteth its queen.

Lo! it is sunset; again I am standing
On the high lookout of college tower;
Over the meadows the bell of old Hadley
Softly proclaimeth the twilight hour.

Up to the North where Sugar-loaf mountain
Raises its table-bluff stern and bold,
Loneliest monarchs of light and of darkness
Seem to be laying their cloth of gold.

Thus while the waning light falls upon Amherst,
The hills round about in their glory stand,—
Happy old Amherst, they fitly may symbol
Thy beauty and strength, that is still more
grand.

TO EMMA LAZARUS.

On reading "By the Waters of Babylon," in the *Century Magazine.*

In dead, dull days I heard a ringing cry
Borne on the careless winds—a nation's pain,
A woman's sorrow in a poet's strain
Of noblest lamentation. Clear and high
It rang above our lowlands to a sky
Of purest psalmody, till hearts are fain
To say: "In this sweet singer once again
The powers of prophet and of psalmist lie."

Rachel of Judah! ever mournful, sad
Must be the heart which thy lamenting hears;
Singer of Israel! ever proud and glad
We hail a nation's hope that thus appears;
Sad mourners by the waters! ye have had
A poet's sweetest solace for your tears.

CRADDOCK'S "IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS."

Ye mountains and ye dales of Tennessee,
Be glad, for ye at last have found a tongue,
An utterance to loneliness unsung
Save by the red-bird in the laurel-tree,
Save by the "Creek" that prattled noisily
Until the mountain took its lonely child
Into its lonely heart, and all the wild
Was silent as the "harnt" of Chilhowee.

Sons of the mountains, be ye also glad;
Ye too have found a sympathetic heart
To give your hearts a voice. Oh, maidens sad,
Sweet tender "Clarsies," ye shall ne'er depart
From our fond memories, for ye have had
A great prose poet now to take your part.

THE DEAD STATESMAN.

On the Death of John Bright.

Lay the laurel on his coffin, and a sword!
Many a civil wrong he severed by his word,
And, for human right defended,
Though his battle now be ended,
Wreathe the laurel for a soldier of the Lord.

By heroic hearts 'tis counted as a crown,
When a victor heart hath laid its armor down,
That there floweth world-wide sorrow,
While a love, no prince could borrow,
Doth afford the tenderest homage of renown.

Call a truce for sorrow, Freedom, in the fray!
For a leader hath been summoned home to-day;
And the arms of Freemen, trailing,
Mark the honor, never failing
When a great courageous heart hath passed away.

MATER DOLOROSA, OF GUIDO RENI.

THERE is a holy calm in her deep eyes—
The ebon cup of some dark pool is still,
And all the moveless freight of stars which fill
Its depths doth tell of that dark dome that lies
So far above it; but the silent skies
And their mute starry mirror have no speech
Or pleading eloquence that so can reach
The human heart as that of her deep eyes:

Oh Grieving Mother, hath the earth no charm
Or solace for thee that for evermore
Thy raised immortal eyes should thus implore
The smile of thy blessed son; and is the calm
That rests within them but the fond light thrown
From His dear eyes and imaged in thine own?

SISTINE MADONNA, OF RAPHAEL.

A TWILIGHT star that rests above the steep
Of yonder mountain as the sun goes down
Hath stilly resting, for the heavens drown
The bustle of our world. They may not keep
A sound so petty in their spacious deep;
They know no hurry; passionless and still
Their far dark spaces rest, and lights which fill
Their tranquil chambers are as if asleep.

O Virgin Mother, thou hast purity
O'ermatching e'en the heavens still remove
From taint of earth. Blest Child, a deity
Is in thine eyes; and in the trusting love
Of each for each, the wrapt serenity
Of your repose is as a star above.

MATER AMABILIS.

Mater Amabilis, thy dark, sweet eyes
Have made me purer with their tender shade;
Upon my soul their holy spell is laid;
May it rest there forever, 'till there lies
The same deep power of tenderness in me,
And I attain thy sweet benignity.

—*Mater Amabilis of Sassoferato.*

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

THE close alliance of poetry and music was never so strongly demonstrated, as in the life and work of Francis Saltus Saltus, whose silent form has just been laid at rest amid the cool greenness of the cemetery in Sleepy Hollow. Born in New York, Nov. 23, 1849, educated at a leading institute of that city, and also in Paris, France, he early evinced his literary gift, by winning prize after prize in those schools. At the completion of his studies, he traveled extensively in Europe, extending his journeyings to Siberia, the classic portions of Western Asia, and Egypt. During this time, he made himself familiar with the languages of the countries he visited, speaking and writing fluently in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish and Russian, as well as in many of the different dialects common to those nations, and he was also a thorough Greek, Latin and Hebrew scholar. Thus it will be seen that he was better equipped for the literary life, both by acquaintance with other languages and literatures, and personal observations of the life and surroundings of different people, than are most authors; and the phenomenal amount of work that he left, shows that he made good use of his opportunities. His literary life may be said to begin with the appearance of his first volume of poems, "Honey and Gall," published in 1873, and since then he has written incessantly, the list of his unpublished work being simply immense. Here it is: Volumes of poetry ready for the press: "The Witch of Endor, and fifty long poems on Biblical Subjects;" "Flask and Flagon;" "Poems of Places;" "Pastels and Profiles;" "Flower and Thorn;" "Flesh and Spirit;" "Moods of Madness;" "Songs of Sin;" "Sonnets;" an un-named volume of French poetry, and two volumes of humorous poetry. In prose, he has written, and left ready for publication, "A Life of Donizetti," an exhaustive work that will make eight hundred printed pages; a "Life of Rossini;" "Kings of Song;" monographs on Bellini and Mercadante; "Great Baritones;" "Romance of the Opera;" a musical dictionary, and over one thousand musical sketches. In humorous prose, comic histories of France, Greece, Germany, England and Rome, and a comic "Robinson Crusoe," and more than one thousand comic sketches. His published works are "Honey and Gall," a volume of poems; a comic history of the United States; a large number of humorous poems over the pseudonym of Cupid Jones; many stories, sketches, novelettes, editorials and reviews; and innumerable skits of from three to five lines, such as are now so current in our light literature journals.

But while so fertile in literature, his brain was equally active in music, and as a pianist he was

surpassed only by the great performers, while as an improvisatore he had no rival. His musical compositions, which follow the pure Italian school, are always melodious and touching, and often evince a grandeur and nobility that is indeed soul-moving. He wrote a grand opera in four acts, entitled "Joan of Arc;" a serious opera entitled "Marie Stuart;" four comic operas, and six hundred pieces of fugitive music.

When it is considered that the real literary life of Saltus began in 1873, and that it ended June 25, 1889, when death's shadow fell across his path, the amount of work that he did was simply wonderful. His readiness in all branches of literary work, was astonishing. A half dozen sonnets at a sitting; fifty or one hundred witty skits in an afternoon; a poem of a thousand lines in a week, with stories, sketches, editorials and reviews thrown off during the time as rests. To give a full judgment of his work in any limited space is impossible, and a rapid summing up is all that can be accomplished. As a poet, it is not too much to say that his was the greatest poetic genius that America has produced. That it has not won to that recognition which this statement would seem to demand, is the result of circumstances easily explained. Educated in France, his mind early seized upon the strangely weird work of Baudelaire and Gautier, and his strong imagination made his treatment of the themes he chose, antagonistic to the received thought of his native land. He had no reverent for the things known as *sacred*, but this must not be considered to imply that his poetry is not pure and noble. That he gave new and strange versions of the old Biblical records, did not prevent these melodious and imaginative poems from being as delightful in imagery and language as can be desired. His command of language was marvellous, and his use of rhythm was a revelation. Words, rhythms and melodies were as plastic in his hands, as is clay to the touch of the potter. If the poems of Saltus are ever published in complete form, they will win even greater praise than has been here accorded them, for while they run far beyond the ruts, and have an audacious originality of thought and theme that will awaken antagonism, the beauty of their workmanship, and the poetic fire that inspires them, will have to be acknowledged.

But while the poetry of Saltus is undoubtedly his highest gift, the beauty and strength of his music is even as wonderful. Melody in word or tone was the ruling essence of his spirit. The operas, "Joan of Arc," and "Marie Stuart," are superb specimens of musical composition. There are solos, duets and choruses in them, as beautiful and harmonious as are those of the great masters of melody.

T. S. C.

THE CROSS SPEAKS.

FOR years in towering stateliness I stood,
The lord of cedars, in the holiest wood
That bloomed upon the hills of Lebanon:
Guarding the purity of many a nest,
With softly swaying boughs, and ever blest
By gentle rains and by the soothing sun.

Below me roamed the solemn, peace-eyed herds
That craved my shade, and glorified by birds,
In tranquil ways I breathed sweet life away:
While the consoling, clover-scented breeze,
Wafted in perfume from the Grecian seas,
Caressed me at the sultry close of day.

My life was one of sanctity and balm,
And no thing marred the monotone of calm
Haunting the ample woodlands where I dreamed.
My base was sprent with miracles of flowers,
And in the distance I could see the towers
And spires of Sidon when the sunlight gleamed.

But on one eve, strange men with shining blades,
Passed like a boisterous tempest thro' the glades,
And paused before my beauty fair and tall:
And one, rough-voiced, with large, admiring eyes,
Counting my branches that assailed the skies,
Cried "Seek no further, this good tree must fall!"

Then to the core they struck me with sharp steel;
I felt the sap within my veins congeal.
I writhed and moaned at every savage blow,
And I whose strength had braved the fiercest
storm,
Tottered and fell, a mutilated form,
While all the forest waved its leaves in woe!

Then fashioning from my boughs with rough, swift
hands,
A cross colossal, girt with iron bands,
They dragged me in my pitiful disgrace,
Down to the holy town Jerusalem,
There to give death to those the laws condemn,
And placed me in a sad, accursed place.

Defiled, I stood there, mourning for my leaves,
While on my breast they nailed the city's thieves,
With livid martyrs and assassins grim,
Who rent the air with horrid cries of pain,
Lingering upon me, calling death in vain,
Crow-gnawed and shivering in each tortured
limb.

Severe and constant were the dread decrees
Of PONTIUS PILATE, and the agonies
Of countless victims granted me no rest:

My wood was soiled by blood and split by nails,
I lived in one mad hell of harrowing wails;
By carrion weights I ever was oppressed!

Then came a dark and sacreligious day,
Of crime, of malediction, of dismay!
Rude soldiers tore me from the hated ground,
And brought me with foul oaths and many a jeer,
Before one pale, sweet man, who without fear
Did tower above them, godlike, nettle-crowned!

Shrill voices, formed to curse and to abuse,
Cried, choked with scorn, "Ignoble King of Jews,
Save thyself now if that thou hast the power!"
But he, the meek one, resolutely caught
My hideous body to him and said naught,
And God was with us in that awful hour!

Thrilled by his touch, a sense I never knew
Sudden within my callous fibres grew,
Warning my spirit he was pure and good.
And I could feel that he was Christ divine,
And that a deathless honor then was mine,
In one dark instant I had understood!

Th' raucous shouts of thousands rent the air,
When on his outraged shoulders, scourged and
bare,
He bore to dismal Calvary and night
My ponderous weight, my all-unhallowed mass,
While I, God-strengthened, strove and strove, alas,
Without a hope, to make the burden light.

He perished on my heart, and heard the moan
That shuddered thro' me, he, and he alone.
But no man heard the promise he gave me
Of sweetest pardon, nor did any mark
His pitying smile that aureoled the dark
For me, in that wild hour on Calvary!

When tender women's hands that sought to save,
Had carried his sweet body to the grave,
A streak of flame hissed forth from heaven and
rent
My trunk with one annihilating blow,
Leaving me prostrate, charred, too vile to know
That I was nothing, and God was content.

But He who punished my sad sin with fire,
Forsook me not in my abasement dire,
And mercifully bade my soul revive,
To take new spells of life, that all might see,
With beauty far exceeding any tree,
Once more with resurrected leaves to thrive!

And now, in verdurous calm, adored of birds,
Circled by flowers and by the tranquil herds
That love beneath my stateliness to browse,
I dream in peace through hours of sun and gloom,
And near unto the Saviour's worshiped tomb,
I wave my soft and sympathizing boughs!

BETRAYED.

I WORSHIPED her in such devout, strong wise,
That all the essence of my soul and brain,
Dwelt in the vestal violet of her eyes,
Calm as the ghost-glance of some dead Elaine.

I knew that I alone this gem possessed,
Remembering years of supplication, ere
I dared to touch the Mecca of her breast,
Or kiss the tawny Orient of her hair.

I trusted in the smile her pure face wore,
I murmured the sweet gospel of her words,
And would have doubted of her love no more
Than summer would have doubted of its birds.

Until, as blind beatitude increased,
Truth's dismal skeleton with subtle art,
Sitting beside me at soft passion's feast
Showed me that rank, black infamy, her heart.

Ah God! no hells have torment to compare
With the mad nameless pain I suffered then,
That mental crucifixion of despair
Must be alike to Adam's anguish, when,

For the first time he saw in Eden's bloom
The luminous day he thought was ever bright,
Sworn by slow changes to the twilight's gloom,
And die on the black voids of boundless night.

"PERSIA."

A WORLD of radiant roses far and wide,
Clasps in its red embrace fair Ispahan;
Which like a veiled and flower-wood virgin bride,
Blushes behind her scandal-smelling fan.

Looped on the Zandrood's stream the city lies,
A marvel of marble, whose white minarets,
One maze of arabesque, assault the skies,
Until the admiring sun, reluctant sets.

There, through yon open palace window, hear
The satrap's favorites chatting with their birds;
Tuned to the low Kinoors, young voices clear,
Warble sweet Saadi in soft Persian words.

One dainty houri tips each lash with Khol,
While eunuchs comb her tresses' liberal jet,
And with henné-stained fingers almées roll
The fragrant, gold Latakieh cigarette.

Pale Schiraz buds adorn each silk divan,
Odors of benzoin scent the morning air;
And tales from Hafiz or the Gulistan,
Are softly syllabled by poets there.

And as I watch these fair Badouros play
In drowsy grace, with amulets and curls,
I see in fancy, pass this sunny way,
Some young Aladdin, scattering gold and pearls!

POSTHUMOUS REVENGE.

He who had marred my life in cruel wise,
The one I loathed, my one malignant foe,
Lay mute before me, never more to rise,
Pierced to his falsest heart by one quick blow.

With hate ineffable, with withering scorn,
I guarded there his carrion, dank and dead;
And, till the misty advent of the morn,
Gazed in his dull, unanswering eyes of lead.

But, not content, with rage that nothing daunts
I hissed into his ear my joy of crime,
With haughty insults, with infernal taunts,
And all that rabid hate can make sublime.

And then, O God! while I stood fearless there,
Alone in that deserted, sullied place,
I heard, I heard a murmur of despair,
A hot, swift something struck me on the face!

Pallid with anger I did quickly turn
To chastise and to crush my foe unknown;
I felt the warm blood on my forehead burn;
But oh! avenging God! we were alone.

Then horror held me, while I nothing saw;
I sank unto my knees without control,
For I had understood at last, in awe,
That what had struck me was his outraged soul!

ANANKÉ.

A TREE is blooming in some distant grove,
A mammoth oak whose branches pierce the
sky,
Peopled with birds, where agile squirrels rove,
Where owlets hoot, and where the eagles die.

A maid is seated in a dreary room,
Her drearier thoughts are far, ah! far away,
While with a heart immersed in utter gloom
She weaves a cerement till the close of day.

Fair flowers are sleeping in the frozen ground
Until spring beckons them in ways unseen,
To aid the glory of new Nature crowned,
And, star-like, light the meadow's dewy green.

A block of marble in a quarry lies,
Inert, unfeeling, in its silent sleep,
While o'er it, roaring thro' the sombre skies,
The wintry winds their doleful vigils keep.

From that same tree my coffin will be wrought,
Kind hands will place that flower upon my head;
The maiden's work will be the shroud I sought,
The marble block will hold me with the dead.

TOO LATE.

(A SONG.)

Joy stood upon my threshold, mild and fair,
With lilies in her hair.
I bade her enter, as she turned to go.
She answered, "No."

Fortune once tarried at my porch,
And lit it with her torch.
I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
She answered, "Nay."

Fame, robed in spotless white, before me came,
I longed her kiss to claim.
I told her how her presence I revered—
She disappeared!

Love came at last. How pure! how sweet!
With roses at her feet.
I begged her all her bounty to bestow—
She answered, "No."

Since then, *Joy*, *Fortune*, *Love* and *Fame*,
Have come my soul to claim.
I see them smiling everywhere—
But do not care.

ORIGINALITY.

ONCE, as I pondered o'er strange books, and sought
From secrets of the past a knowledge new,
Within my mind enthralled there sudden grew
The perfect germ of a stupendous thought!

No bizarre brain as yet had ever wrought
This odd, wierd wonder into shape, and few
Could from the stores of Fancy bring to view
A whim to equal this, to me untaught!
Its radiant advent thrilled me with delight,
But, as I dreamed, I heard a sad voice say:
"I who am living in a spirit home
With the same thought that pleasures thee to-night
Charmed grim Tiberius through a festal day,
And made tumultuous laughter roar through
Rome!"

GRAVES.

The sad night-wind, sighing o'er sea and strand,
Haunts the cold marble where Napoleon sleeps;
O'er Charlemagne's bones, far in the northern land,
A vigil through the centuries it keeps:
O'er Grecian kings its plaintive music sweeps,
Proud Philip's dust is by its dark wings fanned,
And near old Pharaoh's, deep in desert sand,
Where the grim Sphinx leers to the stars, it creeps.
Yet weary it is of this chill, spectral gloom,
For moldering grandeur it can have no care.
Rich mausoleums in their granite doom,
It fain would leave to wander on elsewhere,
To cool the violets upon Gautier's tomb,
And lull the long grass over Baudelaire.

THE BAYADERE.

NEAR strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Delhi, I watch, by spice-trees fanned,
Her agile form in some quaint saraband;
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride!
Nude to the lions, superb, and leopard-eyed,
With redolent roses in her jeweled hand!
Before some haughty Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexile torso bends, her white feet glide!
The dull kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
And, mad with motion, as in a hasheesh trance,
Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm,
Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,
While the sauve, dreamy languor of the dance
Lulls the grim drowsy cobra on her arm!

THE IDEAL.

Toil on, poor muse, to attain that goal
Where Art conceals its grandest, noblest prize;
Count every tear that dims your aching eyes,

Count all the years that seem as days, and roll
 The death-tides slowly on; count all your sighs;
 Search the wide, wondrous earth from pole to pole,
 Tear unbelief from out your martyred soul;
 Succumb not, chase despondency, be wise;
 Work, toil, and struggle with the brush or pen,
 Revel in rhyme, strain intellect and ken;
 Live on and hope despite man's sceptic leers;
 Praise the Ideal with your every breath,
 Give it life, youth and glory, blood and tears,
 And to possess it pay its tribute—Death.

PASTEL.

AMONG the priceless gems and treasures rare,
 Old Versailles shelters in its halls sublime.
 I can recall one faded image fair,
 A girl's sad face, praised once in every clime.
 Poets have sung, in rich and happy rhyme,
 Her violet eyes, the wonder of her hair;
 An art-bijou it was, but dimmed by time,
 A dreamy pastel of La Valliere.
 I, too, remember in my heart, a face
 Whose charm I deemed would ever with me
 dwell;
 But, as the days went by, its peerless grace
 Fled like those dreams that blooming dawns
 dispel,
 Till of its beauty there was left no trace,
 Time having blurred it like that pale pastel.

DEATH.

Down, down into the solemn depths and dim,
 Onward through oozing vaults and windings
 drear,
 To please the morbid fever of my whim,
 I wandered, resolute, and without fear.
 Enormous Golgothas of mildewed bones,
 With reeking skeletons, corrupt and bare,
 Upon the Ossuary's humid stones
 In awful symmetry, lay everywhere.
 And, in the slimy horror of the sight,
 My heart grew warm, while trepidation fled;
 And the vague dawning of a strange delight
 Came o'er me there among the crowded dead.
 —*The Catacombs of Paris.*

LONGFELLOW.

Thou art gone to join the countless hosts of
 shadows,
 But thy sweetness will triumphantly remain,
 Like the perfume of the violets on the meadow,
 Made refreshing by the ripple of a rain!
 —*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

MARTHA PEARSON SMITH.

MARTHA PEARSON SMITH is a native of North Conway, N. H., daughter of John M. and Laura Emery Pearson. Her earlier years were spent in the beautiful region of the White Mountains. At the age of seven her parents removed to Boston, Mass., where they remained four years. At the age of ten the family removed to Covington, Ky. Mrs. Smith remained in Kentucky until the fall of 1857, when she went to Minnesota. In 1859 she was married to Edson R. Smith of Le Sueur, and has resided there ever since. They have three sons. Mr. Smith is a prominent banker and mill-owner, and has filled various responsible places of trust, among them that of state senator.

In personal appearance, Mrs. Smith is of medium height and weight, with brown hair and eyes (though the former is now threaded with silver), with a sweet, noble face.

Mrs. Smith has written much for publication, and many of her poems have been set to music. She is a warm champion of the cause of temperance, and has done much to advance the movement in her adopted state.

E. M. S.

JENNY AND I.

THE sunbeams lay in golden drifts
 Among the blooming heather,
 When we strolled down the woodland path—
 My love and I together.
 It was a summer afternoon;
 Oh! never skies were bluer!
 Oh! never hearts more warmly beat!
 Oh! never hearts were truer!

And when we reached the rustic bridge
 That spanned the brooklet over,
 Where breezes from the meadow fields
 Brought up the scent of clover,
 And robins sang the livelong day
 Their love-songs, bright and cheery,
 Somehow, before I knew, my heart
 Ran o'er with love's sweet query.

Her eyes were hid 'neath drooping lids,
 Like violets 'neath the mosses,
 And while I spoke, her bonny cheek
 Was redder than the roses;—
 And sweet her voice that murmured when
 I drew her to me, nearer:
 'What e'er betides—what e'er befalls—
 I'll only love thee dearer."

Though years have flown I cannot think
That I am growing older,—
That 'neath the light of Jenny's eye
Each winter's snow grows colder,—
For we are walking hand in hand
As we have walked together
Through all the ills and joys that came
With dark or sunny weather.

When we shall cross the shining stream
That glimmers just before us,
And, hand in hand, still journey on,
While heavenly skies smile o'er us,
There, roaming o'er bright sunny fields
'Mid breaths of fadeless clover,
I know that we shall love to talk
Our beauteous day-dream over.

HOPE ON! HOPE EVER!

WHY weep in woe! and seem to be
Of grief and sorrow fond,
Nor try to pierce the darkling clouds,
To catch a glimpse beyond?
But just above those sorrow clouds,
The golden sunbeams stay;
Then why not mount on wings of faith,
And bid them round thee play?

Oh, is it right to fold thy hands
In mute and calm despair,
To sit thee down in idleness,
And brood on naught but care?
Oh no! our mission is designed
A brother's lot to cheer;
His griefs to soothe, his wounds to bind,
While on our journey here.

Then grieve not, friend, when troubles come,
Nor fear to sorrow meet;
But look to God, and humbly bow
In resignation sweet.
Thine eye is not the only one
That's bathed in sorrow's tear;
Some other heart in grief is bowed,
Which thou might help to cheer.

Go, find that heart less blest than thine,
And pour within his ear
Sweet words of peace, and comfort too,
With sympathizing cheer.
Then shalt thou find a happiness
Around thy being thrown;
The peace diffused in others' hearts
Shall make more blest thine own.

WEALTH.

ONLY a vine clad cot by the wayside,
Low, rambling, and brown and old;
But the sunbeams sweep the rough gables
With a shower of molten gold.

Only a field of ripened barley,
And a reaper reaping the grain;
But the breeze is abroad with his laughter,
And the thrush with his golden strain.

Madaline stands at the cottage window,
Smiling and pretty and trim,
Whispering softly—"Ah the dear toiler—
How dreary the world without him!"

Roland, the reaper, beams over
The heads of the barley astir,
Thinking—"Ah the world would be dreary
If—bless her—it wasn't for her."

Both gaze into the harvest sunshine
That holdeth no dream of woe,
Royally rich, for love's sweet kingdom
Is all that they care to know.

LIFE.

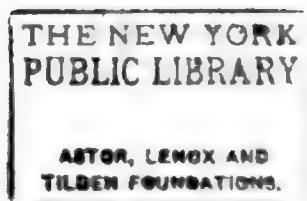
A spark
Struck from the anvil of God's love
—*The Two Mysteries.*

DECORATION DAY.

To your wounded bosom take them,
Southland, sweet with deathless flowers;
And the Northland's tears shall water
Your green graves, as well as ours,
Keep then, heroes! safe embalm'd
In a million hearts you lie—
Never will your hallowed mem'ry
Nor your dear-bought glory die.
—*Missing Graves.*

AUTUMN.

The flowers along the pathways droop
As if with hidden grief,
The fields no longer wear the green,
Nor hold the smiling sheaf.
The woods have dropped their gala robes,
And donned the sober brown;
Where birds late sung, I hear the plaint
Of dead leaves dropping down.
—*An Autumn Cloud.*



BELLA FRENCH SWISHER.

BELLA FRENCH SWISHER was born at Trenton, Dade county, Georgia, about forty-five years ago; on her mother's side she is related to Generals Jacob Brown and Henry Lee, of Revolutionary fame. Her grandfather, Capt. William Lee, commanded the first passenger boat that made the tour of the Great Lakes. Her father was an architect and inventor, of considerable renown, who was unfortunately stripped of quite a fortune by the great overflow of the Mississippi river in 1851; and three years later he started for England to recover some portion of his mother's estate, but was lost at sea, or supposed to have been, as he was never heard of thereafter. Then came, for the family, weary years of battle with want. Before Bella was fourteen, she sewed from early morn till lights grew dim, at shirt making, to keep herself and loved ones from starvation. Being obliged to leave school, she pursued her studies at night, with her books before her while she worked. Finally she went north with relatives. A sister died, then a brother in the first flush of manhood fell in the war, fighting for the Union, and a few months later the mother followed him. Bella taught a little school, and by economy saved enough money to enable her to attend a course at the Iowa University, which, in a measure, fitted her for her destined work. She was born a poet. It is said "she made rhymes before she could speak plain, and played at writing stories before she could form a letter."

In 1867, Brick Pomeroy, recognizing her genius, in a short story sent him, employed her on the *Daily LaCrosse Democrat*. Two years later she started *The Western Progress*, a weekly newspaper at Brownsville, Minnesota, which she owned, and edited for two years, and then sold to take a position on the editorial staff of the *St. Paul Pioneer-Press*. She was editor of the first literary magazine in Minnesota, *The Busy West*, also editor of the *St. Paul Chronotype*. In 1874 she started the *American Sketch Book*, an eighty-page historical magazine, at LaCrosse, Wisconsin, which, on account of ill health, she removed to Texas in 1877. During the same year, 1877, she was associate editor of the *Texas New Yorker* published at Galveston. In October, 1878, she was married to Col. Jno. M. Swisher of Austin, Texas. In 1882, on account of family cares and sickness, she was obliged to suspend the *Sketch Book*.

She has studied painting under some of the best American artists, and paints landscapes and portraits that command admiration. A sort of universal genius.—she cooks a dinner, makes a dress, nails up a broken fence, harnesses her horses for a drive, edits a paper, writes a story, and then entertains with her verses in the afternoon. She

was at one time a prominent lecturer. Among her published works are the "History of Brown County, Wisconsin," in several volumes, "Struggling up to the Lights," "Homeless Thought at Home," "Cassie," "The Story of a Woman's Love," and "Rocks and Shoals." R. J. P.

LEAVING HOME.

O WHAT a host of holy recollections

All cluster round the spot which we call home;
Dear memories are they, that linger ever

With us, though far our wandering feet may
roam!

I go out in the busy world to-morrow,

The dear ones whom I love I leave behind:
They have been mine in pleasure and in sorrow,
And friends like these I never more may find.

Out in the busy world, perhaps no more to meet
them,

Their paths and mine, I know, must be apart;
No wonder, then, that my weak soul should
sicken,

And that a dreary pain should pierce my heart.
Forevermore, perhaps, beside home's altar
At morn and eve, a vacant place will be;
And when upon the path of life I falter,
O, who will cheer and guide and strengthen me!

Sad, sad I am to-night. My soul is weeping
Such tears as those we shed above the dead,

When, one by one, the sods fall on the coffin,
And we turn from the spot with hopeless tread.
O, there are sadder things for us than dying!
Yes, sadder things than closing glassy eyes,
When some loved one in death's embrace is lying:—
'Tis when we put aside what most we prize.

Farewell, dear ones. May God's sweet angel
guide you

To blooming paths, where skies are always clear!
O, if a prayer of mine had power to bless you,
Then what a world of joy would crown each
year!

Farewell! Farewell! This world is full of sadness,
And of wrecked hopes, and joys, and wasted
lives;
O, happy he who keeps its faith and gladness,
And all its bitter, blighting storms survives.

RECONCILIATION.

HAIL to the North! hail to the South!

Our starry banner hail!

United now, in bonds of love,

Forever hush the tale,

How brothers fought in days gone by;
For both were leal and true—
Columbia's sons who wore the grey
And they who wore the blue.

Unthinking, rash, both went to war,
For what each deemed was just,
And fair Columbia bowed her head
Down to the very dust.
Speak softly, ye who wore the grey,
As loving brothers do,
Of those, who lost their precious lives,
While wearing of the blue.

In union there is ever strength—
The Union cause was blest,
And brother clasped a brother's hand,
And wept on brother's breast.
But, ye whose prayers were for the blue,
Let fall a tear to-day,
For those brave, noble men who fell
While wearing of the grey.

So hail the South! so hail the North!
It is with mother's pride,
Columbia sees her darling sons,
Now peaceful, side by side.
Hail to our star be-spangled flag!
It waves to bless alway
Columbia's sons, who wore the blue
And they, who wore the grey.

LOSS.

The sunshine falls—a bounteous shower of gold,
Touching my face with such a warm caress!
Hers, in its beaming, grows so strangely cold
And wears no light of quiet thankfulness.
I wonder, had I walked her path adown,
And she this one, if it had been as well—
If one or both of us would wear a crown
Of hidden thorns to-day! O, who can tell!

—*An Old Maid's Christmas.*

TRUTH.

I worship Truth. He sits high on a throne
Invisible to some as spirits are—
A presence that to many is unknown,
To others gleaming like a distant star.
All powerful and infinite is He;
All conquering, as well, we oft are told.
He is the beauty of the universe to me,
I search for him as misers do for gold,
And see Him, as a mirage, seen in desert lands,
Receding from my longing gaze and reaching hands.

—*Truth.*

SINGLE POEMS.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I SAID, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I choose,
And live it in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my sorrow stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had what will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal-wreath and ring inclose;
And gained the one out of all the world,
That my heart as well as my reason chose:

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial, will know
 What strength must be set against a sin;
 And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its power within!

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
 Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
 Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands,
 And let me now, as I may, grow old;
 I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

PHOEBE CARY.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man knows that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever past on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling
 Or saw the train go forth,—
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun.—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves:
 So without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain's crown
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
 On grey Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his lonely eyrie,
 Looked on the wonderous sight:
 Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns that hallowed spot;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drum,
 Follow his funeral car:
 They show the banners taken,
 They tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 We lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place,
 With costly marble dressed,
 In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the organ rings, and the sweet choir
 sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
 That ever buckled sword,
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor—
 The hill-side for a pall,
 To lie in state while the angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall,
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
 plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
 Before the Judgment-day,
 And stand with glory wrapped around
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life,
 With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath his mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE LIFE DIVINE.

ENGENDER beauty in the realm of thought,
O Muse, and give to those who love the pure
And true a voice to cheer in my song divine.
From cold and worldly eyes let now the soul
Its light withdraw, and man's vague seasons end,
While on lips of roses that forever
Bloom to the casement frail of mortal life
A whisper gently comes; and from the window
Of the soul a bird, whose plumage a wand
Of glory is, radiant in celestial
Light, to the arch of Heaven resplendent, wings
Her joyous way, to shine for ever there.

At last from pain and misadventure free,
Enters man to the meed and fruitage just
Of all his hopes and longings; and cheerful
Peace and happiness secure, which softly
Tread on down of all contented love, keep
And abide in him in the eternal
Present ever. Here, in blissful Eden,
Reclaimed, and sanctified anew, a holy
Light, mild as dawning hopes, doth shine; and o'er
The countless hills and vales, with verdure sweet,
In raiment of the virgin month of May,
And fragrant with the blossom's bloom, which woo
The soul beyond the spirit's essence, until
The senses swoon with bliss ineffable
Are ever cast its chaste and hallowed beams.
The golden fibres of the twilight air,
And the modest hills, which stand like shepherds
O'er the mild and blameless vales; the mounting
Bird, who draws her song from the Gates of Light;
The gentle rain, whose drops are spirits gray
On the merry, dancing grass; the airy
Pulse of will, which on our mental vision
Plays, the love unseen, which beds its beauty
In the eye of hope: these formed the planet Man,
Ere blushed the sunset for the gaudy day.
And from their sunlit aerie in the sky
Great hosts of doves, flashing in Aurora's rays,
And surpiced bright in all the joy that flows
From seraphs' wings thro' windows high in
Paradise,
In circle wide now float a joy untiring.
And birds now sing with voices ever new;
And what their language is, in their chirp and call,
They tell us in their trill; and on the stirring
Bars and melody of sweet song they sport,
And flash and soar, and perch on rays which shape
And hold the throne of rapture's ravished spell.
Along the vistas of the day's decree—
Light or shade where joy her bower of beauty fair
Fills with children's laughing eyes, countless harps
Of gold, by countless fingers stroked and trilled,

Awake to dance, on mead and in the dells
Of sylvan green, the violet in her purple
Robe, the primrose in her golden plumes, the lily
In her vestal white, the daisy in her dappled
Hues, and the bluebell in her nodding snood.
The lovely amaranth her baton moves
To tunes of heavenly joy and magic love.
With music sweet the trees are filled, and soft
Winds touch their foliage as the dulcet keys.
And here are close entwined and intertwined
The souls that loved on earth. A flood of joy
Swoons on a mother's heart, as to her breast,
With all pervading bliss, she holds secure,
As tender arms their gentle force can wield,
Her child, lost long to her in weeping clay.
The sorrowful maid her faithful lover
Now rejoins, and marriage bells in Paradise
Ring out their silvery cadence on the air,
And every zephyr feasts the soul's delight,
And lovers' hearts abide in lilies fair.
Temples high of nuptial bliss—bliss of Heaven's
creed

And form—exalt the soul with music sweet
And song, filling the noon of faith with all
That Heaven inspires. Husband and father
To his heart, swelling with emotion proud
And warm, the loving mother fondly takes,
And the tender child; and a blessing great
Upon them bright descends, like halos golden
Around the heads of Heaven's highest angels.
The lamps of Paradise all gently sway,
Tier above tier, on beams from seraphs' eyes,
O'er the scene ambrosial light diffusing.
No wintry breath e'er chills the sportive winds;
And beauteous May, smiling in her emerald
Robes, reigns festive queen of every dawning
Sun, jeweled with the flowery hosts that flirt
Along the mead. Each day fresh buds and
flowers—

Flowers in whose balm is a prophecy
Concealed, to the waiting soul auguring
Solace—their leaves to every breath unfold,
From sun to sun. A thousand mellow moons
Their glory bright outpour along the graceful
Shade, and cast their amber wealth the leafy
Boughs among. Celestial birds, with plumage
Gorgeous laden, in gay, symphonious notes,
At night sing glory to the showering
Stars. Fountains of pearl, with doves of sapphire
And jasper for every spray, o'er flowery
Beds and lawns, and the smiling hills and vales,
Let fall the soothing unction of the blest;
And with dreams seraphic kind sleep the senses
Fill; and angels near, with gently moving wings,
Guard that sweet repose.

Now rises on the morn
Calm slumber's waking hour. A cymbal, tender
In tone as eyes are mild in prayer, and pure
And sweet as pulse of love divine upon
An angel's harp, inspires to joy the kindling
Lids of eyes that dawn on Heaven's glory.
With strange delight to see, on pearly hinges
Swing, the gates of Paradise. And those orbs,
Opening wide and wider still, with wonder
Still behold temples of flowing sheen, with
Purple shade subdued, and, unsubstantial
As a spirit fair, high on the golden bars
Of mellifluous morn upborne. A balmy
Incense from streams of rifted light teems forth,
All senses swaying to the throne beatic,
Supernal raised on song from angel choirs.

On a throne of light, rising wide beyond
The joy where thought can dwell, the Lord of
Hosts

All Paradise illumines, his gentle eyes,
Large and of cerulean hue, for ever
Bent on new and lustrous hope for the earthly
Peace of man. His face, tender and serene,
And with celestial thought imbued, and fair,
Mercy foretells to planets yet unborn.

And now the mighty Lord of all the realms
Of space, and of mysteries defiant
As the loose wind, which sows its will upon
The pregnant storm, and of all created
And uncreated things, the Holy Spirit
Assumes, oval in form, and resplendent
As the sun, still looming on the sight
Entranced, till the dazed orbs recede beneath
Their closing lids. And now softly moving,
As gentle breath of summer air along
The lily's path, in fleecy cloud embowered,
The highest spirit holy in Heaven's inmost
Temple shines, protean and multifold,
To sense insensible, as the spirit
To the thought, sharing with man the glory
And the light and beatitude immortal.

HUGH FARRAR McDERMOTT.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

I REALLY am obliged to you for bringing back my
book,
It moves me much to look whereon I thought no
more to look,
It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to
you,
When life was young, and hope was fair and this
old book was new.

How well does memory recall the gilt this volume
wore

The day it first attracted me, at Fitch and Billing's
store,
And also I remember how I could not buy, unless
I practiced some economy in articles of dress.

Nor have I yet forgotten how my foolish heart
beat higher,

At owning what my cultured friends must certain-
ly admire,
And vividly I recollect you called around that day,
Admired it and borrowed it and carried it away.

And now it comes to me again across the lapse
of time,

Wearing the somewhat battered look of those be-
yond their prime;

O, man, O, book! The years go by and leave you
both, alack!

With faded color, worn in sides—a weakness of
the back.

Excuse these foolish tears, they come unbidden as
I find,

The finger-marks,—a silent proof of service to
mankind.

Old book, you need a rest—but ere you're laid
upon the shelf,

Just try to hang together, till I read you through
myself.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

Love is a fire in air,

Love is a rose in spring,

Love is a crystal sphere,

A melody, a mirroring.

Love is a blossom, love a flower,

Love is the gleaming of a shower

Of dew-drops from an orange bower.

Love is a golden star,

A fragrance of the night,

A rainbow in the air,

A cloud, a lost delight;

Love, 'tis the sense of Heaven near,

The memory of Heaven gone,

The last leaf of the lingering year,

The faint smell of the dawn.

JOHN PHILIP VARLEY.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

Cash prizes to the amount of Three Hundred Dollars will be awarded by the Publisher to the persons who will name the author of the greatest number of the Prize Quotations. Rules for Competitors may be found on another page.

181.

✓ Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

182.

✓ It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

183.

✓ Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.

184.

A holy temple crowned her,
And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet;
And here she sat alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vowed the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.

185.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one!

186.

I envy them, those monks of old,
Their books they read, and their beads they told.

187.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh for an iceberg or two at control!
Oh for a vale that at mid-day the dew cumbers!
Oh for a pleasure-trip up to the pole.

188.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.

189.

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be
laid,—
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loose thy pattern forever and aye,—
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

190.

The words your voice neglected,
Seemed written in your eyes;
The thought your heart protected,
Your cheek told, missal-wise;—
I read the rubric plainly
As any expert could;
In short, we dreamed,—insanely,
As only lovers should.

191.

Beware of doubt:—faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

192.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And men and women grow gray and old:
But behind the world is an inner place
Where yet their angels behold God's face.
And lo! we know,
That only the children can see Him so.

193.

Death is unconscious change, change conscious
death.

194.

For you are true; and all I hope you are;
O perfect answer to my calling heart!
And very sweet my life is, having thee.
Yet must I dread the dim end shrouded far;
Yet must I dream: should once the good planks
start,
How bottomless yawns beneath the boiling sea!

195.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

196.

Sick dreams and sad of a dull delight,
For what shall it profit when men are dead
To have dreamed to have loved with the whole
soul's might,

To have looked for day when the day is fled?
Let come what will, there is one thing worth—
To have had fair love in the life upon earth,
To have held love safe till the day grew night,
While skies had color and lips were red.

197.

A mighty realm is the land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

198.

Evil is only the slave of Good.
 Sorrow the servant of joy;
 And the soul is mad that refuses food
 Of the meanest in God's employ.

199.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,
 Nor flower in classic grove,
 There's not a sweet note warbled here,
 But minds us of Thy love,
 O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
 There is no light but Thine! with Thee all
 beauty glows.

200.

The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

201.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast:
 Ah, would that this might be the last!
 My Mary!

202.

Nae man can tether time or tide.

203.

He is retired as noon-tide dew,
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

204.

Woe awaits a country when
 She sees the tears of bearded men.

205.

And this should be the human sum
 Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's nothing-
 ness;
 Bequeath that science to thy children, and
 'Twill spare them many tortures.

206.

All actual heroes are essential men,
 And all men possible heroes.

207.

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
 Ere Thought could wed itself with speech.

208.

The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
 And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled:

209.

Without women were al our joye lose;
 Wherefore we ought alle women to obeye
 In all goodnesse; I can no more say.

210.

O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

211.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still and bright,
 With something of an angel light.

212.

She's one, who when she fills the term for which
 on earth she's sent to us,
 Flies back to heaven the angel that she was when
 she was lent to us.

213.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!

214.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee!
 To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
 There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
 Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

215.

The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
 The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
 Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd
 curse,
 The blessing which mitigates all; born to nurse,
 And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
 The sick world that leans on her.

216.

O woman, born first to believe us;
 Yea, also born first to forget;
 Born first to betray and deceive us,
 Yet first to repent and regret!
 O first then in all that is human,
 Lo! first where the Nazarene trod;
 O woman! O beautiful woman!
 Be, then, first in the kingdom of God.

217.

Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just);
 They know a simple, merry, tender knack
 Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
 And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
 And kissing full sense into empty words;
 Which things are corals to cut life upon,
 Although such trifles.

218.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears!
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O!

CURRENT POEMS.

FAITH.

ALONE she bears the mystic flame,—
A torch that like a star doth gleam;
A leader, she, without a name:
Alone she bears the mystic flame.

A darkness falls across her way;
Her face is rapt as in a dream.
Perchance she murmurs, "Where is day?"

She walks afar;—none other near,
Yet by her side speed silent feet;
Strange voices fall on her fine ear.

She leads the way that man shall tread,—
Whose centuries time the ceaseless beat
Of living following the dead;
She leads the way that man shall tread.
STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.
—*The Cosmopolitan, August, 1889.*

DAYBREAK.

UNTO his parching lips a cup
Brimming with wine the hills hold up,
Fresh with the breath of bud and bloom,
Cooled in the caves of purple gloom.
One long, deep draught he takes, and then
Into his saddle leaps again,
Scatters the gold coins left and right
And speeds beyond the gates of night:
The Years are at his heels,—away!
The Sun still leads them by a day.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.
—*The Critic, June 29, 1889.*

IF OUR OLD CLOCK COULD SPEAK.

I.

IT isn't a scrumptious thing to see—
It's rather short o' paint—
It's brow will al'ays wrinkled be—
It's tick is growin' faint;
The circulation's noways good—
The j'ints too stiffly play—
It some 'at of 'ner than it should,
Forgits the time o' day;
'Twill stop an' try to recollect
Fur somethin' like a week;
But there'd be music, I suspect,
If our ol' clock could speak!

II.

In rain or shine, through peace an' war,
It's still been, as appears,
A member of our family, for
Some five an' fifty years;
It's stood right there, through thick an' thin,
An' kep' track of the sun,
An' raked its own opinions in
'Bout what we mortals done;
It's hed good watch o' young an' old
(An' looked so mild an' meek!)
Some anecdotes ther' would be told,
If our old clock could speak!

III.

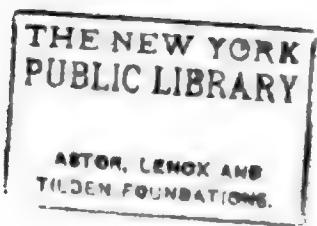
It's stood aroun' at every meal,
Mid clash o' plate an' cup,
An' heard us our ide's reveal,
An' size the neighbors up;
It's traced our little bickerin's, too,
An seemed to sympathize,
A squintin' softly at us through
Them solemn key-hole eyes;
It's umpired many a lively game
O' social hide-an' seek;
'Twould score a number o' the same,
Providin' it could speak!

IV.

How our folks drove to town one day,
An' lef' us chil'r'n free
With self-protectin' things to play,
"But let the ol' clock be;"
An' though we young 'uns (never still)
Hadn't thought o' that before
We now couldn't let it 'lone, until
It crashed down on the floor!
We tremblin' set it up again,
Half-runnin', with a squeak;
'Twas lucky for our jackets, then,
The critter couldn't speak!

V.

How ol' folks went to church, one night,
An' left us all—sly elves—
If we'd conduct there—good an' right—
A meetin' by ourselves;
But neighbor gals an' boys in teens
Walked in—an' first we knew,
We fell to playin' "Oats peas beans,"
"Snap up and catch 'em," too;
We scattered, when, by good ear-luck
She heard the big gate creak:
The ol' clock frowned an' ticked an' struck
But couldn't make out to speak!



VI.

Ah me! the facts 'twould just let fly,
Suppose it had the power!
Of courtin' chaps, when on the sly,
They turned it back an hour;
Of weddin's—holdin' tender yet,
The bride's last virgin grace;
Of fun'rals—where it peeped to get
A good look at The Face;
It knows the inside-out o' folks—
An' Nature's every freak;
I'd write a book, if I could coax
That wise ol' clock to speak!

VII.

Still straight as any gun it stan's
Ag'in the kitchen wall;
An' slowly waves its solemn han's
Outlivin' of us all!
I venerate some clocks I've seen,
As e'en a'most sublime:
They form revolvin' links between
Eternity an' time.
An' when you come to take the pains
To strike a dreamy streak,
The figurative fact remains,
That all the clocks can speak.

WILL CARLETON.

—*Ladies' Home Journal*, September, 1889.

PASSPORT TO PARADISE.

To Lucullus, the Patron Saint of Cooks, who was wise enough to feed his Singers on Nightingales' Tongues.
"I never expect any sense worth listening to from a man who never dares talk nonsense."

—COLEBRIDGE.

My blessed wife! (and may her kind increase)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
Thinking some better way to bless mankind;
To give them healthful bodies, strength and mind;
To have them loving, patient, thoughtful, kind;
To make men love their homes; firmer bind
The wife and husband; home to make so good
That nothing 's wanted but the daily food.
Again she slept; then saw within her room
A clean, neat, cook-stove, and a fire in bloom,
Near which Saint Peter stood, with book of gold.
Exceeding neatness made Frou Percy bold,
And to the Saint within the room she said:
"What writest thou?" Saint Peter raised his head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
He said: "The names of those who best do serve
the Lord.

Deeds, and not words, the Heavenly Master
wants;

Hypocrisy will count not, nor loud vaunts.
What canst thou do? What hast thou done for God?"
"Not much, thou holy one; only by every road
That dirt may be kept from us; from every nook
I thrust it forth—then I'm an accomplished cook!
'Cleanliness,' O, Saint! we're told in the good
book,
Is next to godliness—one must be clean to cook
Food that will nourish body, mind and soul;
I labor Saint, that I may do the whole!"
"And is this all to write within the book?"
"Yea, holy one, pray write me down a cook!"
St. Peter vanished not, but with his holy key
He opened wide the book. "Thy virtue pleases me!
Deeds and not words thou givest to the Lord;
Enter his palace gates; with one accord
Shall mankind bless thee; thou savest more
From sin and faithlessness than many saints be-
fore;
Body and mind and soul! the very trinity of man!
To make all clean is noble; there are few who can,
Even amongst the best, do more; all goodness
strives
To banish taint, impurity, untidiness and pride;
But to make clean without, keep the soul free
from stain,
Embue the mind with purity, a constant guard
mantain
'Gainst all polluting influences of body, mind and
soul!
Sin is a moral filthiness! thou'rt right, cleanse
well the whole;
Saint, preacher, missionary, sure art thou;
Naught is too good for thee; the angels bow
Before thy cleanly usefulness, and every man
Approaches nearer God; if clean, he can
Behold His brightness; if, while on earth,
Man gives not way to impious thoughts; if mirth
Instead of sulkiness cheers his clean table;
Saint, thou'rt done much to humanize; thou'rt able
To open wide the gates of Paradise;—there look!
See mankind worshiping the cleanly cook!"
"Nay, Saint; forgive, I cannot enter in,
Save with my husband; e'en Paradise without
him
Would not be perfect; ope again thy book;
I will go back to earth, and there will cook
Food fit for angels, better than erst the gods
On high Olympus feasted!" "Nay child, these
moods
Are needless; has he not freely shared with thee
All that thou art, and did? Why, then, he's free
To enter Paradise! read in this book:
'Safe is the man who's wife's the best of cooks.'"

PROF. SAMUEL R. PERCY, M. D.

SPRING'S IMMORTALITY.

The buds awake, at touch of Spring,
From Winter's joyless dream;
From many a stone the ouzels sing
By yonder mossy stream.
The cuckoo's voice, from copse and vale,
Lingers, as if to meet
The music of the nightingale
Across the rising wheat:—

The nightingale, whom solitude
Has kept for ever young;
Unaltered, since in studious mood,
Calm Milton mused and sung.
Ah, strange it is, mine own, to know
Spring's gladsome mystery
Was always in the long ago
Most sweet to such as we.

The fresh new leaves, the meek wild flowers
Bloomed when the South wind came;
And, while Spring's hand caressed the
bowers,
The throstle sang the same.
So, when relentless years ere long
Have stilled our love in death;
Unchanged will be the throstle's song,
Unchanged Spring's answering breath.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

SUNSET ON PUGET SOUND.

BROAD wave on wave of scarlet, fleck'd with gold,
Outstretched beneath an opalescent sky.
Wherein pale tints with glowing colors vie;
From their birthplace within the sea are rolled
Sweet perfumes by the sea-breeze, strong and cold.
There white sails gleam, and soft cloud-
shadows lie,
And isles are kissed by winds that wanton by,
Or rocked by gales, in unchecked passion bold.
Locked in by swelling, fir-clad hills, it lies—
One stretch of purpling, heaving gold; serene,
It laughs and dimples under sunset skies,
Toward which the chaste Olympics, snow-girt,
lean,
And, bathing in that flood of glory, make
Fit setting for that burnished ocean lake.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Aug. 10, 1889.

TO CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

A RONDELET
Is just a pulse of summer song.
A rondelet,
When storms the grass and trees have wet,
And made the days so drear and long,
Is just a bird's plaint 'gainst the wrong:—
A rondelet!

JOHN M. SCOTT.
—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

A LEGEND OF THE SKY-WATCHERS.

'TWAS God who in the olden time
Fashioned a great red sun.
"And this," He said, "shall be the eye
That daily from the silent sky,
For good and evil done,
Shall watch, and up the heavens climb."

And all obedient to the word,
Unwinking from his place,
Looked out the watchman at his post,
And saw the ever-moving host
That with or grief or grace
The changing landscape blest or blurred.

But when the daylight fades to eve,
Full heavily the wight
Leans his great head upon his hands,
And like a tired sentry stands,
And wearies for the sight
Of one who shall his watch relieve.

'Twas God who in the olden time
Fashioned a silver moon.
"And this," He said, "shall be the eye
That, when the midnight of the sky
Has overwhelmed the noon,
Shall search the earth for love or crime."

And all obedient to His word,
But with a pallid fear
Of what the dreadful night would bring,
When every fierce and hidden thing
Might suddenly appear,
The blanching moon looked forth and heard.

And what she saw we do not know,
Or whether 'twas the sight
Of Abel lying stiff and cold,
Half trodden in the trampled mould,
That filled her with affright,
Until she feared her face to show.

We cannot tell, but even now,
 When mortals are asleep,
 Across her visage, fixed and pale,
 She hasteneth to draw a veil,
 And only dares to peep,
 But fears to bare her marble brow.

 And only when the month has rolled
 Right round upon its wheel,
 Full cautiously, with anxious dread,
 She lifts the shadow from her head,
 One moment to reveal
 Her glory, and her face unfold.

 The stars that are her children dear,
 And learning to be moons,
 Hang out their little lamps to burn,
 And quake and tremble in their turn,
 Or fall in sudden swoons,
 Infected by her grievous fear.

 And though to watch the ways of men
 Sun, moon, and stars are told,
 The sun alone, with open stare,
 Upon the guilty world doth dare
 To cast his eye of gold,
 And clouds enfold him even then.

 Perchance One brooding o'er the land
 Of purpose willed it so,
 And hath not been extreme to mark
 The crooked ways that in the dark
 His stumbling children go;
 And even Cain shall have his brand.

 And if the moon her secret keep
 He may his brother find,
 And kiss away the dreadful blue
 That changed his body's goodly hue
 By sudden stroke unkind,
 And left him dead among his sheep.

 Perchance at lifting of the lid
 Of the resurrection day
 Sweet Abel, with his brother's hand
 Fast locked in his, shall meekly stand,
 And for that other pray,
 "Behold, he knew not what he did!"

 And for the brightness of that Blood
 That covers every stain,
 The brothers two, in fields afar
 United, may forget they are
 The slayer and the slain,
 And emulate each other's good.

NINA F. LAYARD.

—*Harper's Magazine, September, 1889.*

THE POET.

HE'S not alone an artist weak and white
 O'er-bending scented paper, toying there
 With languid fancies fashioned deft and fair,
 Mere sops to time between the day and night.
 He is a poor torn soul who sees aright
 How far he fails of living out of the rare
 Night-visions God vouchsafes along the air;
 Until the pain burns hot, beyond his might.

 The heart-beat of the universal will
 He hears, and, spite of blindness and disproof,
 Can sense amidst the jar a singing fine.
 Grief-smitten that his lyre should lack the skill
 To speak it plain, he plays in paths aloof,
 And knows the trend is starward, life divine.
 RICHARD E. BURTON.

—*The Century, September, 1889.*

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

WHEN I was a boy on the old plantation,
 Down by the deep bayou—
 The fairest spot of all creation,
 Under the arching blue—
 When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
 To the long slim loop I'd spring,
 With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
 And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
 Laughing where the wild birds sing—
 I dream and sigh
 For the days gone by,
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out—o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
 Back to the moss-grown trees;
 I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
 As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
 The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
 I longed for no angel's wing;
 I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
 Swinging in the grapevine swing!

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
 Laughing where the wild birds sing—
 Oh, to be a boy,
 With a heart full of joy,
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn, I'm weary at night,
 I'm fretted and sore of heart;

And care is sowing my locks with white,
As I wend through the fevered mart.

I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp
And fame seems a worthless thing;
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing—
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

SUMMER NIGHT.

ON all the outer world, a holy hush,
A soul-entrancing stillness, steeped in light
Of summer moon-rise, clear and purely bright;
After a day of toil and ceaseless rush,

From pallid morn to evening's fevered flush,
Softly descends the cooling breath of night;
In soothing cadence heard, though hid from sight,
The shallow river runs with rippling gush.

In outline clear against the star-lit sky
The high-roofed barn stands dark—the silent trees
Lifting their leafy, shadowy arms on high
Quiver—as dreaming of a swaying breeze;
Cool, dewy fragrance lingers faintly nigh,
A world at peace the lonely gazer sees.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

—*The Week, September 13, 1889.*

UNCALENDARED.

ONLY a year have thou and I been friends,
If time be counted on our calendar;
Away with that! What it begins, it ends;
From all eternity, close souls we were,
And shall be, so God grant! forevermore,
For two were never faster bound before.

"With God, one day is as a thousand years!"
Oh, Love is mighty, God's most blessed name!
The more that man his Maker's image bears
The more must months and æons be the same.
Love knows not time.—It is eternity,
And not a year, that I count out with thee!

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

—*The Century, September, 1889.*

POETRY.

PRIZE QUATRAINS.

FIRST PRIZE.

1.

She comes like the husht beauty of the night,
But sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

SECOND PRIZE.

2.

Oh, we who know thee know we know thee not,
Thou Soul of Beauty, thou Essential Grace!
Yet undeterr'd by baffled speech and thought,
The heart stakes all upon thy hidden face.

THIRD PRIZE.

3.

God placed a solid rock man's path across,
And bade him climb; but that it might not be
Too rough, He wrapped it o'er with tender moss:
The rock was Truth, the moss was Poetry.

SPECIAL MENTION.

4.

"Tis the celestial body, in which bideth
The risen Truth—the form most fair and fit,
Which doth reveal the soul, and nothing hideth,
And the pure spirit doth illumine it.

5.

Paean of peace and ancient battle-song,
Love-lyric and pastoral voice thy varied art;
Man and the universe to thee belong,
Interpreter of Nature and the heart.

6.

When Eden's gate was barred, one wingéd wind
Stole out, with the forbidden sweetness fraught;
In Poetry it whispers to the mind
And is the fragrance and the flower of Thought.

7.

Vision, to see in all created things
The imprisoned soul thereof that stirs its wings
And voice, that can interpret with a song
The rhythmic passion of their flutterings.

8.

I am the great Amen, the Flower of Life,
Wherewith when God created me he signed
For blessedness, the conquest and the strife,
All rapture and all pain that men should find.

9.

The moon's spell on the wistful deep—
A young bird's call at hour of sleep—
A minor key within the music's strain—
The sound of wind amidst the Autumn rain.

10.

A jewel once dropped from life's gift cup
Which shone so wondrously,
A Peri stooping, picked it up
And called it Poetry.

11.

It comes as vision to the worn and blind,
As language to the wondering and dumb;
It is a dream of worlds we left behind,
A rumor of the worlds that are to come.

12.

A Sigh of Hope:—a Tempest's rage:—
A gleam of Light from Heav'n caught:—
The dew of Youth:—the frost of Age:—
The voice of Love:—the blush of Thought.

13.

Thine is the soul of Beauty and of Truth,
Thine is the glory of immortal Youth,
Thine is the voice, the music of the spheres,
Thine is the life of the eternal years.

14.

When winds and waters strive for human speech,
When Love and Life would have their deep
things known,
When Joy and Sorrow seek in words to teach,
They make the Poet's stammering tongue their
own.

HONORABLE MENTION.

15.

The language of the moonlight on a rose;
Of love's sweet sorrow in a throbbing heart;
Of babies' eyes; of white lips fallen apart
In death; of Truth and the rare souls she chose.

16.

It is the chime—the cadence heavenly-sweet,
Heard on the loftiest table-lands of thought,—
The melody of large minds, when they meet
The vast perfections that their souls have sought.

17.

From life's dull treadmill, duty being done,
I dash into the race-course of God's sun:
I skate along the billows, seagull-wise,
And tiptoe clouds across the rosy skies.

18.

Her voice is in the cadence of the wind;
Her light, where tremulous moonlit waters roll;
Her passion scintillates the Poet's mind;
Her image lies within the Poet's soul.

19.

Music and Light, first of the heavenly throng.
Thou bringest earthward past the immortal bars,
Thy lips a chalic murmurous with song,
And on thy brow the largess of the stars.

20.

I was born long ages ago, in the Garden of Para-dise,
And Adam found me unwritten, in his fair Eve's
tender eyes.
I live in Man and Nature and who seeks me wisely
knows
I may lurk in the heart of a seeming churl, or
hide in some wayside rose.

21.

The salt that sweetens all things,
The life that makes all new;
The only fair, the only good,
The only true.

22.

In poetry the inmost thought of man
Is put in language simple, pure and pat
So that one says, while smiling o'er the page,
If I had tried, I could have written that.

23.

Far off we catch the tuning of her lyre,
Or glimmer of her vestal fire see;
She looks beyond earth's table-lands, and higher,
To shoreless thought's unspent eternal sea.

24.

He of the flaming sword thus closed the direful
ban:
Without is Eden also, if ye seek the King,
Whereat the woman's face grew glorious for the
man,
And toward the far horizon went they wonder-
ing.

25.

O light still burning with as true a flame
As when from the Creator's breath you came,
Your many-prismed rays serenely shine,
Leading from sordid ways to thoughts Divine.

26.

I touch these mortals lightly with a dream,
To show what crime and wrath and time are
worth:
Follow, O follow to the hights agleam—
My name is Beauty, but I'm not of Earth!

27.

"The bard's a thing," cries Plato, "light, with
wings."
Another; "He sees the Infinite in things."—
Ah, Poetry, what words comprise thy whole,
Thou soul of language—language of the soul?

28.

All poets were dumb in the olden time,
For silence was more than speech to the wise,
Till the luring light of a woman's eyes
Fired a madman to set words into rhyme!

29.

Who says thy day is done, thine altar cold?
 Smile on, Immortal Beauty! let them rave;
 Thou shalt not die while flowers or hopes unfold,
 Not till man's soul is laid in Nature's grave.

30.

'Tis the cry of soul anguish, the sigh of the sad;
 'Tis the shout of all those who rejoice and are
 glad;
 'Tis the voice of the mother, the whisper of rest,
 And the true triumph-song of the pure and the
 blest.

31.

To Byron thou wert fierce delight,
 And Shelley yielded to thy spell,
 And Keats who deemed the world would write
 His name on water, loved thee well.

32.

A bit of blue sky the tempest to shame—
 A flurry of snow with the sunshine on it—
 A thunder-peal and the heavens afame:—
 An epic, a song, a play, or a sonnet.

33.

The Fount invisible whose overflow,
 Murmurs divinely in the souls of men
 The harmonies that never tongue nor pen
 Hath yet made clear to him who does not know.

34.

We name thee not the Angel of the Tomb:
 O'er that, vain-glory fleets, wan'ing wrath:
 God's light alone dispels the churchyard's gloom:
 Yet whisperings hast thou with God's Daughter,
 Faith.

35.

Her face and form I oft would try to trace
 But the shy maid loves Freedom more than bars;
 Her home is in the boundless spirit-space—
 She flies away and soars among the stars.

36.

Faint memories of that olden, perfect speech
 Of Eden, and a striving vain to reach
 Once more its subtle, sovereign power, alike
 The seraphim and serpent sense to strike.

37.

All arts in one; speech of the living skies;
 Outburst of wakened soul and worshipper;
 Flame of ignited minds, and Beauty's guise;
 Heaven's own revealer and interpreter!

38.

The symphony of the responsive shell,—
 The voic'd beauty of his soul who hears,
 And to the lesser soul and duller ears
 Only the hollow murmur of a shell.

39.

Thou hear'st the pang that speaks not o'er its
 breath:
 Man's sister—confessor art thou—no more:
 Few see thy face full-fronted: seen it saith
 "Where Gods conversed stood beside the
 door."

40.

Once Echo showed to me her gentle face,
 And once a Shadow spoke sweet words to me,
 Then Shadow-music married Echo-grace,
 And lo! their fairer child was Poetry.

41.

One spot of green, water'd by hidden streams,
 Makes summer in the desert where it gleams;
 And mortals gazing on thy heavenly face
 Forget the woes of earth and share thy dreams.

42.

It is the speech that angels know,
 By poets overheard,—
 The deepest thought by feeling's glow
 To music softly stirred.

PRIZE AWARD.

For the best Quatrain (subject: Poetry) received by the editor on or before June 1, 1889, one hundred dollars. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$30; third prize, \$20.

First prize won by Charles E. Markham, San José, Cal. Second prize won by Miss Katherine Lee Bates, Wellesley, Mass. Third prize won by Bert Ingliss (Miss Kate Goode) Boydton, Va.

Judges: Clinton Scollard, Charles Goodrich Whiting, Henry Abbey, J. Macdonald Oxley, and Nettie Leila Michel.

Number of poems sent in competition 466; representing every state and territory in the United States, every province and territory in the Dominion of Canada. Poems also received from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France.

AUTHORS.

1. Charles E. Markham.
2. Katherine Lee Bates.
3. Bert Ingliss.
4. D. M. Henderson.
5. Virna Woods.
6. Frances L. Mace.
7. Elizabeth Cavazza.
8. Annie Bronson King.
9. C. H. Inge.
10. Evelyn English.
11. Charles E. Markham.
12. A. A. Coleman.
13. Charles W. Hubner.
14. Caroline S. Spencer.
15. Mamie S. Paden.
16. James Newton Matthews.
- 17.

George Houghton. 18. Croasdale E. Harris. 19. Francis Howard Williams. 20. Anne Reeve Aldrich. 21. Rev. M. R. Knight. 22. Mary F. Butts. 23. Louise Phillips. 24. St. James Cummings. 25. Mary E. Mannix. 26. Charles E. Markham. 27. Alice Williams Brotherton. 28. Clara J. Benedict. 29. Caroline S. Spencer. 30. Bertha H. Burnham. 31. Mary E. Blanchard. 32. Helen W. North. 33. Anna L. Muzzey. 34. Aubrey DeVere. 35. C. H. Crandall. 36. Mamie S. Paden. 37. A. P. Miller. 38. Elizabeth A. Hill. 39. Aubrey DeVere. 40. Louise V. Boyd. 41. Florence Earle Coates. 42. Alice Williams Brotherton.

NOTES.

HAYNE. The death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, one of the noblest poets that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to "Face to Face," a lofty strain of final triumph. Mr. Hayne early devoted himself to literature, and his name is associated with nearly all the best American magazines, especially the Southern ones, several of which, though short lived, rose to eminence under his editorship. When the war deprived him of his fortune he still continued true to his standard. His picturesque little home near Augusta, furnished with what ancestral goods he managed to save in the destruction of Charleston, was the scene of his labors for twenty years. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem, which, though written two years before, by a strange coincidence was published in *Harper's Magazine*, just before the writer was permitted to verify its truth.

IBID. "Love's Autumn" is from *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1880. Vol. 20, page 874.

SANGSTER. "Are the Children at Home?" was written in 1867, while the author was sitting on her pleasant veranda at Norfolk, Va., overlooking the Elizabeth River. Its blending of pathos, tenderness, and simplicity, are rarely equalled.

HOWE. Of the poem, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall!" the author says: "It was written in Boston in 1856, while under the shadow of a great affliction. As I stood one morning in my friend's rose-garden amid the falling blossoms, the thought came to me that all life renewed itself in some form, and that even roses would bloom again in their time. The idea, grounded in my perception,

fashioned itself into verse, and 'Leaf by Leaf' was written almost without volition as it seemed on my part. It was published in *Gleson's Pictorial*, and from thence copied widely into various papers, meanwhile being set to music for a Boston publication, the composer claiming the words as his own. This experience has been several times repeated, and twice even, in one magazine of late years. Meanwhile it makes its appearance in the form of sheet music adapted for the piano, becoming very popular and having large sales, this composer also claiming the authorship of the poem. In 1865, on being introduced to Mr. Oliver Ditson as the writer of this song, he immediately desired proof, which, when furnished, he set before the different publishers, and through his efforts credit has been given me in all subsequent editions. I had not thought that the simple 'note of cheer,' sent to me that morning in the rose-garden, would make its way into other hearts or homes. A fine transcription of the song has been made by Wehli, adapted for the piano."

YEATS. "An Old Song Re-sung" is an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman in the village of Ballysodare, Sligo, who often sings them to herself.

HAY. While on the *Tribune* staff Mr. Hay amused himself, one night, while waiting for a proof, by jotting down some rhymes running in his head, and read them afterwards to two or three of his associates. They liked them and urged him to publish them. He refused for some time, but their praise persuaded him, and one morning "Little Breeches" appeared in the paper over the initials J. H. They were read more than anything printed in that issue of the *Tribune*; they were copied from Maine to California, and generally commended. The lesson of practical Christianity they enforced was ardently approved, and in a few weeks everybody knew that J. H. stood for John Hay, who had been Lincoln's private secretary, had seen much diplomatic service abroad, and is a particularly pleasant fellow. "Little Breeches" caused society and public to seek him; but he was too wise to allow himself to be hurt by what he called a rhyming accident. He wrote "Jim Bludso" and several other dialect pieces, though he refused to beat out his material very thin. He was conscious of possessing something besides capacity for those rhythmic skits. After he had published "Castilian Days," which he considered serious work, he was often mortified to find that "Little Breeches" had the preference.

ALEXANDER. Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander was born about 1830, and is the wife of William Alexander, D. D., Bishop of Derry, etc. She is the author of "Moral Songs, Hymns for Children," and "Poems on Old Testament Subjects." "The Burial of Moses" is her most famous poem.

BELL. "Spring's Immortality" is about to be set to music in England by William Marshal Hutchison, composer of "Dream Faces."

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A printer and his proof this thought sug- gest.	<u>232</u>	Broad wave on wave of scarlet.	<u>486</u>
A rondlet is just a pulse of summer song.	<u>486</u>	Burly and big his books among.	<u>378</u>
A rondlet is just seven verses.	<u>382</u>	Bursts from a rending East in flaws.	<u>347</u>
A satyr with weird look.	<u>422</u>	But one short week ago the trees were bare.	<u>146</u>
As Cupid, on a summer's day.	<u>216</u>	By Nebo's lonely mountain.	<u>477</u>
A sea-cliff carved into a base-relief!	<u>411</u>	By silent forest and field and mossy stone.	<u>395</u>
A sea of blossoms, golden as the glow.	<u>97</u>	By the city dead-house by the gate.	<u>18</u>
A sentinel angel sitting high in glory.	<u>435</u>	By the dark and silent river.	<u>325</u>
A soft-breasted bird from the sea.	<u>49</u>	By the moon's pale light.	<u>411</u>
As one who, mid the wintry surge.	<u>191</u>	By ways of dreaming and doing.	<u>132</u>
A song for the girl I love.	<u>107</u>	Can aught into the Innermost intrude.	<u>41</u>
A song welled up in the singer's heart.	<u>85</u>	Cast first the World.	<u>331</u>
A sower went forth to sow.	<u>4</u>	Chaste pilot of the dawn.	<u>280</u>

"Come up hither! come away!"
 "Crude, pompous, turgid," the reviewers
 said.
Cut-cut-cot-ca-dive-cot!
 Dare not to tell me I have lost thee.
 Dark night her tent once more unfurled.
 Daughters of Eve! Your mother did not
 well.
 Day follows day; years perish.
 Dear brother, thou who grandly didst aspire.
 Death solves the doubt.
 Didst thou rejoice because the day was fair.
 Dost deem him weak who owns.
 Dost thou not know God's country?
 Do you know you have asked for the cost-
 liest thing.
 Do you remember me, my glorified.
 Down by the salley gardens.
 Dream not I hold too dear.
 Drecker, a drawbridge keeper opened wide.
 Dwell not too long with solitude.
 Each day when the glow of sunset.
 Each moment holy is.
 Each on his own strict line we move.
 Each year I mark one lone outstanding tree.
 E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her
 claim.
 Engender beauty in the realm of thought.
 England's sun was slowly setting.
 Ensigns of empires flaunt thy flanking wall.
 Ere country ways had turned to street.
 Fair young mother, with children three.
 Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty.
 Far nobler the sword that is nicked and
 worn.
 Fetch on your scissors, your slender blade.
 First I tried to live on faith.
 Flow on, noble rivers! flow on.
 Fluting and sighing, with young locks
 aflow.
 "Fly to the mountain, fly!"
 Forgive! forgive! this burning tear.
 For the hopes that were wrecked.
 For those who think life's common thought.
 For years in towering stateliness I stood.
 Friend! when you felt the baleful.
 From far a-field the cows are coming home.
 From night to night.
 From Shasta town to Redding town.
 From the madding crowd they stand apart.
 From the noisome garrets and cellars.
 Full moody is my love and sad.
 Full oft, O Venus! heaven's dearest star.
 Full slow to part with her best gifts is Fate.
 "Give me a theme," the little poet cried.
 God send me tears!
 Going out to fame and triumph.
 Golden and russet and golden.
 Golden rod! in autumn splendor.
 "Good day!" cried one who drove to West.
 Grant me, O God! the glory of gray hairs.
 Had I the choice to tally greatest bards.
 Hail to the North! hail to the South!
 Hair as silk of corn sun-kissed.
 Half god, half brute, within the self-same
 shell.
 Happy the man, whose wish and care.
 Hark, ah, the nightingale.
 Hark! is't thy step, New Year?

158	Hark! the owlet flaps his wings.	104
322	Hark! to the voice which cries.	151
273	Haste not, halt not; it will go.	166
144	Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?	
117	Have you seen Pan? I heard him pipe.	40
59	Hawk or shrike has done this deed.	280
393	Heaven's fairest star.	343
182	He falters on the threshold.	210
37	He has taken the vow of poverty.	450
268	He is not alone an artist weak and white.	487
304	Helen, thy beauty is to me.	103
53	He loved two women: one whose soul was clean.	
105	He placed a rose in my nut-brown hair.	309
461	Her china cup is white and thin.	331
456	Her eyes are bright as bright can be	416
380	Here is a breathing time.	249
70	Here lived the slayer, and there the slain.	102
283	Her face was very fair to see.	425
413	Her hair is the gold-brown of chestnuts.	353
6	Her hair was a waving bronze.	82
213	Her heart, her mind, her voice.	50
140	He rides away at early light.	280
104	Her robes are of purple and scarlet.	139
478	Her song but savored of despair.	281
225	He's a rude fellow. When I meet him he.	249
401	He the great World-Musician at whose stroke,	
123	He walks with God upon the hills.	4
453	He was coming from the altar.	105
17	He wed my sister yesterday! Ah, me!	24
10	He who had marred my life in cruel wise.	272
32	Hills to the North! where a slumbering lion.	469
166	His spirit is in apogee!	468
337	How bright and beautiful are the flowers.	295
319	How calmly she sleeps in the grave.	369
381	How cracked and poor his laughter rings.	438
221	How does a woman love? Once, no more.	322
285	How doth he shelter them, His birds.	111
200	How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly.	328
468	How shall I breathe to thee.	520
300	How still she lies!	40
460	How they are provided for.	52
295	How tired! Eight hours of racking work.	15
249	How sweet I roamed from field to field.	199
187	How sweet the manger smells.	103
186	I am a woman—therefore I may not.	33
455	I am silent to-night in the basement dim.	9
284	I am the imp of stone that squats and leers.	230
268	I am the key that parts the gates of fame.	179
6	I came between the glad green hills.	267
285	I could not choose but gaze.	123
200	I don't go much on religion.	266
436	I'd rather live in Bohemia.	434
369	I envy those sweet souls that walk serenely.	49
166	If any one can tell.	123
418	I feel no need of Nature's flowers.	251
261	If I had known in the morning.	411
273	If men cared less for wealth and fame.	112
18	If only 'twere not Christmas Eve.	34
475	If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe.	278
81	If there be any good.	166
396	If this now silent harp could wake.	381
103	If thou art a poet—son of God.	181
213	If thou canst make the frost be gone.	138
22	If we had parted that first night.	433
	If we knew the baby fingers.	274
	I had a beautiful garment.	412

I had a vision of mankind to be.	70	It was a nuptial of the dead.	145
I had been buried a month and a year.	287	It was a small and foolish child.	252
I have been an acolyte.	139	It was but yesterday I saw his sheep.	206
I have ships that went to sea.	359	It was the fair, white season of first snow.	166
I heard the city time-bells call.	394	I walked afield one morn in late November.	96
I know that the world.	438	I was loung'n' amongst m' pillows.	379
I lay my fingers on Time's wrist to score.	444	I watch you in your crystal sphere.	380
I listen to the plashing of the lake.	260	I well remember how, a girl,	63
I live for those who love me.	106	I will be glad to-day; the sun.	313
I'll seek him yet: in some warm nook.	205	I will be still.	267
I love to watch them, trickling on the floor.	178	I woke and heard the thrushes sing.	268
I may not speak in words, dear.	48	I worshipped her in such devout, strong	
I met a traveller on the road.	5	wise.	469
I met her Easter morning.	210	I would not lose a single silvery ray.	389
I mourn the gem I might have had.	221	Joys have three stages.	50
Imperial bloom, whose every curve we see.	320	Joy stood upon my threshold, mild and fair.	470
Imperious on her ebon throne.	206	Keep holy watch with silence.	251
I passed along the water's edge.	455	Last night returning from my twilight walk.	348
"I'm sorry, and I hurried back."	433	Last year I knew naught of thee.	432
I'm weary of gazing into the dark.	223	Late at night I saw the Shepherd.	192
In a strong tower that fronts a stormy sea.	461	Lay a laurel on his coffin, and a sword.	466
In days to come we plan good deeds.	442	Leaf by leaf the roses fall.	418
In dead, dull days I heard a surging cry.	466	Leona, the hour draws nigh.	233
In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships.	178	Let him alone. He would make pure the	
In dreams I found a wondrous land.	320	world.	327
In dreary, ceaseless monotone.	97	Let Shakespeare hold the mirror up to	
In fallow fields I long to lie.	66	nature.	166
In Lyons, in the mart of that French town.	71	Let's sing of the Maple.	338
In no more fitting place could we have met.	432	Let the plover pipe, to his mate.	297
In September the land grows gold.	288	Let us take to our hearts a lesson.	107
In sorrow once there came to me.	310	Life brings no burden to be borne.	273
In streets, amid the city signs.	428	Life's morning lies behind.	333
In the dark and narrow street.	160	Life's whirl and din!	37
In the dark Gethesmane.	38	Light, and the fading of night.	165
In the days o' langsyne.	44	Light at its full of the harvest moon.	161
In the depths of untold sorrow.	326	Like Joseph's coat his tattered raiment	
In the gray beech shadows.	86	shows.	378
In the Kingdom of the Blind.	165	Like the flakes of the snow.	290
In the shadows I'm sitting.	332	Like the love-bringing wind when it goes.	304
In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere.	185	Like waves which once have kissed the	
In the twilight, in his sanctum, sat the editor	231	shore.	442
alone.	144	Listen to the tawny thief.	415
Into the night, the odorous summer night.	573	Little drops of water.	239
Into the town of Conemaugh.	239	Lo! here I stand all trembling and dis-	
Into the ward of the white-washed walls.	338	mayed.	433
I plucked a rose at eventide.	479	Long years ago he bore to a land beyond	
I really am obliged to you.	49	the sea.	112
I remember when I was a boy.	476	Long years within its sepulchre.	250
I said, if I might go back again.	442	"Look up,—not down."	151
I saw a bright and peaceful scene.	95	Lord, for the erring thought.	449
I saw a snowflake in the air.	105	Love has wings as light as a bird.	86
I saw a wonderful sight.	321	Love is fire in air.	479
I saw in dreams a dim bleak heath.	75	Love is the centre and circumference.	118
I saw the young Morn in her beauty unfolding.	465	Love laid down his golden head.	407
I see a young Lieutenant, fresh from books.	303	Love me not, Love, for that I first loved thee	5
I send no greeting; I do not even feel.	95	Love, that thou lov'st me not.	206
I strayed from the bower of the roses.	443	Lo, wounded of the world.	296
It fell at night upon a rocking world.	326	Lyrist of woods and waters, loving best.	322
It happened one day up in Heaven.	390	Many a bud enfolds a hue.	37
I think, oftentimes, that lives of men may be.	186	May peace with thee abide.	38
It is better to die, since death comes surely.	482	Melpomene among her livid people.	347
It isn't a scrumptuous thing to see.	412	Mild offering of a dark and sullen sire.	104
It isn't the thing you do dear.	220	Milton! thou Titan of the epic song.	220
It is the starry hush of night.	290	Moan, ye wind, moan, oh moan.	334
It is well that we sink in the Lethean wave.	314	My blessed wife! (and may her kind in-	
It must be sweet, O thou, my dead.	314	crease).	485
It's O my heart, my heart.	252	My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat	
I tread the stones of Manhattan.		of blue.	223
		"My Fred! I can't understand it."	226

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest.
 My heart a haunted manor, where Time.
 My horse's feet beside the lake.
 My lot grew lighter day by day.
 My soul desires to live.
 My soul to-day is far away.
 Nation of sun and sin.
 Near, near, so near.
 Near strange, weird temples.
 No battle note or pomp of arms reversed.
 No door so thick, no bolt so strong.
 No, I will not say good-by.
 Narroway hills are grand to see.
 No song of a soldier riding down.
 Not from the whole wide world I choose thee.
 Not on seas of wild commotion.
 Not solitarily in fields we find.
 Not where long past ages sleep.
 Now do I know that Love is blind.
 No wind, no bird. The river flames like brass.
 Now Westward Sol had spent the richest beams.
 Now Winter is fighting his battles.
 O Babylon; O Babylon.
 O beautiful, stately ships.
 O Beauty, Beauty, thou wilt drive me mad.
 O Captain! my Captain!
 O fairest maid of rarest days.
 O Fancy, if thou flyest, come back anon.
 Of me and of my theme think what thou wilt.
 O golden rod! sweet golden rod!
 Oh are the heavens clear, ye say.
 Oh earth, oh dewy mother, breath on us.
 Oh, if the world were mine, Love.
 Oh highest, strongest, sweetest woman-soul.
 Oh, Ireland, my country, the hour.
 Oh, how shall I help to right the world.
 Oh, my laddie, my laddie.
 Oh! what has caused my killing miseries.
 Oh, what shall I do with them both?
 Oh, why left I my hame?
 Oh! wild birds sing to me a strain.
 O lassie ayont the hill.
 Old friends and dear, it were ungentle rhyme.
 O let me live with those dear souls.
 O Love—star of the unbelovèd March.
 O man with your rule and measure.
 On a green, mossy bank.
 On all the outer world, a holy hush.
 Once, as I pondered o'er stranger books.
 Once before, this self-same air.
 Once in an English woodland.
 Once looking from a window on a land.
 Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept.
 One by one, o'er a dreamer's face.
 One drop of this, and she will not know.
 One night, as old Saint Peter slept.
 One of us, love, must stand.
 One questions eagerly, "Can friendship die?"
 One stood upon the morning hills and saw.
 Only a vine-clad cot by the wayside.

48	Only a year have thou and I been friends.	488
122	Only waiting till the shadows.	151
212	On the Rialto Bridge we stand.	445
33	On the road; the lonely road.	295
377	O Spirit of the Spring, delay, delay.	139
359	Ostera! spirit of springtime.	150
49	O still, white face of perfect peace.	104
203	O that word Regret!	60
470	Out of the darkness—whence?	377
298	Out on a world that's gone to weed.	305
454	Out upon the unknown deep.	361
108	Over the Barrington meadows.	426
84	Over the hill the farmboy goes.	133
47	Over the mountain road.	272
5	O what a host of holy recollections.	475
192	O white and midnight sky, O starry bath.	6
350	O who would dare stand?	289
368	O wilderness of worlds! ye stars!	221
252	Play on! Play on! As softly glides.	29
319	"Poppies," she said and sighed.	64
91	Princess Eyebright's seventeen.	166
231	Quaint city on the Finnish sea.	86
425	"Rejoice," said the Sun; "I will make thee gay."	344
361	"Respect the Future," which belongs to me.	268
182	Rest, heroes rest! all conflicts now are ended.	462
17	Return, they cry, ere yet your day.	377
284	Rich was the harvest he vow'd to reap.	40
61	Sad is our youth, for it is ever going.	411
350	Sad is the thought of sunniest days.	435
85	Sad mortal couldst thou but know.	385
368	Sank a palace in the sea.	361
265	Saviour! happy should I be.	159
395	"Say not good-bye! dear friend."	161
185	Say, what blinds us, that we claim the glory.	213
5	Seek not the tree of silkiest bark.	406
368	Self-axed with its only glory is the night.	290
6	Serene I fold my hands and wait.	105
251	Sharp drives the rain.	101
104	She came and went, as comes and goes.	205
121	She heard the waves creep up the sand.	205
41	She is false, O Death, she is fair.	315
363	She lay like a rose-leaf on his cup.	85
341	She rose in the night and fled.	101
171	She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh.	213
334	She steers the stars through Heaven's azure deep.	424
406	She stood before a chosen few.	85
4	Should your cherished purpose fail.	435
82	Sing the old songs amid the sounds dispersing.	408
488	Sitting all day in a silver mist.	360
470	Six little feet to cover.	76
260	Sleep, my pretty one.	66
321	Softly it stole up out of the sea.	363
4	Softly, O midnight Hours.	408
450	Soft through the shimmering sunshine.	353
286	Some gaudy prince has stayed here.	309
316	Something lies in the room.	449
438	Sometime in the future, I cannot tell when.	159
332	Sometime, when life's lessons.	277
78	Somewhere 'tis told that in an Eastern land.	150
53	Soon beyond the harbor bar.	223
472	So sweet, so sweet, she sang, is love.	379
	"Speak tenderly! For he is dead," we say.	264

Strange tapestry, by Nature spun.	320	The sight of ships, the rolling sea.	122
Strength of the beautiful day.	235	The shores of Styx are lone forevermore.	178
Subtler than all sorceries.	101	The skilful listener, methinks, may hear.	304
Sweet tired child, across the western wold.	460	The sleighbells danced that winter night.	401
Swift are the years of a warrior's pride.	455	The smiles and tears upon thy face.	442
Take away your hand.	300	The snowflake that softly all night.	259
Teach me Thy way, dear Lord.	334	The snows fall deep, the snows fall fast.	168
Tears! tears! tears!	16	The sorrowful face of a little child.	308
Tell the fainting soul in the weary form.	438	The spare Professor, grave and bald.	124
That son of Italy who tried to blow.	212	The summers come—the summers go.	222
The amber waves of sunset drift.	417	The sunbeams lay in golden drifts.	471
The ancient ocean takes his magic lyre.	460	The sweetest face in all the world to me.	278
The black clouds roll across the sun.	309	The sword was sheathed; in April's sun.	373
The buds awake, at touch of spring.	486	The thoughts of all the maples who shall name.	396
The child who chases lizards in the grass.	456	The trapper died—our hero—and we grieved.	50
The Christ-child came to my bed one night.	145	The wan November sun is westering.	209
"The corn, oh, the corn."	236	The warrior frowned and pressed his temples gray.	305
The cowardice of man who dares not do!	179	The west is barred with hurrying clouds.	37
The dew is gleaming in the grass.	394	The white-toothed sea gnaws.	444
The eagle, did ye see him fall.	265	The wild wind dolefully.	144
The earth-worn caravans are tenting there.	459	The wind came blowing out of the West.	297
The Easter full moon rises, Lo!	273	The wind it blew, and the ship it flew.	342
The faithful helm commands the keel.	50	The wind wears roun', the day wears down.	245
The fire had long and fiercely burned.	443	The woman was old and ragged and gray.	106
The hands of the king are soft and fair.	185	The woods are tinged with red and gold.	443
The heavens have glory for uplifted eyes.	418	The woods so strangely solemn and majestic.	64
The hollow sea-shell which for years.	177	The world below the brine.	16
The human lifts a wailing to be heard.	41	The world denies her prophets with vast breath.	267
The Indians of the Shasta Mountains tell.	152	The world is large when its weary leagues.	50
The indolent four o'clock ladies.	340	The world its treasures freely opes.	266
The island city sleeps.	33	They are calling "knee deep! knee deep" to-night.	108
The 'Lantic an' the Century, an' Lippincott's, an' Harper's.	232	They chained her fair young body.	187
The life that was and the life that is.	192	The yellow flags that grow beside the road.	328
The maples look down with bright eyes.	305	They gave the whole long day to idle laughter.	449
The modest front of this small floor.	93	They never come back though I loved them well.	245
The moon shines out, with here and there a star.	122	They soon grow old who group for gold.	364
The nautilus and the ammonite.	234	They wait all day unseen by us.	262
The old mayor climbed the belfry tower.	57	This athlete strength—this home of health.	280
The pale day died in the rain to-night.	71	This is the deep profound that imports man.	266
The plain was grassy, wild and bare.	111	This is vintage of the ages.	136
The poetry of earth, and of the sky.	216	This windy, bright September afternoon.	102
The poet's soul, created to be free.	—	Thou asketh not to know the creed.	78
The Rabbi Judah and his brethren wise.	210	Thou art alive, O grave.	364
There are some hearts like wells.	235	Thou art the last rose of the year.	199
There came a voice at midnight.	285	Though the Muse be gone away.	214
The red rose whispers of passion.	49	Thou hast thy glories, War?	357
There dwelt, upon a fertile plain,	378	Thou pale sad moon, slow-waning.	145
There is a holy calm in her deep eyes.	466	Thou Priest that art behind the screen.	176
There is a legend in some Spanish book.	178	"Thou shalt not whimper daughter mine."	10
There is a time between our night and day.	261	Three days through sapphire seas we sailed.	169
There is plenty of room for two in here.	367	Three death-still pools in a lonely vale.	432
There is silence that saith, "Ah me!"	236	Three maidens at a fair, one day.	389
There she goes up the street.	349	Thrice blest is he that hears the voice.	305
There is a spirit in the air.	145	Through deepest grief, may Love.	418
There was a captive once at Fenestré.	175	Through hazy noons, crisp night,	352
There was a time, fond girl, when you.	416	Through love to light! Oh wonderful the	6
There was crying by night.	304	way.	
There was never a castle seen.	436		
The robin sings in the elm.	450		
The sad night-wind, sighing o'er sea and strand.	470		
The scent of apple blossoms filled.	443		

Through the mists the sounds come clear-
est.
Thus I heard a poet say.
'Tis late at night; I hear the wandering
Wind.
'Tis many a stormy day,
'Tis "of Thine own, we give thee."
'Tis the part of a coward to brood.
'Tis said the heart in absence fonder
grows.
To bear, to nurse, to rear.
To keep through life the posture of the
grave.
Toiling among my garden thorns.
Toil on, poor miser, to attain that goal.
Toll, tower and minister, tool.
To-morrow death; and there are woods
hard by.
To one he sent his strong man's heart.
Troy has fallen; and never will be.
True—there are books and books.
'Twas a stylish congregation.
'Twas God who in the olden time.
'Twas thus the Dervish spake.
'Twill all be over by and by.
Two haggard shades, in robes of mist.
Two little sorrel blossoms, pale and slender.
Two lives that were, two restless woman
lives.
Two things are ever with us.
Two vessels sail adown the bay.
Unto his parching lips a cup.
Up in her balcony where.
Upon the shore stood friends.
Upon this scene, this show.
Up to far Osteroe and Suderoe.
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives.
Weak was her arm as a bruised reed.
We are akin, dear soul.
We are growing old together.
We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Wearied in spirit, jaded and oppressed.
Wearied of myself, and sick of asking.
We bend to-day o'er a confined form.
We crossed the pasture-land together.
We hammer, hammer, hammer on and on.
We know not what it is, dear.
We know not yet what life shall be.
Welcome, ye pleasant dales and hills,
We pass each o'er on Life's banquet
stairs.
We're living now in most trimendious
times.
We saw the happy robins build their nests.
We touch Life's shore as swimmers from a
wreck.
We were twin brothers, tall and hale.
What am I after all.
Whatever lacks purpose is evil.
What! fifteen years? No, not that long!
What gospel, still, what gospel?
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell.
What is more large than knowledge?
What is your art, O poet?
What of thy sorrow, mother.
What poets feel not, when they make.
What sorrow we should beckon unawares.

151	What was he, man or more.	146
361	What would I save thee from?	5
	Whence comes the old silent charm.	321
459	When drowsy Day draws round his drowsy bed.	425
172	When e'er a snowflake leaves the sky.	261
461	When Eve—our mother.	271
389	When first the tuneful Nine.	273
	When first love's blossom burst.	334
118	When from the vaulted wonder of the sky.	71
59	When I reflect how little I have done.	60
	When I was a boy on the old plantation.	487
177	When I was young, I said to Sorrow.	408
277	When ma died I wuz only jest.	121
470	When maples drip their arteries of sweet.	289
171	When the gray air breathes chill in early spring.	262
178	When the lessons and tasks are all ended.	240
433	When the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose.	390
112	When the pale, pale moon arose last night.	222
364	When the tired reapers.	298
155	When the life is bright.	229
486	When we have thrown off this old suit.	348
424	Where did you come from, baby dear?	344
442	Where fair Ancona lifts her walls.	210
321	Where is thy breast, bright Daughter of the morn?	144
261	Where waits the woman and shall one day claim.	308
339	Where wert thou, Soul.	295
364	Whichever way the wind doth blow.	360
203	While sauntering through the crowded street.	389
482	White as fleeces blown across the hollow heavens.	98
415	Whither leads this pathway, little one?	304
363	Who are you, dusky woman?	17
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VII. Prizes will be declared March 15, 1890, and all answers should be received by the publisher on or before that date.

VIII. All answers and inquiries concerning them should be addressed, with postage fully prepaid, to the EDITOR OF "PRIZE QUOTATIONS," in care of C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

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